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Great Valley Mills Whole Infant Foods
Mellin's Food (Page 5)

Baking Powders

Royal Baking Powder

Beverages

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Horlick's Malted Milk
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Whitman's Chocolates

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Frank E. Davis Fish Co.

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Sanatogen

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Woodbury's Facial Soap

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Pompeian Salad Dressing (Page 62)

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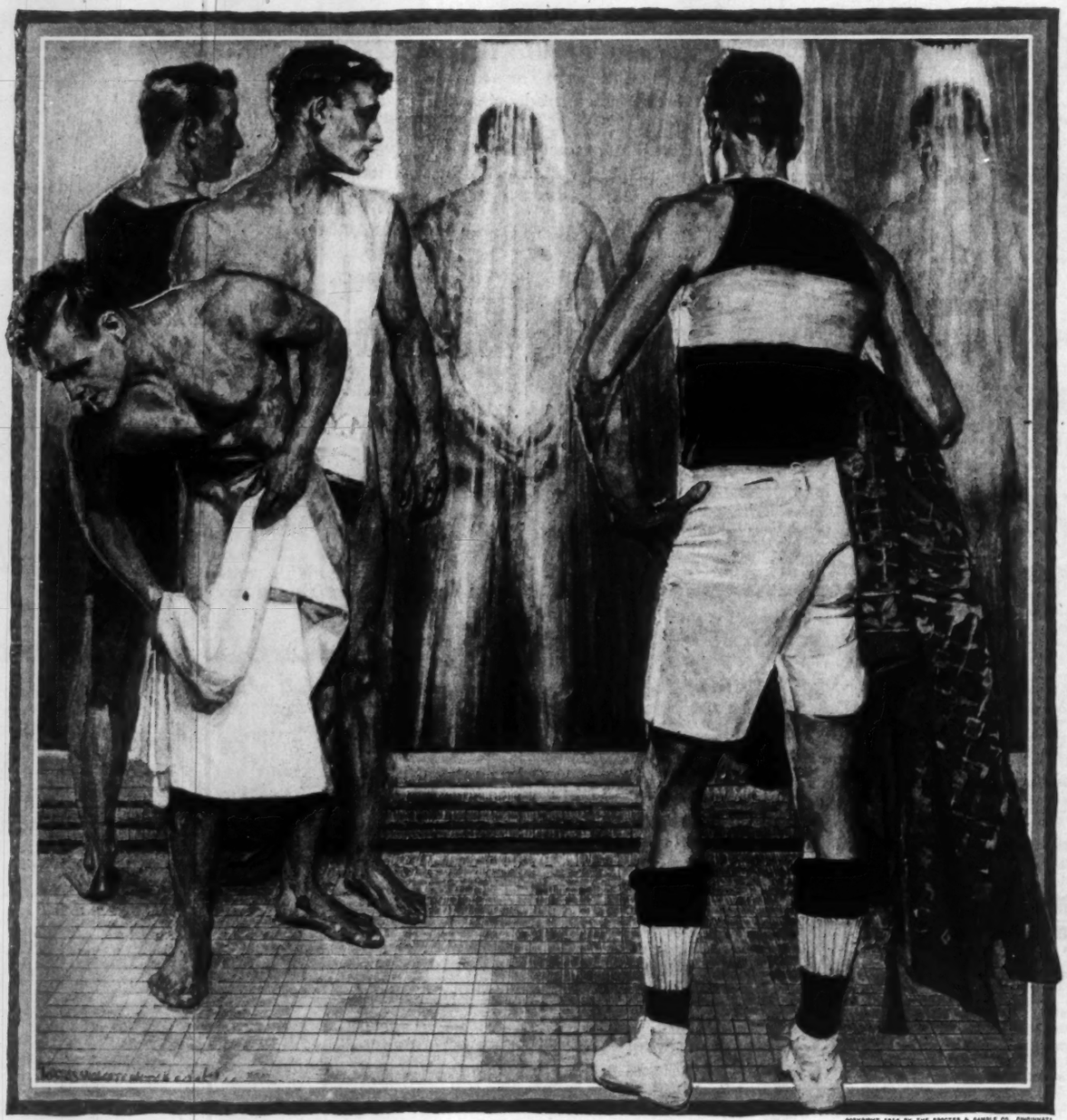

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Volume XLVIII
Number 4

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY
1917

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SUMMER

By Edith Wharton

A GIRL came out of lawyer Royall's house, at the end of the one street of North Dormer, and stood on the doorstep.

It was the beginning of a June afternoon. The spring-like transparent sky shed a rain of silver sunshine on the roofs of the village and on the pastures and larchwoods surrounding it. A little wind moved among the round white clouds on the shoulders of the hills, driving their shadows across the fields and down the grassy road that takes the name of the street when it passes through North Dormer. The place lies high and in the open, and lacks the lavish shade of the more protected New England villages. The clump of weeping-willows about the duck-pond and the Norway spruces in front of the Hatchard gate cast almost the only roadside shadow between lawyer Royall's house and the point where, at the other end of the village, the road rises above the church and skirts the black hemlock wall enclosing the cemetery.

The little June wind, frisking down the street, shook the doleful fringes of the Hatchard spruces, caught the straw hat of a young man just passing under them, and spun it clean across the road into the duck-pond.

As he ran to fish it out the girl on lawyer Royall's doorstep noticed that he was a stranger, that he wore "city clothes," and that he was laughing with all his teeth, as the young and careless laugh at such mishaps.

Her heart contracted a little, and the shrinking that sometimes came over her when she saw people with holiday faces made her draw back into the house and pretend to look for the key that she knew she had already put into her pocket. A narrow greenish mirror with a gilt eagle over it hung on the passage wall, and she looked critically at her reflection, wished for the thousandth time that she had blue eyes like Annabel Balch, the girl who sometimes came from Springfield to spend a week with old Miss Hatchard, straightened the sunburnt hat over her small swarthy face, and turned out again into the sunshine.

"How I hate everything!" she murmured.

The young man had passed through the Hatchard gate, and she had the street to herself. North Dormer is at all times an empty place, and at three o'clock on a June afternoon its few able-bodied men are off in the fields or woods, and the women indoors, engaged in languid household drudgery.

The girl walked along, swinging her key on a finger, and looking about her with the heightened attention produced by the presence of a stranger in a familiar place. What, she wondered, did North Dormer look like to people from other parts of the world? She herself had lived there since the age of five, and had long supposed it to be a place of some importance. But about a year before, Mr. Miles, the new Episcopal clergyman at Hepburn, who drove over every other Sunday — when the roads were not ploughed up by hauling — to hold a service in the North Dormer church, had proposed, in a fit of missionary zeal, to take the young people down to Nettleton to hear an illustrated lecture on the Holy Land; and the dozen girls and boys who represented the future of North

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Dormer had been piled into a farm-wagon, driven over the hills to Hepburn, put into a way-train and carried to Nettleton. In the course of that incredible day Charity Royall had, for the first and only time, experienced railway-travel, looked into shops with plate-glass fronts, tasted cocoanut pie, sat in a theatre, and listened to a gentleman saying unintelligible things before pictures that she would have enjoyed looking at if his explanations had not prevented her from understanding them. This initiative had shown her that North Dormer was a small place, and developed in her a thirst for information that her position as custodian of the village library had previously failed to excite. For a month or two she dipped feverishly and disconnectedly into the dusty volumes of the Hatchard Memorial Library; then the impression of Nettleton began to fade, and she found it easier to take North Dormer as the norm of the universe than to go on reading.

The sight of the stranger once more revived memories of Nettleton, and North Dormer shrank to its real size. As she looked up and down it, from lawyer Royall's faded red house at one end to the white church at the other, she pitilessly took its measure. There it lay, a weather-beaten, sunburnt village of the hills, abandoned of men, left apart by railway, trolley, telegraph and all the forces that link life to life in modern communities. It had no shops, no theatres, no lectures, no "business block;" only a church that was opened every other Sunday if the state of the roads permitted, and a library for which no new books had been bought for twenty years, and where the old ones mouldered undisturbed on the damp shelves. Yet Charity Royall had always been told that she ought to consider it a privilege that her lot had been cast in North Dormer. She knew that, compared to the place she had come from, North Dormer represented all the blessings of the most refined civilization. Everyone in the place had told her so ever since she had been brought there as a child. Even old Miss Hatchard had said to her, on a terrible occasion in her life: "My child, you must never cease to remember that it was Mr. Royall who brought you down from the Mountain."

She had been "brought down from the Mountain;" from the scarred cliff that lifted its sullen wall above the lesser slopes of Eagle Range, making a perpetual background of gloom to the lonely valley. The "Mountain" was a good fifteen miles away, but it rose so abruptly from the lower hills that it seemed almost to cast its shadow over North Dormer. And it was like a great magnet drawing the clouds and scattering them in storm across the valley. If ever, in the purest summer sky, there trailed a thread of vapor over North Dormer, it drifted to the mountain as a ship drifts to a whirlpool, and was caught among the rocks, torn up and multiplied, to sweep black over the village in rain and darkness.

Charity was not very clear about the Mountain; but she knew it was a bad place, and a shame to have come from, and that, whatever befell her in North Dormer, she ought, as Miss Hatchard had once reminded her, to remember that she had been brought down from there, and hold her tongue and be thankful. She looked up at the Mountain, thinking of these things, and tried as usual to be thankful. But the sight of the young man turning in at Miss Hatchard's gate had brought back the vision of the glittering streets of Nettleton, and she felt ashamed of her old sun-hat, and sick of North Dormer, and jealously aware of Annabel Balch of Springfield, opening her blue eyes somewhere far off on glories greater than the glories of Nettleton.

"How I hate everything!" she said again.

Half way down the street she stopped at a weak-hinged gate. Passing through it, she walked down a brick path to a queer little brick temple with white wooden columns supporting a pediment on which was inscribed in tarnished gold letters: "The Honorius Hatchard Memorial Library. 1832."

Honorius Hatchard had been old Miss Hatchard's great-uncle; though she would undoubtedly have reversed the phrase, and put forward, as her only claim to distinction, the fact that she was his great-niece. For Honorius Hatchard, in the early years of the nineteenth century, had enjoyed a modest celebrity. As the marble tablet in the interior of the library informed its infrequent visitors, he had possessed marked literary gifts, written a series of papers called "The Recluse of Eagle Range," enjoyed the acquaintance of Washington Irving and Fitz-Greene Halleck, and been cut off in his flower by a fever contracted in Italy. Such had been the sole link between North Dormer and literature, a link piously commemorated by the erection of the monument where Charity Royall, every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, sat at her desk under a freckled steel engraving of the deceased author, and wondered if he felt any deader in his grave than she did in his library.

Entering her prison-house with a listless step she took off her hat, hung it on a plaster bust of Minerva, opened the shutters, leaned out to see if there were any eggs in the swallow's nest above one of the windows, and finally, seating herself behind the desk, drew out a roll of cotton lace and a steel crochet hook. She was not an expert work woman, and it had taken her many weeks to make the half-yard of narrow lace which she kept wound about the buckram back of a disintegrated copy of "The Lamplighter." But there was no other way of getting any lace to trim her summer blouse, and since Ally Hawes, the poorest girl in the village, had shown herself in church with enviable transparencies about the shoulders, Charity's hook had traveled faster. She unrolled the lace, dug the hook into a loop, and bent to the task with furrowed brows.

Suddenly the door opened, and before she had raised her eyes she knew that the young man she had seen going in at the Hatchard gate had entered the library.

Without taking any notice of her he began to move slowly about the long, vault-like room, his hands behind his back, his short-sighted eyes peering up and down the rows of rusty bindings. At length he reached the desk and stood before her.

"Have you a card-catalogue?" he asked in a pleasant, abrupt voice; and the oddness of the question caused her to drop her work.

"A *what?*"

"Why, you know —" he broke off, and she became conscious that he was looking at her for the first time, having apparently, on his entrance, included her in his general short-sighted survey as part of the furniture of the library.

The fact that, in discovering her, he lost the thread of his remark did not escape her attention and she looked down and smiled. He smiled also.

Mrs. Wharton — Author of "Summer"

"No, I don't suppose you *do* know," he corrected himself. "In fact, it would be almost a pity!"

She thought she detected a slight condescension in his tone, and asked sharply: "Why?"

"Because it's so much pleasanter, in a small library like this, to poke about by one's self — with the help of the librarian."

He added the last phrase so respectfully that she was mollified, and rejoined with a sigh: "I'm afraid I can't help you much."

"Why?" he questioned in his turn; and she replied that there weren't many books, anyhow, and that she'd hardly read any of them. "The worms are getting at them," she added gloomily.

"Are they? That's a pity, for I see there are some good ones." He seemed to have lost interest in their conversation, and strolled away again, apparently forgetting her. His indifference nettled her, and she picked up her work, resolved not to offer him the least assistance. Apparently he did not need it, for he spent a long time with his back to her, lifting down, one after another, the tall, cobwebby volumes from a distant shelf.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed; and looking up she saw that he had drawn out his handkerchief and was carefully wiping the edges of the book in his hand. The action struck her as an unwarranted criticism on her care of the books, and she said irritably: "It's not my fault if they're dirty."

He turned round and looked at her with reviving interest. "Ah — then you're not the librarian?"

"Of course I am; but I can't dust all these books. Besides, nobody ever looks at them, now Miss Hatchard's too lame to come round."

"No, I suppose not." He laid down the book he had been wiping, and stood considering her in silence. She wondered if Miss Hatchard had sent him round to pry into the way the library was looked after, and the suspicion increased her resentment. "I saw you going into her house just now, didn't I?" she asked, with the New England avoidance of the proper name. She was determined to find out why he was poking about her books.

"Miss Hatchard's house? Yes — she's my cousin and I'm staying there," the young man answered; adding, as if to disarm a visible distrust: "My name is Harney — Lucius Harney. She may have spoken of me."

"No, she hasn't," said Charity, wishing she could have said: "Yes, she has."

"Oh, well —" said Miss Hatchard's cousin with a laugh; and after another pause, during which it occurred to Charity that her answer had not been encouraging, he remarked: "You don't seem strong on architecture."

Her bewilderment was complete; the more she wished to appear to understand him the more unintelligible his remarks became. He reminded her of the gentleman who had "explained" the pictures at Nettleton, and the weight of her ignorance settled down on her again like a pall.

"I mean, I can't see that you have any books on the old houses about here. I suppose, for that matter, this part of the country hasn't been much explored. They all go on doing Plymouth and Salem. So stupid. My cousin's house, now, is remarkable. This place must have had a past — it must have been more of a place once." He stopped short, with the blush of a shy man who overhears himself, and fears he has been voluble. "I'm an architect, you see, and I'm hunting up old houses in these parts."

She stared. "Old houses? Everything's old in North Dormer, isn't it? The folks are, anyhow."

He laughed and wandered away again. "Haven't you any kind of a history of the place? I think there was one written about 1840: a book or pamphlet about its first settlement," he presently said from the farther end of the room.

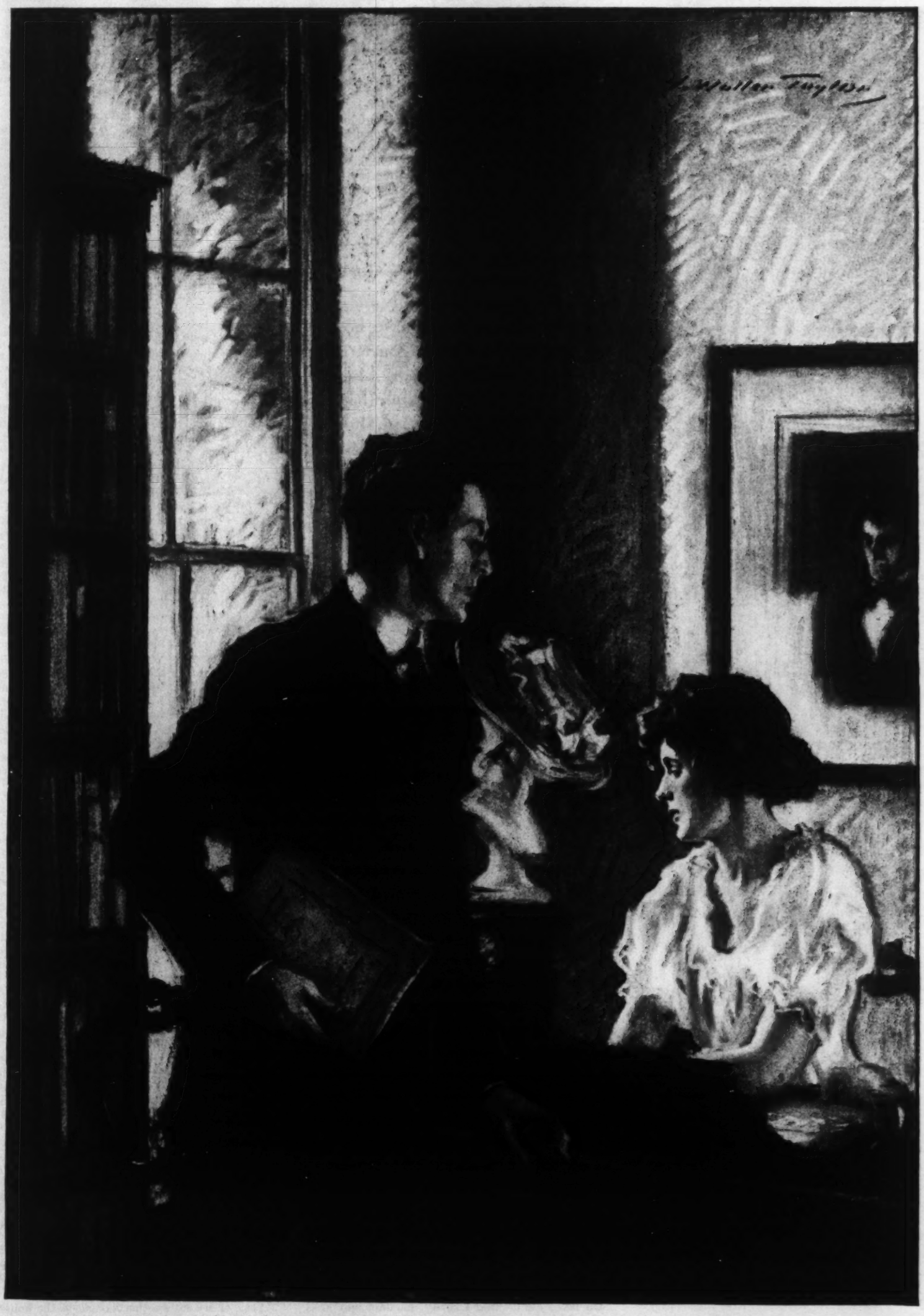
She pressed her crochet hook against her lip and pondered. There was such a work, she knew: "North Dormer and the early townships of Eagle County." She had a special grudge against it because it was a limp weakly book that was always either falling off the shelf or slipping back and disappearing if one squeezed it in between sustaining volumes. She remembered, the last time she had picked it up, wondering how anyone could have taken the trouble to write a book about North Dormer and its neighbors: Dormer, Hamblin, Creston and Creston River. She knew them all, mere lost clusters of houses in the folds of the desolate ridges: Dormer, where North Dormer went for its apples; Creston River, where there used to be a paper-mill, and its gray walls stood decaying by the stream; and Hamblin, where the first snow always fell. Such were their titles to fame.

She got up and began to move about vaguely before the shelves. But she had no idea where she had last put the book, and something told her that it was going to play her its usual trick and remain invisible. It was not one of her lucky days.

"I guess it's somewhere," she said, to prove her zeal; but she spoke without conviction, and felt that her words conveyed none.

"Oh, well —" he said again; and she knew he was going, and wished more than ever to find the book.

"It will be for next time," he added; and picking up the volume he had laid on the desk he handed it to



The fact that, in discovering her, he lost the thread of his remark did not escape her attention

her. "By the way, a little air and sun would do this good; it's rather valuable."

He gave her a nod and smile, and passed out.

II

THE hours of the Hatchard Memorial librarian were from three to five; and Charity Royall's sense of duty usually kept her at her desk until nearly half-past four.

But she had never perceived that any practical advantage thereby accrued either to North Dormer or to herself; and she had no scruple in decreeing, when it suited her, that the library should close an hour earlier. A few minutes after Mr. Harney's departure she formed this decision, put away her lace, fastened the shutters, and turned the key in the door of the temple of knowledge.

The street upon which she emerged was still empty; and after glancing up and down it she began to walk toward her house. But instead of entering she passed on, turned into a field-path and mounted to a pasture on the hillside. She let down the bars of the gate, followed a trail along the crumbling wall of the pasture, and walked on till she reached a knoll where a clump of larches shook out their fresh tassels to the wind. There she lay down on the slope, tossed off her hat and hid her face in the grass.

She was blind and insensible to many things, and dimly knew it; but to all that was light and air, perfume and color, every drop of blood in her responded. She loved the roughness of the dry mountain grass under her palms, the smell of the thyme into which she crushed her face, the fingering of the wind in her hair and through her cotton blouse, and the creak of the larches as they swayed to it.

She often climbed up the hill and lay there alone for the mere pleasure of feeling the wind and of rubbing her cheeks in the grass. Generally at such times she did not think of anything, but lay immersed in an inarticulate well-being. Today the sense of well-being was intensified by her joy at escaping from the library. She liked well enough to have a friend drop in and talk to her when she was on duty, but she hated to be bothered about books. How could she remember where they were, when they were so seldom asked for? Orma Fry occasionally took out a novel, and her brother Ben was fond of what he called "jography," and of books relating to trade and bookkeeping; but no one else asked for anything except, at intervals, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "Opening of the Chestnut Burr," or Longfellow. She had these under her hand, and could have found them in the dark; but unexpected demands came so rarely that they exasperated her like an injustice. . . .

She had liked the young man's looks, and his short-sighted eyes, and his odd way of speaking, that was abrupt yet soft, just as his hands were sunburnt and sinewy, yet with smooth nails like a woman's. His hair was sunburnt-looking too, or rather the color of bracken after frost; his eyes gray, with the appealing look of the short-sighted, his smile shy yet confident, as if he knew lots of things she had never dreamed of, and yet wouldn't for the world have had her feel his superiority. But she did feel it, and liked the feeling; for it was new to her. Poor and ignorant as she was, and knew herself to be — humblest of the humble even in North Dormer, where to come from "the Mountain" was the worst disgrace — yet in her narrow world she had always ruled. It was partly, of course, owing to the fact that lawyer Royall was the "biggest man" in North Dormer; so much too big for it, in fact, that outsiders, who didn't know, always wondered how it held him. In spite of everything — and in spite even of Miss Hatchard — lawyer Royall ruled in North Dormer; and Charity ruled in lawyer Royall's house. She had never put it to herself in those terms; but she knew her power, knew what it was made of, and hated it. Confusedly, the young man in the library had made her feel for the first time what might be the sweetness of dependence.

She sat up, brushed the bits of grass from her hair, and looked down on the house where she held sway. It stood just below her, cheerless and untended, its faded red front divided from the road by a "yard" with a path bordered by gooseberry bushes, a stone well overgrown with traveler's joy, and a sickly crimson rambler tied to a fan-shaped support which Mr. Royall had once brought up from Hepburn to please her. Behind the house a bit of uneven ground with clothes-lines strung across it stretched up to a dry wall, and beyond the wall a patch of corn and a few rows of potatoes strayed vaguely into the adjoining wilderness of rock and fern.

Charity could not recall her first sight of the house. She had been told afterwards that she was ill of a fever when she was brought down from the Mountain; and she could only remember waking one day in a cot at the foot of Mrs. Royall's bed, and opening her eyes on the cold neatness of the room that was afterward to be hers.

Mrs. Royall died seven or eight years later; and by that time Charity had taken the measure of most things about her. She knew that Mrs. Royall was sad and timid and weak; she knew that lawyer Royall was harsh and violent, and still weaker. She knew that she had been christened Charity (in the white church at the other end of the village) to commemorate Mr. Royall's disinterestedness in "bringing her down," and to keep alive in her a becoming sense of her dependence; she knew that Mr. Royall was her guardian, but that he had not legally adopted her, though everybody spoke of her as Charity Royall; and she knew why he had come back to live at North Dormer, instead of practising at Nettleton, where he had begun his legal career.

After Mrs. Royall's death there was some talk of sending her to a boarding-school. Miss Hatchard suggested it, and had a long conference with Mr. Royall, who, in pursuance of her plan, departed one day for Starkfield to visit the institution she recommended. He came back the next night with a black face; worse, Charity observed, than she had ever seen him; and by that time she had had some experience.

When she asked him how soon she was to start he answered shortly: "You ain't going," and shut himself up in the room he called his office; and the next day the lady who kept the school at Starkfield wrote that "under the circumstances" she was afraid she could not make room just then for another pupil.

Charity was disappointed; but she understood. It wasn't the temptations of Starkfield that had been Mr. Royall's undoing: it was the thought of losing her. He was a dreadfully "lonesome" man; she had made that out because she was so "lonesome" herself. He and she, face to face in that sad house, had sounded the depths of isolation; and though she felt no particular affection for him, and not the slightest gratitude, she pitied him because she was conscious that he was superior to the people about him, and that she was the only being between him and solitude. Therefore, when Miss Hatchard sent for her a day or two later, to talk of a school at Nettleton, and to say that this time a friend of hers would "make the necessary arrangements," Charity cut her short with the announcement that she had decided not to leave North Dormer.

Miss Hatchard reasoned with her kindly, but to no purpose; she simply repeated: "I guess Mr. Royall's too lonesome."

Miss Hatchard blinked perplexedly behind her eyeglasses. Her long frail face was full of puzzled wrinkles, and she leant forward, resting her hands on the arms of her mahogany armchair, with the evident desire to say something that ought to be said.

"The feeling does you credit, my dear."

She looked about the pale walls of her sitting-room, seeking counsel of ancestral daguerreotypes and didactic samplers; but they seemed to make utterance more difficult.

"The fact is, it's not only — not only because of the advantages. There are other reasons. You are too young to understand ——"

"Oh no, I ain't," said Charity, harshly, and Miss Hatchard blushed up to the roots of her blonde cap. But she must have felt a vague relief at having her explanation cut short, for she concluded, again invoking the daguerreotypes: "Of course I shall always do what I can for you; and in case . . . in case . . . you know you can always come to me. . . ."

Lawyer Royall was waiting for Charity in the porch when she returned from this visit. He had shaved, and brushed his black coat, and looked a magnificent monument of a man; at such moments she really admired him.

"Well," he said, "is it settled?"

"Yes, it's settled. I ain't going."

"Not to the Nettleton school?"

"Not anywhere."

He cleared his throat and asked sternly: "Why?"

"I'd rather not," she said, swinging past him on her way to her room. It was the following week that he brought her up the crimson rambler and its fan from Hepburn. He had never given her anything before.

The next outstanding incident of her life had happened two years later, when she was seventeen. Lawyer Royall, who hated to go to Nettleton, had been called there in connection with a case. He still exercised his profession, though litigation languished in North Dormer and its outlying hamlets; and for once he had had an opportunity that he could not afford to refuse. He spent three days in Nettleton, won his case, and came back in high good-humor. It was a rare mood with him, and manifested itself on this occasion by his talking impressively at the supper-table of the "rousing welcome" his old friends had given him. "After all," he said confidentially, "I was a damn fool ever to leave Nettleton. It was Mrs. Royall that made me do it."

Charity immediately perceived that something bitter had happened to him, and that he was trying to talk down the recollection. She went up to bed early leaving him seated in moody thought, his elbows propped on the worn oil-cloth of the supper table. On the way up she had extracted from his overcoat pocket the key of the cupboard where the bottle of whiskey was kept.

She was wakened by a rattling at her door and jumped out of bed. She heard Mr. Royall's voice, low and peremptory, and opened the door, fearing an accident. No other thought had occurred to her; but when she saw him in the doorway, a ray from the autumn moon falling on his discomposed face, she understood.

For a moment they looked at each other in silence; then, as he put his foot across the threshold, she stretched out her arm and stopped him.

"You go right back from here," she said, in a shrill voice that startled her; "you ain't going to have that key tonight."

"Charity, let me in. I don't want the key. I'm a lonesome man," he began, in the deep voice that sometimes moved her.

She continued to hold him back contemptuously. "Well, I guess you made a mistake, then. This ain't your wife's room any longer."

She was not frightened, she simply felt a deep disgust; and perhaps he divined it, or read it in her face, for after staring at her a moment he drew back and slowly turned away. With her ear to the keyhole she heard him feel his way down the dark stairs, and toward the kitchen; and she listened for the crash of the cupboard panel. But instead she heard him unlock the door of the house, and his heavy steps came to her through the silence as he walked down the path. She crept to the window and saw his bent figure striding up the road in the moonlight. Then a belated sense of fear came to her with the consciousness of victory, and she slipped into bed, cold to the bone.

A DAY or two later poor Eudora Skeff, who for twenty years had been the custodian of the Hatchard library, died suddenly of pneumonia; and the day after the funeral Charity went to see Miss Hatchard, and asked to be appointed librarian. The request seemed to surprise Miss Hatchard: she evidently questioned the new candidate's qualifications.

"Why, I don't know, my dear. Aren't you rather too young?" she hesitated.

"I want to earn some money," Charity merely answered.

"Doesn't Mr. Royall give you all you require? No one is rich in North Dormer."

"I want to earn money enough to get away."

"To get away?" Miss Hatchard's puzzled wrinkles deepened, and there was a distressful pause. "You want to leave Mr. Royall?"

"Yes: or I want another woman in the house with me," said Charity resolutely.

Miss Hatchard clasped her [*Continued on page 51*]

MRS. WHARTON'S serial is only one of the many splendid features which have been planned for 1917. Next month, for instance, the greatest story of the great war will appear. It is by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. After that, Burton E. Stevenson's fine mystery serial; an altogether new setting for a motion-picture yarn, with a thrilling and unforeseen climax. And short stories by Emery Pottle, W. B. Trites, Donn Byrne, Ethel Watts Mumford, Porter Emerson Browne, H. C. Witwer, Dana Gatlin, Sophie Kerr, and many others.

The Greatest Woman in the World

Sarah Bernhardt—Who Is Young at Seventy-One

by

Cleveland Moffett

Photo by Arnold Genthe never before published

WHO is the best-known woman in the world? The most interesting woman in the world, by reason of extraordinary achievements, fascinating character, power of mind? In short, who is the greatest woman in the world?

If an international vote could be taken we may be sure the answer would come by millions of voices:

Sarah Bernhardt!

All over the earth, in Asia, in Africa, that name is familiar. In many countries they simply call her Sarah, as we say Napoleon, or Alexander, or John D., or T. R., and everyone knows who is meant.

This is the woman to whom the immortal Victor Hugo knelt, kissing her hands gratefully, after her gloriously creative acting in the *première* of "Ruy Blas."

This is the woman whose arrival in foreign capitals is like the coming of some mighty potentate. Kings applaud her from the boxes, queens cast flowers upon the stage. Diamond-studded orders are conferred upon her and royal steamers are placed at her disposal.

In London, the Prince and Princess of Wales come to see Bernhardt's pictures. Gladstone, the Prime Minister, pays his respects in person and discusses with Sarah the morality of "Phèdre" and the wisdom of capital punishment.

In New York, Edison the recluse (he reminds Sarah of Napoleon) gives a night fête with electric miracles in her honor. The women of Chicago offer her a magnificent collar of camellias in diamonds. The crowds of Montreal unhitch Bernhardt's horses and, shouting and singing, carry her, sleigh and all, to her hotel!

Never was there such a theatrical and personal triumph as Bernhardt achieved on her first visit to America in 1880. Thousands blocked the streets around her hotel (the old Albemarle) and around Booth's Theatre where she gave twenty-seven performances, the average receipts being 20,342 francs for each performance, including matinees. On the last day, Saturday, December 4th, when she played "La Dame aux Camélias," there was such a crowd fighting for a view of the great actress that it took Bernhardt twenty-five minutes to get from her carriage to the stage door. Her arms were filled with flowers that were thrust upon her. One woman pinned on her cloak a brooch of amethysts and pearls. Small boys begged her to write her name on their cuffs. One woman with a pair of scissors tried to cut off a lock of her hair and only succeeded in snipping a feather from her hat.

And then that never-to-be-forgotten last performance of "Camille"! Seventeen curtain calls after the third act and twenty-nine after the last act, with frantic cheering! This made the play last an hour longer than usual, and when Bernhardt started for her hotel there were fifty thousand people waiting outside, wild to see her. But for a trick of Henry Abbey in substituting Bernhardt's sister for the great actress herself, and allowing the star to escape by an unsuspected exit, there would have been another hour's delay.

Boston raged against Bernhardt with odious calumnies and with clergymen denouncing her from their pulpits as a woman whose art was an inspiration of hell; but crowds stormed the theatre as never before or since in the history of the city, the receipts for fifteen performances averaging 19,000 francs each.

In Philadelphia the receipts averaged twenty thousand francs each for seven performances. And so it continued throughout this long triumphal tour. The gross receipts for the first sixty-two performances in America reached the astounding total of $227,459. And the total receipts of the entire American tour were $533,520, or an average of over $3,000 for each one of one hundred and fifty-six performances given in fifty different cities, a record that has never been equalled in the history of the stage except by Bernhardt herself, who surpassed it in a subsequent American tour.

Bernhardt's greatness is shown in her refusal to allow advancing years to interfere with her ambitions and with her achievements. She has never stood still in her artistic career; she has never been willing to rest on her laurels. The capitals of the world are filled with actresses who retired from the stage so long ago that today they are forgotten; yet Sarah Bernhardt was a flaming star before these actresses were born.

How has she done it?

Because she is a great artist, a great woman, to begin with, and because she has worked incredibly. Never has she ceased in her striving or faltered in her onward march toward fresh triumphs. When other women of her years were putting on white lace caps and resigning themselves to a rocking-chair fireside old age this indomitable Sarah was striding about the world in boots and trousers creating a new rôle, a swaggering young prince (*L'Aiglon*), and winning the plaudits of two continents. Also earning millions of francs (much of it in Western circus tents when she fought the theatrical trust) in her triumphant tour (1909) of Europe and America. *At sixty-four!*

So compelling is Bernhardt's personal power and so disquieting the glamour of her name that many find themselves intimidated in her presence, almost struck dumb.

Among the interviewers who called on the great actress when she arrived recently in New York there was a young man from a Brooklyn newspaper who came with an autograph album. Bernhardt was alone with her secretary when he entered the room.

"Bon jour," said the young man awkwardly.

"Bon jour," answered Bernhardt.

The reporter managed to ask if Madame would write her name in his album and handed her a fountain-pen. She acquiesced graciously, but frowned when the pen leaked ink over her white gloves, whereupon the reporter was so mortified that he literally fell off his chair.

On regaining his equilibrium he blurted out:

"Wh — what do you think of the war?"

"What do you think?" smiled Bernhardt.

"I — I don't know," stammered the reporter.

"Neither do I."

There was a pause.

"How — how long do you think the war will last?" he began again.

"How long do you think it will last?" she repeated.

"I — I don't know."

"Neither do I."

Another pause. Then the reporter rose, clutching his album.

"Good-by," he gulped.

"Good-by," stared Bernhardt; and as the young man shuffled out she turned to her secretary and, tapping her forehead, said:

"*Extraordinaire!*"

I was present in Montreal at Bernhardt's first performance in her present farewell tour (her last farewell), when Sarah, at seventy-one, as a young French soldier, dying of his wounds, had the whole house weeping, thrilling, actually believing that this *was* a young French soldier who was telling them, as his life ebbed away, how he had saved the dear flag of his country. And fifty years from now men and women in Canada will tell their grandchildren of that great night in October, 1916, when Bernhardt as the dying color-bearer sank back in folds of the tri-color with that last triumphant cry: "Vive L'Angleterre! Vive la France!"

Three times the applause burst forth in uncontrollable waves as Sarah, in a crescendo of passion never excelled, repeated that terrific paraphrase of Christ's supplication on Calvary: "Ne les pardonnez pas. Ils savent ce qu'ils font." ("Forgive them not, they know what they are doing.")

Try to imagine those words flung forth with the golden terribleness of Bernhardt's native tongue:

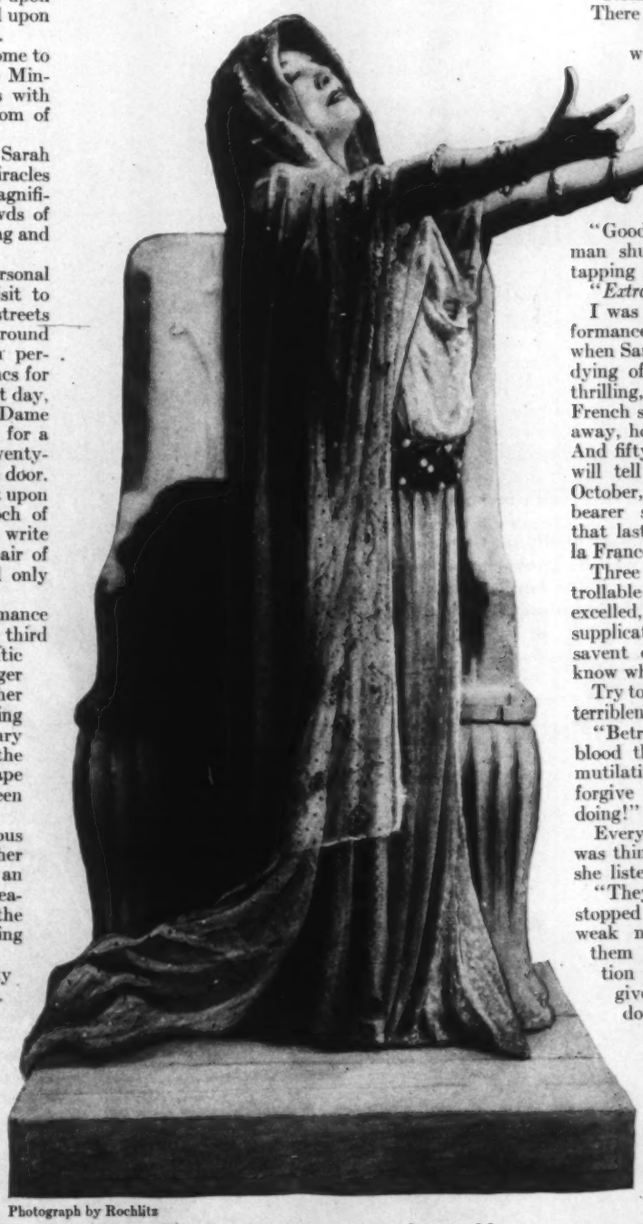
"Betraying their oaths, they have smeared with blood the pages of history, destroying our temples, mutilating our children, violating our women. Lord, forgive them not, for they know what they are doing!"

Every anguished Canadian mother in that audience was thinking of her boy at the front and quivering as she listened:

"They have torn up their treaties, they have stopped the progress of humanity. And when a weak nation, preferring death to dishonor, faced them in a sublime effort, they crucified that nation without a pang of remorse. Lord, forgive them not, for they know what they are doing!"

What wonder that tears flowed freely and hearts almost stopped beating as the great actress and patriot finished her inspired prayer:

"Lord, in the day which is soon to break, withhold Thy love from them. Make them to suffer doubly the woes that we have suffered. Smite them with a hand that never wearies. Give to their defeat an endless aftermath of tears. Lord, forgive them not, for they know what they are doing!"



Photograph by Rochlitz

The greatest woman in the world

I waited four days for half an hour alone with Sarah Bernhardt on this last visit to America, and it was worth it. Many persons have waited longer and got less. I had seen her in New York on her arrival, but she was surrounded by interviewers and I wanted a word by myself. I had come to Montreal on her private car, but even while the train rushed along every minute she was absorbed with details of rehearsing and directing for the opening of her tour. She was like a general on the battlefield, holding a thousand details in her mind and giving constant instructions to her staff. Day and night she was the center of an unimaginable swarm, her private doctor, her several maids and secretaries, her manager, the members of her company, besides messengers, flower-bringers, would-be callers, would-be interviewers, who came ceaselessly and, for the most part, vainly.

At last my moment came and I wasted no time on preliminaries.

"Madame," I said to her, "you have had all that life can give—glory, pleasure, love. You are the greatest actress, the greatest woman in the world today. You have seen everything, done everything, enjoyed everything. You have had the great ones of the earth at your feet, and now ——"

As I paused she flashed her wonderful dark eyes at me and I seemed to look into unfathomable depths.

"Yes? Well?"

"I want to ask if you agree with Solomon that it is all vanity and weariness of soul, all empty and disappointing?"

"What! Life a vanity?" she cried. "No, no, no! Life has been intensely interesting to me, intensely worth while; it has given me the keenest enjoyment. I have tried to get the most that I could out of life, because I—you know I do not believe in any other life."

I was surprised at this, because I knew that for years Bernhardt had been a devout Catholic.

"You do not believe in a future life?"

"No."

We talked about human effort and human satisfaction in existence. Bernhardt developed the thought that we all have within ourselves undreamed-of capacities for achievement and enjoyment that we might develop amazingly if we would but use the immense latent powers of our wills.

"There must be some great motive to arouse our wills," said I. "What has your great motive been?"

She smiled mysteriously.

"Guess."

"Glory?"

"No."

"Money?"

"No."

"Power?"

"No. I will tell you. I have done everything, endured everything, and always shall, for only one reason — my love for my son."

"You mean — without your son ——"

Quick on that word her eyes darkened, her hands shut tight.

"If I had lost my son there would have been nothing more for me in life. I should have killed myself."

At another point in our talk Bernhardt showed how calmly she faces the thought of death. She was explaining the circumstances that led to the amputation of her right leg. This was decided upon (February, 1915), she told me, not because it was necessary, not because her doctors urged it, but simply because she did not wish to endure the great pain that could be relieved only by this operation.

"My son wept and pleaded with me not to have my leg cut off," she said, "but I told him I should kill myself unless I was freed from my pain, and there was no other way of escape. What virtue is there in bearing continual pain? I see none. Pain takes everything worth while out of life. It makes work impossible. Pain was destroying my art, my usefulness. I was of no more value in the world to myself or to anyone else, and I should have gone out of the world if the doctors had not saved me."

Referring to the six performances that she gave at the trenches a few months ago for the benefit of the soldiers, Bernhardt said:

"What I expected to be one of the saddest experiences of my life turned out to be the gayest, the happiest, the most inspiring. No audience in Paris ever flattered me so much, because no audience felt so truly, so sincerely, the art of my life and its meaning to the human soul."

I asked Bernhardt where she finds strength to do the prodigious work that she has always done and she laughed and said she could not tell. It was a mystery to the doctor who is always with her and who knows better than anyone else how frail Madame Bernhardt naturally is.

"I suppose it is my strong will," she added, "that has given me the strength to do my work. Even as a little girl I had great will power. Whatever I wanted I must have in spite of everything.

"One day when I was only nine years old I broke my wrist and hurt my face trying to jump over a wide ditch on a dare from my young cousin. And as they were carrying me home I cried out furiously in my pain: 'Yes, I would do it again *quand même* if anyone dared me again.'

"*Quand même!* In spite of everything! Those words must have remained in my memory, for a little later when I had won a prize at school and my teacher asked me what I would like the prize to be I said that I wanted some writing paper with my *devise* on it.

"'Your *devise?* What do you mean, child?' she asked in astonishment.

"'My *devise* is '*Quand Même*'—in spite of everything,' I said gravely, and that has always been my motto—*In Spite of Everything.*"

I was struck by one pathetic instance of Bernhardt's indomitable will. She realizes the health necessity of regular exercise and for years was accustomed to play tennis and ride horseback, but, of course, these activities are now denied her. So she has invented a number of hopping exercises for her one leg and she resolutely goes through with these as part of her day's work. A great-great-grandmother seventy-one years old, with one leg gone, but bound to exercise her body *quand même!*

Many years ago when Sarah was already a great star at the Théâtre Français she was so thin and delicate, so frail a figure that no one expected her to live long. She has always been exceedingly sensitive to cold and I remember on one occasion lunching at her hotel in Paris on the Boulevard Perreire when she sat at table bundled in furs, although it seemed a mild day to the rest of us.

I have heard eye-witnesses tell how in the days of her early glory Sarah had hemorrhages from the lungs like the heroine *Camille*, whose sufferings she so touchingly portrayed.

And yet she toiled incessantly at this period, working at night in the theatre and through the day at sculpture, her other great ambition.

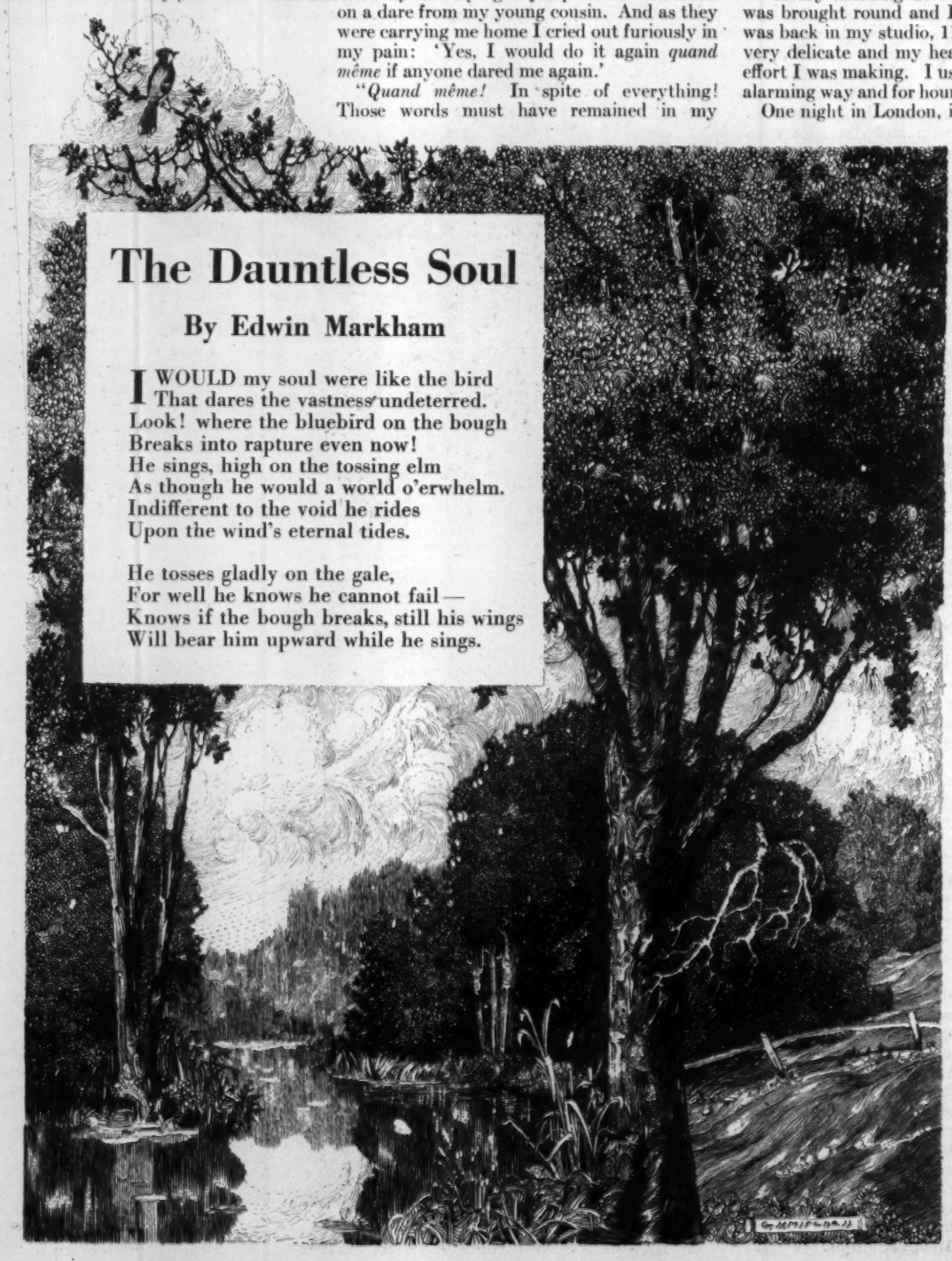
"Every morning at eight," she recalls, "my horse was brought round and I went for a ride and at ten I was back in my studio, 11 Boulevard de Clichy. I was very delicate and my health suffered from the double effort I was making. I used to vomit blood in the most alarming way and for hours together I was unconscious."

One night in London, it was during her first engagement in England, Bernhardt was so weak and ill before the performance that she fainted three times in her dressing-room while making ready to go on. But she went on and played her part *quand même.*

As a similar instance of bodily resistance through sheer mental power I may mention the circumstances of Bernhardt's recent arrival in New York. I saw her a few hours after she left the *Espagne* as she sat in her hotel salon with some grapes and a glass of milk before her, and surrounded by reporters as she has been for half a century.

Here she was at the end of a voyage filled with perils and agitations, after the wearying excitement of landing at sunrise and responding to interminable greetings and questionings, still gaily and patiently and intelligently replying to men and women of the newspapers with their insatiable notebooks and curiosity.

With glowing eyes she described the hazards of the ocean trip and the events of that terrifying Sunday morning (October 8th), when the captain let them know that they were in great danger. Six other ships had been sunk all about them by a German submarine, the wireless reported, and at any moment their turn might come. Rafts and lifeboats were made ready on the decks, life-preservers were distributed to the passengers, assurances were given that all lives would be saved if the U-53 decided to strike. And, *in spite of everything*, that [*Continued on page 71*]



The Dauntless Soul

By Edwin Markham

I WOULD my soul were like the bird
That dares the vastness undeterred.
Look! where the bluebird on the bough
Breaks into rapture even now!
He sings, high on the tossing elm
As though he would a world o'erwhelm.
Indifferent to the void he rides
Upon the wind's eternal tides.

He tosses gladly on the gale,
For well he knows he cannot fail—
Knows if the bough breaks, still his wings
Will bear him upward while he sings.

"But, Elsie — but, Elsie," said Sam, "I can't do that — it's murder — it's ——"

"Governor Putty"

Another Absorbing Story of Men, Women and Politics

by

SOPHIE KERR

Illustrations by John Alonzo Williams

Sophie Kerr

IN the corridor of the reading-room of one of the older of New York's big hotels you may see, any day of the year, a little gray-haired man, in an old-style Prince Albert coat and a silk hat of a ten-year vintage. He usually manages to slip into the dining-room and break a flower from one of the vases before the stern eye of the *maître d'hôtel* catches him, and thus he has a boutonnière. He stops the men he knows with odd bits of political or social gossip that might be useful to them, and for which they may, in return, slip him a bill or a bit of silver. He sells shady items of news to the newspapers and to society weeklies of the baser sort. He makes a specialty of being pleasant to the women in the hotel who have no friends in town and, if he can, he introduces them to socially inclined men, who likewise have no friends in town. Probably he gets a fee for this service, too, for he is essentially a *quid pro quo* scavenger.

Women — the naive ones, who think that gray hair, a soft voice, a smile, and a silk hat cannot be anything but respectable when in combination — and the other sort of women, who need his services, still bow to him or let him stop and talk to them. Men mostly avoid him and readily lend him small sums of money to be rid of him. Even the men who knew him in his better, cleaner days pass him by, though they may possibly pity him. For he has known better days, this old wreck, though he is not the "Governor Putty" of this story. No — his name is Tarr (isn't that the stuff that is synonymous with pitch?) and he was publicity man and confidential messenger and political scullion to "Governor Putty" — and it was he who told this story.

When I see a widow, all decked out in expensive crêpe that had to be paid for out of the life-insurance money (he began, his mild old eyes fixed on the shifting crowd of the hotel foyer), I'm always forced to wonder whether she's wearing it for joy or for sorrow. Lots of mourning veils hide mighty contented smiles.

I know a woman — you know her, too, or know who she is — who'd be hard put to it not to laugh out loud if she got a chance to wear widow's weeds. No, I don't mind naming names — I never do. I mean Elsie Kastee — ex-Governor Kastee's wife — that's who I mean. She isn't flesh and blood, that woman — she's tungsten steel. And to look at her with her delicate little hands and her big, wistful eyes — you'd no more suspect it than I did at first.

Sammy Kastee and I were born and brought up out West on the prairie, next neighbors, too. Both of our fathers were farmers, but mine owned his own farm and Sammy's was only a renter, so our folks looked down a little on the Kastees. Sammy was a year or two older than I, but we were good friends. We'd run off to go fishing or swimming in the summer time — we knew

we'd both get licked for letting the hoeing go, but it was worth it — and we'd go chestnutting in the fall and skating in the winter, pretty near always together. Boy like, we bragged a lot about what we were going to do when we grew up. One thing we were both determined on — we wouldn't stay on the farm. I wish to God I had! I'll bet Sammy wishes so, too.

"Soon's I'm old enough," Sammy would say, "I'm going to get out of this rube country and go to the city. I'm not going to drop potatoes and weed onions all my life, no, nor shock wheat and strip fodder neither. I'm going to get into some business where you do your work with your head and not with your hands."

I suppose he'd read it in a book somewhere, but it sounded grand to me. "What you going to do, Sam?" I asked, with my eyes bulging.

"Oh, I guess I'll be a lawyer and go into politics — like Abe Lincoln," he said.

"I expect I'll be President, too, like Lincoln," went on Sam, carried away with himself. That was a little too much for me, and I laughed at him.

"Yes, you will! — yes, you'll be President," I jeered. And right there Sam and I had our first and last fight. He jumped at me and knocked me down, and I jumped up and grabbed him. He was a tall, lanky boy, pretty strong, though. I was little, but I was wiry and we had a right lively scrap. One of the hired men came along and separated us and, after a few days' sulking, we were as good friends as ever. Funny, isn't it, how boys will fight and then get right over it — it takes a mighty mean, peculiar sort of a kid to hold a grudge.

The first part of our program came off all right. We both left the farm. Sam went first, ran away when he was only sixteen, and went to the biggest city in the state, and after some pretty hard knocks he got a place as office-boy with a firm of lawyers. He never lost sight of what he meant to do for a minute and when he found he didn't have education enough to study law, he went to night-school and worked like a horse to make up for lost time. He had a good head, but it took three years of the hardest kind of grubbing to get him where he felt that nobody'd have any great advantage over him beginning the law. He'd chosen a firm that was all mixed up in politics — another of Sam's short-cuts to getting what he wanted — and he made it his particular business to be nice and accommodating to everybody who came in. Nobody needs friends as much as a lawyer, he always said.

When he got so old that it was ridiculous to have him for an office-boy any more, his firm promoted him to be one of their stenographers, for somewhere in his night-school cramming he'd stuck in a course of shorthand. I tell you these raw country boys that are eaten up with ambition are devils for work. He was reading law now, and pretty soon he began hunting up references and, once or twice, he came out with an opinion on a case that was worth money to his firm. It was just about this time that I came in.

When Sam first ran away my folks had been alarmed for fear I'd follow his example, so my mother worked on my father until she got him to send me to the nearest town to go to High School, and after that a couple of years at the State College. They figured that the change of scene would put running away out of my head and that the college would send me back to the farm ready to take hold with my father. But they figured wrong. I fell into the hands of a literature teacher who had the writing bug and who was always scouting around amongst his classes to see if he couldn't discover incipient genius that he could develop into another Shakespeare or Milton. He had the idea that the next great writer was to spring from the Middle West, and he hated the Boston and New York literary chaps like Paris green. He got me to writing and fed me up with the notion that I might be his undiscovered Shakespeare. Lord, he'd sit down and discuss my half-baked little essays with me as if they had something in them. I owe that man my failure in life — I'm as sure of it as I am that I *am* a failure. My time in college was mostly spent in writing fool truck that wasn't worth the paper I put it down on, and whenever I got anything into the college magazine, I knew that Lord Byron and Percy Shelley and John Keats and all the rest of 'em had nothing on me. You can guess what a congenial place I found the farm when I went home.

I WON'T go into how I got away, but the point is, I got away, and hustled down to the city to find Sam. What a change! He was tall and broad-shouldered and I'm blest if he hadn't started a mustache! He was wearing good-looking clothes and hustling around as if he'd got the whole world to see to. Besides being about ready to take his bar examination, he was secretary of the Second Assembly District Republican Club and he'd been helping out in the local campaigns, speaking whenever and wherever he could get a chance. He'd acquired the professional politician's smile and sympathetic manner and a warm, hearty handshake that was worth money to him every day he lived.

"What can you do?" said Sam.

I didn't resent his question — I had an answer. "I can write," I said, and none too modestly. I might have gone on and explained my literary aspirations and expectations, but Sam gave me no chance.

"If you can write, Joe," he said, clapping me on the back, "you're made. I know a lot of newspaper men and I can get you a job right off. Leave it to me."

There, you see, was the professional politician of him beginning to show. He knew the answer all right to the question, "Who gets reelected — the man who finds jobs for his friends, or the man who makes the speeches?"

I hadn't intended to go into newspaper work — I wanted to write books and poetry and stuff like that, but I had to eat; but where it got me strongest was when Sam enlarged on the possibilities. I saw myself rising step by step until I owned the biggest paper in the state, and was honored everywhere, a great political power, perhaps a diplomat — and, of course, a millionaire. I was always a dreamer and Sam got me going. Writing books was nothing to this.

And Sam made good on his promise to get me a job. It wasn't much of a job, and it wasn't much of a paper, even in our little Western City, but Sam was as important and impressive about it as if he'd got me the managing editorship of a New York newspaper. What I really got was a chance to help the man who was doing night police and the munificent salary I drew was ten dollars a week.

Newspaper work is a great sponge. It sucks young men into it, and there they stay. About one-hundredth part of one per cent. of the good men who go into newspaper work ever get out again into a bigger job, or even rise in their own field. It's so varied and interesting and brings you in touch with so many people and so many phases of life that you con yourself into thinking that you're of a great deal more account than you are. A man who stays in newspaper work after he's thirty *as a reporter* is done for. He'll never amount to shucks. Believe me, *I know.*

I'd been drawing a salary for two or three weeks and had been pretty well occupied with the breaking in that a raw country boy gets on a city paper when Sam came round to see me one day (it was my night off) and asked me to have supper with him.

Sam was in pretty high feather — everything was coming his way, he said. He'd had his salary raised, and he had passed his bar examinations, and he was going to get out and around a lot in the coming local campaign — everything he said was pretty well peppered with "I," but it all sounded thrilling to me. Finally we stopped at a little bakery lunch-room place, wedged in between two big downtown business buildings.

"Here we are," said Sam. "They've got the best pork and beans here in the world — and apple pie that tastes like home."

We went through the front room, which had a lunch-counter on one side and a cashier's desk and shelves with fresh-baked bread and cake and pies on the other, and in the back room was a little restaurant with maybe six or eight tables. A quiet little dark-eyed girl was sitting eating at one of the tables and Sam spoke to her effusively.

"Good evening, Miss Elsie," he said, shaking hands with her. "How are you this evening? — but I really don't need to ask. No one could look as good as you do without feeling good, too. May I present a friend from my home town? This is Joe Tarr, one of my youthful chums, come to win fame and fortune in the city. Miss Elsie Dashiell — Mr. Tarr."

I shook hands with her, and I was struck with the calculating, quiet look she gave me. She got my past and present in that one glance, and sized up my future as well. When we had gone on to our own table, Sam said, with a good deal more sincerity than he usually displayed:

"That girl's a wonder—a perfect wonder. She's private secretary to the biggest attorney in the city and makes thirty dollars a week. They say she's as good a lawyer as her boss and I believe it. She's got a head on her shoulders."

"She's nothing much to look at," I said, trying to appear the blasé college man.

"Oh, yes," said Sam, "you want one of these big yellow-haired Swedes, I suppose, with pink cheeks and a giggle. Well, let me tell you that Elsie Dashiell is worth just about a sheep pasture full of 'em. Anyway, I'm just as well pleased you don't care so much for her."

I looked at Elsie

I was struck with the calculating, quiet look the girl gave me

[*Continued on page 31*]

Farmers Out of a Job

by James H. Collins

Author of "Putting the Motor on the Counter"

AN every-day question rose in the lumber business. The publisher of a lumber trade journal set out to find the answer. It seemed like a simple question — just one of the many queries growing out of this rather difficult industry in recent times. The publisher said: "This calls for a little first-hand investigation." And he went to work.

That was more than five years ago.

He is working on the answer yet!

The question was: "Why have lumber sales fallen off in country towns through the Corn Belt?" And the answer consists of things like this:

An enterprising town in the Corn Belt had a hustling commercial club. Whenever an elderly farmer in the country roundabout sold his place or leased it to a tenant, the commercial club went after him as a prospective resident, and usually persuaded him to move to town. His boys and girls had grown up, married and started life for themselves. He and his wife felt that they could now afford to take things a bit easy after years of hard work. He moved in, bought a house or rented one, put his money in the bank, and increased the well-to-do population. The commercial club thought it was doing fine work for the community. Every retired farmer was regarded as a town asset. Visitors were shown the colony of retired farmers who had built over on the north side.

"This shows the standing of Smithboro as a residence town," said the secretary of the commercial club, proudly. "Ninety per cent. of all the farmers who retire within a radius of thirty miles choose Smithboro as a home."

By and by the town needed a new high school. Plans were drawn for a building, and a bond issue of fifty thousand dollars submitted to popular vote. Then a strange thing happened. For the first time in town history a necessary public improvement was defeated at the polls. Over on the north side a conservative constituency had materialized. It was made up of retired farmers. They no longer had children to educate. Living in town was more expensive than they had figured. The money in the bank, and rent paid by the tenant, seemed precious. They were against anything that promised to raise taxes. So they voted down the bond issue for the new high school.

Making the Farmer Think

SMITHBORO had a live lumber dealer, and for some months the latter had been reading about some such state of affairs as this in his lumber journal. He wrote the publisher, and asked what could be done to get the high school through, and the publisher said he would come out to Smithboro and talk to the conservatives.

"Get them together," he directed. "Hold a meeting in some place where they will feel at home, and get some cider and red apples."

When the publisher rose to speak, he went after those retired farmers like an evangelist.

"You men have all succeeded at one of the hardest kinds of business there is — farming," he said: "You feel that you've earned a right to rest. So you have. But you're not through yet with your responsibilities as citizens. Think back a little! Think of the first ten years after you were married, when you were buying the farm, and your children were going to school. Money counted then, but you voted it freely for education, and sat on the school board, and worked for the community. Now that your children are out in the world, and you live here in town, you may think that part of life is over. But how about the children growing up around you? Are they not entitled to schooling as good as your children had? Aren't they entitled to better? You are all getting a little closer every day to the sere and yellow leaf. Suppose you were called to another world tonight, and when you got to the gate Saint Peter stopped you and wanted to know why you voted down the new high school in Smithboro — what would you tell him?"

Within a month there was another vote on the new high school, and the bond issue went through!

This publisher's inquiry into decreased sales of lumber in country towns has led him into all sorts of interesting discoveries. But the very center of the whole problem is the retired farmer.

He finds that three things are pretty sure to happen when the farmer retires and moves to town: First, the farm runs down. Second, the town runs down. Third, the farmer himself goes to the devil.

An Influence Against Progress

INVESTIGATION began with the retail lumber merchants in country towns to find out why they were selling less building material than ten or fifteen years ago. In most cases the lumber man attributed falling off in his business to some vague outside agency like mail-order competition. Careful estimates showed, however, that not nearly so much building material was being used in the country round the town. A new state of affairs existed, plainly seen in the state of farm property. When the farmer lived on his own farm he took pride in the appearance of his buildings and fences. If a board worked loose, or paint wore off, he made repairs. But now, with a countryside worked by tenants, and himself in town, he saw the old place only two or three times a year. When a board came off it stayed off. The tenant had no financial interest in replacing it, the owner made no allowance for painting or repairs. Bit by bit the countryside became shabby, then disreputable, and in spots decayed, and settled into a country slum, which is about the worst sort of slum.

In town, the retired farmer quickly developed as an influence against progress. For a year or so after his arrival, while he was building and fitting up a new home, his expenditures would be liberal, bringing a false sense of prosperity that kept the commercial club hustling for more retired farmers, as desirable citizens. But once he got settled, and woke up to some of the realities of town life, such as increased cost of living, he became a conservative. As a taxpayer, he took a stand against any public improvement that involved an assessment, and in many communities his vote was sufficient to kill progressive measures. "Organized to maintain a solid position of anti-everything," as one Corn Belt merchant expresses it.

Through the Corn Belt today there is a very keen understanding of the retired farmer as a problem, a brake on community development. There are towns and cities where, with a well-to-do settlement of retired farmers on one of the outskirts and a ramshackle slum of immigrants on another, the slum would be pointed out as presenting the easiest problem. For the immigrants are working themselves out of it, progressing toward better conditions, while the trim colony of retired farmers is standing pat. And their reactionary influence by no means stops in town. For as landlords instead of residents, they are opposed to improvements and taxes back in the country, and therefore to be held largely responsible for the decay of the country school and the country church.

Most startling of all, perhaps, is the change that takes place in the retired farmer himself, and in his wife. For he rapidly goes to seed, while his helpmate develops a broader life. An Iowa physician who has kept records for twenty years says that the average life of a farmer after he retires and moves to town is less than four years. He has no work to keep him busy and happy. He loafs, becomes discontented and miserable, frets and rusts out, and eventually passes into the Great Beyond, in obedience to the law of averages. His wife, however, still has her household work to keep her occupied, and in addition enjoys more society and entertainment. She spruces up, goes in for self-improvement, and takes a new hold on life. When the husband dies she stays behind. In one of the Corn Belt towns there is a long street of prosperous homes built by retired farmers where this process of elimination has worked out so completely that it is now known popularly as "Merry Widows' Row."

One of the disquieting features of our agricultural life the past generation has been the growth of tenant farming. In the United States as a whole thirty-seven per cent. of the farms are now worked by tenants. The number of tenant farms is increasing twice as fast as the number of those worked by owners. Through the Corn Belt one farm in three is now worked by tenants. That is not so high a proportion as is found in the South, but it is high for the Corn Belt — some people think too high. For tenant farming is an old institution in the South, and the farms small and poor, while through the Corn Belt it is comparatively new, and the farms are of a very different character, because this is held to be our most important farming section.

A Story and a Problem

BACK of the average Corn Belt tenant farm there is a retired farmer, the owner, who used to work that farm himself, but now lives in town on shares or rent.

Back of the retired farmer there is usually a story and a problem.

The story begins around 1897, when our reviving factories and good prices for grain and meat brought prosperity. Corn Belt farmers who had been hanging onto the ragged edge really began to make money then. It was profitable to sell or feed corn instead of burning it for fuel, and wheat rose to the neighborhood of a dollar a bushel. Corn Belt land values began to rise, too, because there was now a profit in working it. Men without farms began to appear as renters.

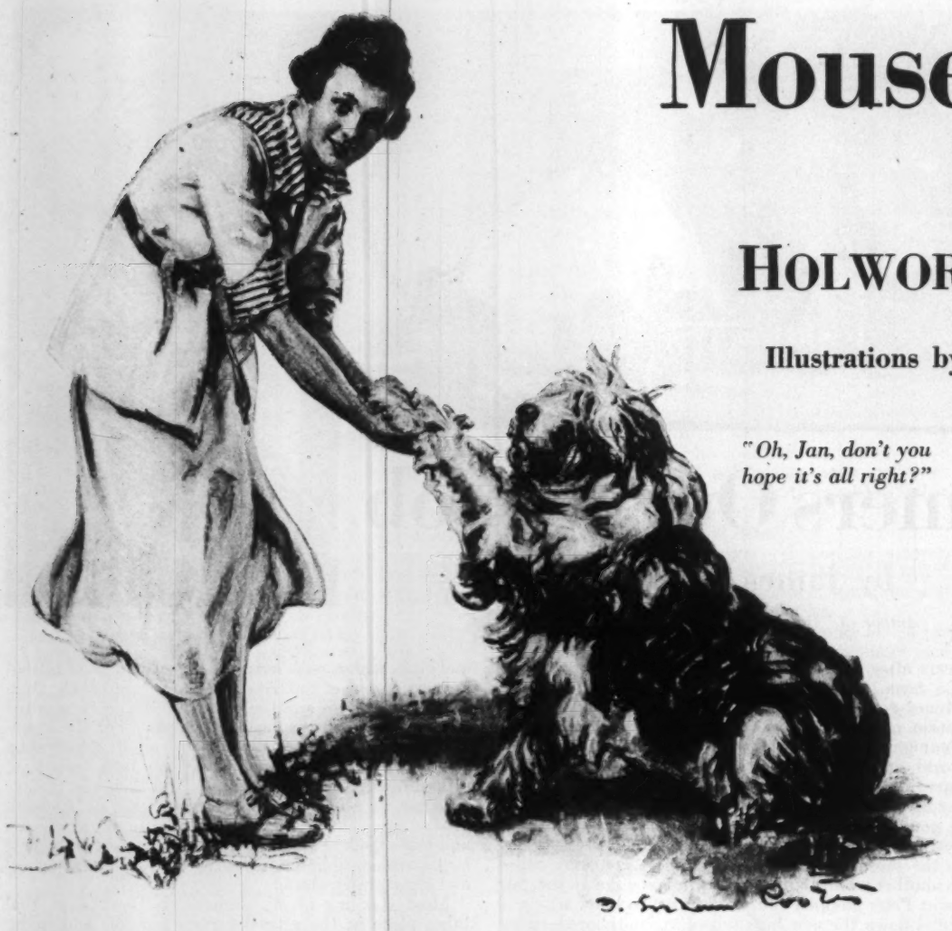
For thirty-odd years the Nagles had struggled through lean times in the Middle [*Continued on page 36*]

Mouse-Traps

by

HOLWORTHY HALL

Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes



"Oh, Jan, don't you hope it's all right?"

THE first time I ever saw Spencer Colby was on the beach at Sisset, which has the reputation of entertaining, during the season, more transient clams of heroic size than any other beach on the bay side of the Cape. He was dressed that April morning in a reddish mackinaw, corduroy trousers, and rubber boots, so that when he came leisurely around a sharp promontory a hundred yards distant, I naturally took him for either a native of the seaboard, cannily saving his energy against the future, or a member of the Coast Guard, bound on the outward leg of his patrol. But as he approached, and I observed his tortoise-rimmed spectacles with thickly brilliant lenses, and then the width of the forehead under the brown cap, I began to suspect that he was to some extent an alien; and when he paused, abreast of me, and smiled and nodded, I was very certain that he hadn't got his education in the same town that he got his clothes.

He was a slight young man, so slight that his shoulders seemed almost to droop under the weight of the heavy mackinaw. He was rather too pale to be good looking, but his mouth was both strong and sensitive, his chin was square and significant, and his eyes, shining through the polished lenses, were eager enough and appealing enough to startle me. At that period of our acquaintance I didn't know that he was fundamentally eager about everything — even the Sisset clams in season. I thought he mistook me for someone else.

After a moment's hesitation, he said: "Good morning, sir. You're the mysterious stranger over at The Sign of the Motor, in Dennis, aren't you?" His smile was boyishly direct and friendly. "If you are, I've been gunning for you."

"Mysterious stranger!" I repeated, somewhat bewildered. "Why, I'm a stranger, and I'm living at The Sign of the Motor, but ——"

He gestured spontaneously.

"Oh, concede the mystery!" he urged, with a pleasant suggestion of excitement in his voice. "It's been there, anyway — a baffling mystery. Everybody's been asking about you. The point is — shall I call you 'Doctor,' or shan't I?"

The brightness of his eyes, and the apparent incoherence of his remarks, joined to his pronounced mannerisms, disturbed me appreciably. The general effect was abnormal.

"I'm not a physician," I said, watching him.

"But your black leather case, and your thousand and one bottles and pill-boxes" — he half questioned — "you'll pardon my obtrusiveness, I hope, but it's of considerable importance ——"

"Oh!" I said. "Why, that black leather case isn't a doctor's kit; it's a folding typewriter. And the stuff in the bottles and boxes I'm taking myself. Rheumatism and overwork. I'm merely a broken-down writer combining convalescence with composition. What's the mystery about?"

He put out his hand impulsively.

"My name's Colby. Glad to have you with us." His air, although utterly democratic, yet reminded me of the dignity of a mayor in the act of presenting the freedom of the city to a visiting foreigner. "I was horribly afraid you were an M.D. You'd have made me work overtime trying to run you out of the village."

I looked to him for further explanation, which seemed necessary. "Do you boycott doctors down here?"

"Hardly! . . . Don't let me keep you from your walk — I was just about to turn back myself. Shall we go on awhile together? Good! . . . Why, our local man is moving up to town in a month or two, and I'd arranged for a very clever practitioner — he's only thirty, but very clever indeed — to take his place. It's a big opportunity for him, and he'll make good. Someone told me you were a Boston man looking for a soft spot. Sisset's the only vacancy in this region, so ——"

His geniality disarmed me. Besides, for a week I hadn't talked with a man who was in full sympathy with the common rules of rhetoric.

"You're not a Cape Codder," I interrupted. "This isn't *your* country. What is — New York?"

He admitted it. "It's a wonderful city," he said, enthusiastically. "A perfectly amazing city — it always strikes me as a collection of the most magnificently superficial men, doing the most superlative things — it staggers me every time I wander into the Grand Central Terminal. But New York hasn't imagination — except in terms of clearing-house statements. A man doesn't *live* in New York — he only earns and waits. I wouldn't exchange *that* —" He indicated an expanse of sapphire water, slashed with silver where underlying shoals were hidden — "for twenty acres on Murray Hill and a hundred yards of Fifth Avenue for good measure! Positively I wouldn't!"

"Perhaps if you had the chance, you'd think differently," I laughed. "You've picked out some pretty valuable real-estate for your comparison. I wouldn't mind owning it myself."

"I had the chance," said Colby, staring out over the bay. "That is — in a manner of speaking. . . . How do you like The Sign of the Motor? Isn't it bully?"

"Excellent!"

"There isn't an inn on the Cape like it — I doubt if there's one in America. The way they've worked out the details! You're in the small house, aren't you?"

"Yes — I'm chaperoning my niece."

"Oh! That's it! Then she's interested in old houses simply because they *are* old houses?"

"She likes Colonial architecture and furniture ——"

"*We* thought she was hunting for a place for you to renovate and live in! We thought you were married! Well — that *is* a relief!" He grinned cheerfully.

The novelty of furnishing relief to a community because I'm not married was worth discussing; but the hands of my watch showed half-past twelve.

"I'm afraid I shall have to leave you here," I said with genuine regret. "I'm glad we ran across each other, Mr. Colby. Sisset's very near, isn't it? If you ever get over our way, I hope you'll drop in."

"I certainly shall," he agreed promptly. "And in Sisset, everybody knows where *I* live — when you happen to feel like a three-mile hike ask the first person you see beyond the post-office. I'm doubly glad I ambushed you!" He smiled, and went on down the beach; I turned, and struck out for home. It was nearly an hour's walk against the wind; when I finally reached the haven of the small guest-house hyphenated to The Sign of the Motor, I was so thoroughly intent upon luncheon that until the arrival of dessert I quite forgot to mention my encounter with Colby. When I did mention it, my niece displayed unexpected signs of intelligence.

"Why, that must be the man I heard about this morning," she said. "He must be an awfully queer person. Is he?"

"Everybody's queer but thee and me, and sometimes ——"

"Now, don't! I've heard all about him! They say he's harmless enough, but — well, just queer. And besides, I don't think it's a very nice thing for him to do."

I looked inquiringly at her across the old mahogany.

"What isn't?"

"Why, to make money the way he does."

"Indeed! How does he do it?"

Bettina lifted her eyebrows piquantly.

"It's what you'd call refined pawnbroking, I suppose. He lends money to the poor people over in Sisset, and takes chattel mortgages on *everything* they own, furniture and all — they say he makes an awfully good thing out of it. And once there was a woman over there — a woman who made rag rugs or something like that for a living — and she was crazy to own a Ford — and this man Colby gave her the money and took a mortgage on her house — and he's making her pay it back in instalments that nearly *kill* her! Think of it! In a place like this — a city man being as skinflinty as that! He let her buy a *Ford* ——"

"But, my dear child, you wouldn't have had him buy her a Mercedes!"

BETTINA'S eyes snapped. "He might just as well have! It'll take her *years* to pay that off! He *knew* she couldn't afford it! And they say she has to pay *fearful* interest, too. *I* think it's criminal!"

We went together into the living-room, and sat before the open fireplace, distinctive with its crane and its brick oven. I ate three pastilles and two large tablets, and Bettina nibbled a bonbon.

"I don't know anything about his business affairs," I said, "but he seemed rather attractive. He's a college man, apparently — not more than twenty-five or six ——"

"Everybody in Sisset hates him," declared Bettina, rocking until the candle-rack on the back of her chair clattered in protest. "I should think they would — and if I ever meet him, I will, too! See if I don't. . . . You haven't taken your *red* pills for two whole days."

The meeting took place sooner than she had anticipated. We had hardly finished dinner that evening when Colby knocked at the door, and entered

with every evidence of pleasure. This time he was in tweeds, with a Norfolk jacket, and in physical appearance he was more prepossessing. Bettina was just a little taken aback when she identified him; she glanced at me as though I had committed a grievous social error to let him into the house, but his manner toward her was so cavalier that he must at least have won some conciliation from her if his opening remark, after the introductions, hadn't been unfortunately phrased.

"What an exquisite house this is!" he exclaimed, touching some antique objects on the shallow mantel. "They haven't missed a trick in fixing it up, have they? I'm a collector, myself — perhaps the credit's due to my predatory ancestors, but really I get some astonishing bargains in old furniture now and then — of course, by devious methods —— "

"Yes?" echoed Bettina sweetly. She looked at me as though to inquire what sort of reptile I had called attractive. "So I should expect."

Colby's expression was mildly puzzled.

"But you mustn't," he advised her seriously. "This region's been raked with a fine-tooth comb dozens of times. You want to be careful, or they'll charge you utterly outrageous prices. As a general rule, the best and the cheapest and the safest place to buy antiques is in New York, on Fourth Avenue. But I've had some unusual openings."

"Surely," granted Bettina, eying me squarely, "I should have thought you would — living down here."

Again he was puzzled. It was obvious that he had caught and appreciated, without understanding, Bettina's inflections. Naturally, he was ignorant of her dominating motive of at least a twelvemonth; he didn't know that she had an especial predilection for the practical side of sociology. The one triumph of her young life had concerned the conviction of a loan-shark who had captured Bettina's hairdresser's husband, and caused the hairdresser to cry on the curling-tongs. He evidently sensed, however, a latent hostility to himself, for he moved away from the mantel, and sat down quietly, not as close to Bettina as the majority of unattached young men like to sit; and for ten minutes his conversation was painfully sterile. At the end of that period Bettina murmured something about cross-stitching, and departed briskly; almost on the instant Colby was bubbling with enthusiasm.

"It's absolutely incredible," he said, "how much *can* be created out of practically nothing! Whenever I come into this house I'm astounded! You know about it, don't you? They bought it in Brewster for fifty dollars —— "

"Fifty dollars!"

"Yes — it was an old ruin; picturesque, but as full of holes as a colander. They brought it over here, and made it whole, and fitted it out appropriately, and tacked it on to the main house —— "

"And it's served very well," I said. "Proving what? The morality of white paint?"

"Possibly. Only I'm thinking a bit more on the commercial side. Weather-beaten, unfurnished, undecorated, the shell brought fifty dollars. Ten or twelve hundred spent on it — and it brings in fifty dollars a week — isn't that right?"

"More than that. To all intents and purposes it's a private suite. It's for not less than two people, and it'll hold four — two bedrooms, the dining-room and this. That's a minimum of seventy and a maximum of a hundred and forty dollars a week."

Colby nodded vigorously.

"That's remarkable! It'll earn more than fifty per cent a year net — it'll earn a *hundred* per cent on the original investment! It's really true what Emerson said about the mouse-traps, isn't it? People from all over the East come to this out-of-the-way corner because it's unique." He brought out a pipe and fingered it affectionately. I offered him my tobacco. "Oh — thank you! Now when I've finally *convinced* a few women and a few men over in our village of Sisset —— "

The silence endured for so long, even after his pipe was alight, that I assumed the wreck of his train of thought, and passed on to a system of my own.

"How long have you been here, Mr. Colby?"

"Six months. I came in October," he told me.

"Not going to stay permanently, are you?"

"I hope not — I'll stay as long as I see any advantage in staying."

"Then you sincerely like it?"

"I need it," said Colby, "and — conceivably — it needs me."

"You're not in business, I take it?"

He chuckled reminiscently.

"You've heard of a million men who began at the bottom and worked up to the top — well, I began at the top and in three years I'd worked down to the bottom. That's a concrete fact. My father's plant. I was a vice-president and a director two weeks after I got my degree; two years afterwards he asked me point-blank what I'd take to keep out of the office. Offered me an annuity. I got some life-insurance statistics and showed him I ought to live forty years — and said I'd take a certain sum in a lump. He gave it to me — and I went to Baden-Baden, and Marienbad, and French Lick — and then settled down over in Sisset. I'm the resident capitalist, you might say. It isn't as exhilarating as the corner of Broadway and Forty-second street, of course — but I'm doing pretty well — considering —— "

"What *do* you do? I should think you'd find it insufferably dull."

"No," said Colby slowly. "I'm interested in people. I'm hoping to break the circle sometime."

"I — break the circle?"

"So many of them are jellyfish — by absorption. It's honestly pitiable. They simply struggle in order to eat in order to keep on struggling. It doesn't lead anywhere. Ambition means three meals a day — and tobacco. And if they once took to dreaming big, flashing dreams instead of gray little ones . . . You very likely think I'm more or less of a fanatic to ramble on like this. But I've always thought that there's still some chance for the ditch-digger who stops work to look at the sunset. If I haven't anything better to do, why shouldn't I give him that chance, if I can? It's on that basis that I'm staying in Sisset." He smoked contemplatively; Bettina came in unobserved, and curled up on the old-fashioned sofa between the windows. "And I'm getting a fair rate of interest at that," he said presently.

From behind him Bettina spoke in her clear contralto. "What do you call a fair rate of interest, Mr. Colby?"

His reaction was immediate. While he was apologizing for the ashes on the rug, and I was assuring him that it didn't matter in the least — it wasn't my rug, I was somewhat more annoyed at Bettina than I cared to admit. To be sure, she hadn't heard the connective sentence, and she was already deeply prejudiced against the young man. To judge from common rumor, she was partly justified. Nevertheless, he was our guest, and I was irritated.

"I — I meant," he stammered, "interest on a psychological rather than a cash investment. And — a fair return on that is — why, contentment."

"Oh!" said Bettina.

To avoid further complications, I asked Colby about his college affiliations. He was a Harvard man, he said — for two years he had been a hurdler on the track

Bettina's voice had dwindled to a mere whisper, but in a moment Colby said, distinctly: "Why, yes, I do that. But let me explain —— "

team, and in both campaigns he had played against Yale. He smiled ruefully as he recalled the incidents. "I weighed over a hundred and sixty then," he said. "But New York's got about fifteen of it yet. I'm picking up in this climate — gradually."

Bettina betrayed a faint flicker of interest.

"You must have hurdled against my brother-in-law, Ned Martin," she announced diffidently.

"Martin! Good Heavens!" Colby was alert and dynamic. "We went to school together! Why, I knew Ned Martin when ——"

"Did you? I went up once with my sister — to the dual meet. Ned was ——"

"What year was that?"

"Well — I wasn't more than fourteen or fifteen — I remember they said Ned made a record ——"

"That was the spring of nineteen-eight! He certainly did — and I ran second! And *you* were there!" He had jerked his chair around to face her; his eyes were impossibly eager. "Remember the referee falling down in the whitewash pail?"

"Yes! Yes!" said Bettina, allowing her cross-stitch to fall unnoticed. "That was the very day! *Isn't* it curious that ——"

"Ned and I were frat-brothers at school ——"

"*Really?* Isn't that the funniest ——"

"And now he's your — your what?"

"My brother-in-law!"

"And still whistles off the key?"

"He couldn't keep on it to save his life!"

"Didn't he ever tell you how he and Spider Colby ——"

"*Spider!* Are *you* Spider? Why, Ned talked *miles* ——"

"That's what they used to call me."

"I *do* remember! *Isn't* it the smallest world?"

"*Wonderful!*" said Colby. He glanced at me and laughed infectiously. "Ned Martin was one of the finest, cleanest, most admirable men I ever met ——"

"You knew he'd married?"

"I was in Germany. I'd sort of lost track of him lately. He ——"

"I *must* tell you about his wedding. You'll love it! Ned went downtown in the afternoon ——"

At this juncture I attempted to return to the discussion. The two young people ignored me completely: Bettina was already involved in the narrative which, boiled down to nothing, told how Ned might have been late for the wedding ceremony, but wasn't. So that I plucked a magazine from the near-by table, and read comfortably until I was distracted by a familiar voice uttering a familiar platitude.

"Must you really? It's been awfully pleasant — you'll drop in again soon, won't you?"

I was on my feet in ample time to repeat the sentiment to Colby before he found his hat.

"I certainly shall," he said, shaking hands forcibly with Bettina, and bowing politely to me. "It's mighty good of you, and — er — all that sort of thing. Thank you. Thank you. Good night!"

As soon as his footsteps had receded sufficiently I addressed Bettina with malice aforethought.

"And how," I asked her, "do you like our young Shylock? You switched your tactics pretty abruptly, didn't you?"

"Shylock?" For a moment her gaze was vacuous. "Oh!" she said, brightening; and, "Oh!" she said, with a thoughtful note in her voice. Bettina blew out a lamp — The Sign of the Motor was consistent — and answered me in comparative darkness. "Well — no matter whether he is or not — of course, it may be exaggerated — if it is, it's perfectly *horrid* of him — you know what I mean — but — when he began to talk, I — well, to tell the truth, I forgot all about those stories. Didn't you?"

"Happily," I said, "he's a student of the philosophy of paradox. It ought to come in useful to him."

During subsequent days, I assimilated much gossip of the eccentricities of Spencer Colby, who had presented himself last October at the gates of Sisset, and showed as yet no intention of quitting the locality. What I heard tended to strengthen rather than weaken the story which Bettina had originally told me. I learned, for example, that he was a busybody and a meddler; that if he had his will, he would be the sole autocrat of Sisset's destiny, mental, moral and physical. I learned that he had actually financed the purchase of a Ford for a woman who never should have permitted herself that luxury, and couldn't give back the price of it within half a decade. I was informed that he plied a thriving, if illicit, trade in loan brokerage, as well as a legitimate business in chattel mortgages. Men who had been rejected by banks in Brewster and Yarmouth and Hyannis had gone to Colby and obtained small credits, secured invariably by more than ample collateral. His charges ran from ten to twenty per cent — in one instance, twenty-five. There wasn't an inch of room left to doubt these facts — even so, I tried to doubt them. I would have taken my oath that Colby wasn't that type of man. Somewhere in the chain of circumstance there was a fragile link — and that link was composed of the ingredients which went to make up Colby's character. But where was it?

Before I had occasion to walk over to Sisset, he called twice at the guest house; neither time was I at home. Bettina received him, and told me about it. After his second visit she inquired casually of me: "Isn't it fearfully cold down here in winter? Do people ever come down then?"

"Ten degrees warmer than New York," I said. 'Some do, and some don't."

"Oh!" That was all — just then; but later she propounded an equally pertinent question: "Do you think Mr. Colby's business is honorable?"

"If it's what we've heard it is — no."

"Oh!" said Bettina. "But you don't need to bark at me, do you?"

Still later she demanded: "What's a good net on bonds and things?"

"Three and a half to five and a half."

"And on a thousand, that's . . . ?"

"Thirty-five to fifty-five dollars."

"And — on — on something — speculative?"

"Quadruple it," I said. "And maybe more. It all depends."

Obviously, she was more than ordinarily concerned about Spencer Colby. For this reason, and for some others, I took pains to accomplish my long-delayed inspection of Sisset, and the results were unsatisfactory. It was a sleepy little village, well-shaded, placed directly behind a long, low ridge which separated it from the marshes and the sea. It should have been beautiful; instead, it was a village running too lavishly to rank weeds and unkempt dooryards and unpainted clapboards. Its hinges were rusty and its windows weren't all available for the use primarily contemplated. There were a few cottages which showed careful upkeep; but these were exceptions, rare and scattered. It was a village to speed through at forty miles an hour; I couldn't for the life of me understand what had drawn Colby to that spot, nor what had kept him there.

He was living in one of the few neat houses in Sisset; a tiny affair hip-roofed and snug, with a cleanly swept brick walk from the front gate, and quite transparent window-panes. A trim maid-servant in blue linen admitted me, and told me to wait in the hall — someone was seeing Mr. Colby on business. Accordingly, I sat in a fascinating Windsor chair and waited. Through a closed door directly across from me I could hear the sound of men's voices, now muffled, now distinct, swayed evidently by the progress of a heated argument. One of them was Colby's; the other, that of a native of the Cape, to judge from its typical flavor.

"There's no use in talking, Nat," said Colby incisively. "I've made you my terms, and if you don't like 'em ——"

"Now, Mr. Colby, seems to me you're pretty hard on a feller that's ——"

"Nat, I *am* hard. I intend to be hard. You've come to me because you can't get accommodation anywhere else. We both know that. And you know as well as I do that I don't care a hang for legal interest. Your security's all right, but there isn't enough of it. You do what I've told you to do — and come back in ten days — and you can have your two hundred and fifty."

"But, Mr. Colby, 'tain't likely I can spare ——"

"That's my only proposition, Nat. I'm afraid you'll have to take it just as it is, or leave it."

Here the voices sank to a lower pitch; presently there was a scraping of chairs, the turn of a knob, and the two men appeared on the threshold of the living-room.

"You'll keep your promise, Nat?" said Colby, his eyes lighting up as he saw me. "I can trust you?"

"I guess I c'n jam it through," replied the fisherman ungraciously. "G'day!"

Colby took my arm, and ushered me into his sanctum — a cavern of books and pictures, oddly set off by a modern filing-cabinet and a roll-topped desk. On the blotter lay a long, narrow slip, partly printed and partly written; Colby shoved it hastily under a package of envelopes.

"One of my clients," he commented. "Well, sir — what brought you over here this fine morning?"

"The morning did," I said. "Am I intruding? Have you more business to do?"

"Not a bit of it. In fact, until Nat came in, I was reading Spencer — my namesake."

This was an opening!

"And you agree with him?"

"Oh, entirely! There never *was* a man ——"

"His general principle," I said, "was that the highest form of conduct is that which benefits the individual at the same time that it benefits the race — wasn't it?"

"Yes — but whose judgment are you going to accept? Who's to decide what *does* benefit the race — or any part of it? If I lend Nat Smith money to buy a motor-dory, so he can catch more fish, make more money, and give his family more to eat — is that a benefit to the race? Is it to me? Is it to Nat? Or is Carnegie's method the only real altruism? I prefer my own."

"But Carnegie *gives* his money away."

"You wouldn't limit Christian conduct to multimillionaires, would you? And Nat doesn't need a library just now — he needs a [*Continued on page 68*]

THE UNTRAINED

by **Dr. Frank Crane**

Dr. Crane

I HAVE just graduated from the High School. I am supposed to be educated. The City has provided me for some years with skilled teachers and expensive apparatus of all kinds. I will tell you a few things I don't know.

I know by heart several slices of Goethe and Schiller; but I don't know how to ask in German for a piece of bread and butter.

I know some irregular French verbs; but if I were lost in the streets of Paris I couldn't ask my way home.

I can say *amo, amas, amat,* also *en to oikio ton anthropon horo,* but I cannot keep the ledger at my father's store nor send out his monthly statements.

I am half-back on our team and know the quirks of passing the ball; but I don't know how to build a woodshed or shingle a roof.

I can extract the square root of 9,273,642; but I don't know how to extract the milk from our cow.

I know how to parse a sentence from Macaulay's Essays; but I don't know how to light a match in the wind or how to chop down a tree.

I have studied Political Economy until my head is full of raw theories and long words; but I don't know the name of the alderman from our ward nor the congressman from our district.

I can prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the base and perpendicular; but I don't know how to hang wall-paper, put in a pane of glass or paint a buggy.

I have taken fifty lessons in chemistry; but I don't know enough to keep alcohol out of my system, I know nothing of food values and gorge myself on what pleases my palate.

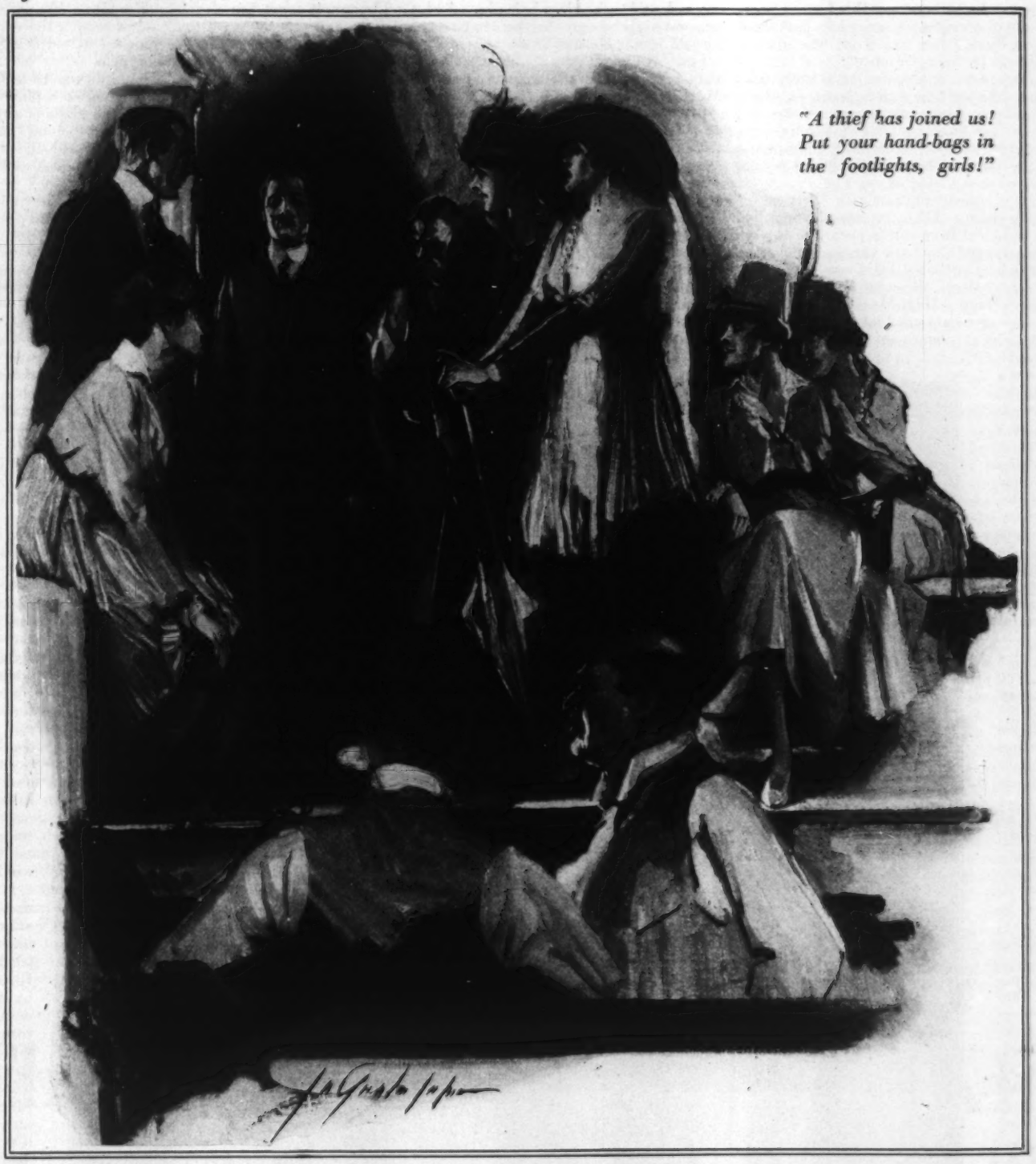
I received eighty-five per cent in English Literature; but I couldn't get fifteen dollars a week writing news for a newspaper, I can't write a readable letter, and my average conversation is about on a level with the sporting page.

I don't know who our mayor is and nothing of our city government; but I know the names and have the pictures of all the prominent actresses, prize-fighters and base-ball stars.

I can order drinks at the Country Club; but I can't churn a good mess of butter, I don't know when to plant beans, I have no idea what kind of soil is good for corn, I can't tell a slippery elm from a hickory tree, I don't know the names of the grasses, mosses, ferns and flowers in the woods I tramp over, I can't fry fish nor make coffee nor biscuit, and I don't know the names of the stars I see every night in the sky.

Nobody has made me understand how to control my appetites, nor the laws and dangers of sex feeling, nor the need of discipline, nor the art of engaging conversation, nor the true nature of happiness.

I was educated according to the ancient formulas for producing a scholar and a gentleman, and I find I have to work for a living. I have no taste nor love for hard work, no habits of saving, no disposition to resist temptation, and no skill in doing anything the world is willing to pay for. I am wholly untrained for efficiency; and before I make good I will have to undo most that has been done to me in school.



"A thief has joined us! Put your hand-bags in the footlights, girls!"

A Soldier of the Footlights

by

Louise Closser Hale

Illustrations by Gardner Soper

"A THIEF has joined us! Put your hand-bags in the footlights, girls!"

The young ladies comprising the chorus of our play rose languidly from the benches, deposited their velvet, silk and metal purses in the tin trough of safety that was within the ken of all, pulled up their stockings and made ready for the rehearsal of the dance.

The admonition of the director had not ruffled the serenity of their lives, but the principals, intuitively clustering together in the wings, raised their eyebrows in uneasy disapproval of the speech. It was uncomfortable to have a thief among us, but less ugly than the announcing of it. For the phrasing of the director was as definite as a pointing finger. But one newcomer had entered our ranks that day, and, as he was standing not ten feet away from me when the insult was projected, I shared something of the shame that the chorus-man himself must be enduring.

Or was he? I do not know. I will never even know if he did pick a pocket as he made his entrance into our lives. We are all willing to grant, now, that he did not. Yet I make no effort to gild this young man who, later, caused us such extraordinary suffering. Out of the selfishness which I vowed at his bedside a few weeks afterwards would never again beset me, I am trying to prove him as little glorious as possible. And for his own sake — as well — I am trying to feel that he was not quite aware of the many attacks, covert and open, which were directed against him as the rehearsals continued.

I would rather believe — though conscious that my belief will weaken my story — that he did take "coke," as some contended; that it was cocaine which dulled him into the apathetic reception of the ridicule heaped upon him during the moments of the director's deepest exasperation. I would rather believe that it was the rosy visions of a drug which kept his face immobile and unresentful, and not the grim necessity of holding to his job that his body might remain clinging to his soul.

He passed me shortly after the edged thrust of the stage-manager, lifting his hat as he crossed with the superb control of an emperor. He gave no evidence of suffering from shame. He walked deliberately to a half-smoked cigarette which a lady of the chorus had stubbed out at the call of duty, picked it up and retired to the alley to finish it.

"Cheek!" said one of the company.

"I think it was magnificent," I replied contrarily.

The first old woman of the company regarded me coldly. "My dear, he's a German."

I did not answer, for there was a pain in my heart that had to do with Germans, but it would have been impossible to have gone into the subject with her.

The comedian picked her up. "Yes, a German spy."

The old lady grew excited over this, which stimulated the comedian into repeating his jest until he began, along with the rest of the company, to believe it. He

may have been a spy, but I must say this for our poor Werther (it was the playwright who gave him the name — he had literary leanings) — that if he was so employed he was ill-paid by his government.

We of the theatre are not unaccustomed to the disappearing of watches (the legitimate disappearance) during the endless weeks of unrecompensed rehearsals. Diamond rings leave our fingers, and pawn-tickets drop out of our lean purses without occasioning embarrassment, and with no comment beyond the voiced regret that jewelry is bringing so little this year.

But it was a steady disintegration with Werther — all but his watch-chain. That remained carefully strung across his waistcoat from empty pocket to empty pocket. How he arranged about the various succession of vestments in which he appeared I did not learn until — I must again say — later. He used his mind about the disposal of his clothing. He held on to his overcoat to cover his shabbier garments until late in November, and remained an elegant figure on Broadway until the first biting cold.

Even then he was a personage worth the turning about to see — and not with eyes of pity. Six feet or over, slender enough for us to step aside to think — only we didn't — small waxed mustache and clean ungloved hands, he had a way of looking above us, as he walked, that commanded a respectful gaze.

He received this homage when one could see his toes sticking out from his torn shoes, and his arms stretched inches from a coat plainly alien to him. Even before his overcoat departed we at rehearsals could observe the many changes of costume in which he appeared, for he was forced to remove his outer garment when hauling ambitious singing girls about in gorgeous chariots. One day the trousers were too long, a day or so afterward, too short. The coats were of every color and size, and there was no evidence of any scheme of dressing save that each combination expressed the progressive march of poverty.

A chorus-man may come forward and claim that the tale is not new among his people, but the point is we noticed it in Werther. Not that he spoke of it — not that he spoke of anything. As I write now — haltingly, stopping to think — I have no recollection of that poor foreigner addressing one soul in our company beyond the few words which had to do with the performance of his duties. He did talk to some of them, I know, but never when I was about. And there is nothing very extraordinary in this except, in the end, I who kept farthest from him was brought nearest to him. And I can see but one reason why the Fates should have chosen me to play the part I did.

I myself never spoke to him, beyond the daily greeting on which I insisted. Then he would bring his heels together with the click of a castanet, lift his hat high in the air, and I would mutely pass on. It wasn't because he stole that I did not talk with him, nor for the stupid, persistent rumor that he was a German spy among pro-Allies, nor for the reason that I had small sympathy with the use of cocaine. It wasn't because he was a chorus-man. I was hail-fellow-well-met with the other boys. They put on my rubbers, straightened my sash and tucked in a hair-pin. And, God knows, it was not his poverty. No, let's have the truth: I was in awe of him. He was above my small Hoosier beginnings. He was a distinct flower of an older race than ours. Werther of the Sorrows, yes, but — as well — Werther Imperial!

It was the day he lost his overcoat, revealing to Broadway his sartorial deterioration, that he also lost his job. The chorus were rehearsing in another part of the theatre when he walked across the stage where we were at work, and, without so much as a by-your-leave, begged the director to reinstate him. He was fully cursed by the manager for interrupting a rehearsal, but he had no apology save the recurrent cry: "*Ich muss, ich muss.*"

We all knew what he meant when he said he must. He must eat that winter. It was necessary for him to eat to live. It was Voltaire who did not see the necessity of living. In these sad years the life of the young man of the world appears to have lost its value, even to himself. And yet, as those brothers of Werther "over there" — and those enemies of his — are fighting for a principle, so the chorus-man was making a fight of his own — a more elemental fight than for his country, but with an opponent as formidable as the guns of any foe.

His tenacity received a reward of a kind. Instead of being definitely thrown out to return no more, he was told to stand aside until the rehearsal was over. And this he did, erect, voiceless, regally alone, tranquilly looking at nothing. "Dreaming coke dreams," some of them said. I am sure I hope so.

I asked the pretty girl in our company, "Beauty," we called her, if she couldn't find out from him the cause of his dismissal, and I was relieved to discover from her that she hadn't the nerve to speak to him, either.

"Why, look at his toes," she exclaimed. "I want to buy him a pair of shoes, and yet I daren't offer him the money. It's too ridiculous. I've no doubt he stole that five, I've no doubt he bought 'coke' with it, and yet I'm afraid to offer him a few dollars' worth of sole leather. I don't know what's the matter with him — with me." She finished in perplexity — she who had never been afraid of men.

The best that I could do was to seek out the musical director. He was banging on a piano in the smoking-room with a reluctant half-circle of girls and boys trailing their voices a measure behind him. He had been noisy — had Werther — he had stirred up a row, he had wanted to fight the little English assistant.

"But why?" I demanded.

"Oh, the war, of course. The assistant said something slighting about the Germans ——"

"But don't you see," I broke in, "he had to resent that? And don't you see how brave he was to resent it when he needs the engagement so much?"

The musical director played a few plaintive bars. "He don't resent anything else."

"That's my point. They hint at his stealing, and taking drugs, and they laugh at his accent, and he won't let it make any difference. But his country is another matter. You're a good American. You'd do the same thing."

The plaintive air soothed the musician. He sent up for Werther, and the boy returned with impassive royal dignity.

It grew cold in the night, and I slept uneasily, aware that there was something I should do. After a while I became fully conscious of what was tormenting me, and I ran my arms into a dressing-gown, thrust my feet into slippers, and went into my little study to wrap more warmly a something that lay on the table by the open window.

It was not an animate thing. It was only a German helmet with an ugly bullet hole in the side. It had been given me by a war correspondent when he had returned from my beloved France. He had thought it would bring me intense satisfaction — this trophy. He had picked it up from the battlefield near Arras. He had thought it would speak to me more eloquently than any detailed description of a resisted German drive.

It did speak to me. It spoke of a dead man. A man of no especial country now. One who had gone out serene in the belief that his Cause was just, since he had been taught to believe that it was. He had fought with that sensation of invulnerability which must be the one rich portion of every soldier. Then the ping of a bullet had startled him — then strange noises in his ears — a crash of something upon the ground — could it be himself? — and his helmet lay upon my table.

It was a trophy, indeed. Yet not to me as we generally interpret the word. For a trophy is a symbol of triumph, and the triumph was not in the possession of this poor torn head-covering, but in my recovery, with the mute gift, of a balanced sympathy for all who die for whatever Cause is theirs. A sympathy not for the Cause which might be debatable, nor for the mighty chess-game with people for pawns, but for the little individual who fought and lost his helmet.

Fantastic, one may put me down, and a little queer in the head with all the anxiety of rehearsals and hard study; but, as time went on, I grew very tender with the helmet, and gave it what care I could. I wrapped it in

I heard the few broken words which fell from his lips

an old shawl that was once worn by a Bavarian peasant, and I did not entertain my guests by displaying it.

Somewhere near Arras he who had worn it had been dumped in a ditch and covered with earth. Then the guns of his own people had torn him from his resting-place, not once, but again and again. For they know no peace along that front, even in their graves. And for this reason I took care of the helmet, appreciating that I could not go on absurdly doing this, but seeing no avoidance of what was plainly my decent task.

It may have been the possession of the helmet which kept me so distressed over Werther. I wanted to speak of it to him — he would have been sufficiently sentimental to have understood. But I remained tongue-tied, and what good services I could render were accomplished in the most hang-dog fashion.

Since he did anything that was asked of him as a chorus-man with the most perfect ease, the director listened to my plea that he be "tried out" for a small part, and it was with almost comic care that I went over and over the lines with him during the rehearsal. I hope he saw the good will beaming from my face, for I never voiced my enthusiasm over his excellent rendition of the little rôle. When the play opened, owing to the arrangement of dressing-rooms, we did not meet behind the scenes, and while I vowed that I would hunt him out and tell him how good he was, I never did it. Why don't we make the effort to be kind — why don't we?

We were all relieved when the play opened. We find at one single performance, after weeks of uncertain rehearsals, whether we are good or whether we are rotten. It is even a relief to know that one is rotten. More than that, not only ourselves but the chorus people were beginning to draw a stipend. Small, to be sure, was their wage, but enough to live on, and to pay back patient landladies by degrees.

That is, they could "catch up" if the play kept going and they kept well. It's no fun for one of the chorus to fall ill. With the principals their rôles are often held for them, but the water closes over the head of the chorus when they've gone down for the first time.

For this reason I was glad that Werther had a small rôle. It would seem, even with his strong accent, that he ought to play steadily as an actor. He received no extra sum for the speaking part, but he was eking out his small salary by dressing one of the character men. The character man, fortunately, lacked the high-falutin sensibilities that kept me tongue-tied. On the day Werther's overcoat disappeared he quietly supplied him with a mackintosh — the best he had to offer. And, despite the boy's established reputation as a thief, he did not hesitate to take him into his service. Yet there is something in sensibilities, after all, for he argued — to Beauty's and to my intense indignation — that Werther was not a prince royal, but must come of the servant class since he knew so perfectly the duties of a valet.

The character man was not entirely happy with him, for the young Teuton limited his speech in the dressing-room to polite monosyllables, whereas the usual theatrical dresser keeps the conversational ball rolling briskly. Our comrade in the arts put down his servant's attitude to fear of race, I to pride of race, but it was our beauty who came to the appealing conclusion that the boy was shy.

It was Werther who ushered her into my presence in the play, and in that way they met outside the door, stage left, and waited together for their cue. She took the initiative one night and spoke with him — weather, or something — and as time went on she found him respectfully eager, a smile ready, a reply to her query or comment, or — if she gave evidence of preferring it — a silent waiting at his post.

ON the night that she assured me he was just a lonesome boy, too sensible of caste to attempt to mingle with his superior officers, too proud to consort with the chorus, I determined I should hunt him up the next evening and gasp out that he was good in the part, if it took my last breath. The beauty had been hitting it up amazingly with him — he had told her he had a pain in his stomach.

"He was sort of doubled up, leaning against a chair when I reached our side of the stage," she explained, as we were changing in the room we shared, for the next act. "So I asked him what was the matter and he said he'd been having the pain for some time."

That was on Saturday night. At the next performance (on the Monday night that I was to compliment daringly a shy young man) there was no Werther. The stage-manager hastily transformed himself into a foreigner and fluffed through in his place. He was very sore, for no word had been sent him. The director, who chanced to be in front, came back to eat my peppermints, and to chat in our dressing-room. He, too, was sore.

It had been rather nice the way this man of talent had recognized the talent in Werther, and had immediately softened in his attitude toward him. He was the more bitter now that the ingrate, as he called him, had taken French leave. "He's no good," he said gloomily. "Quitters — that type — all of them."

"But he had a pain in his stomach; he said so," protested our beauty.

The director continued laconic. "Dope. It does that when they haven't the money to buy enough. If he comes around again I'll knock his block off."

"You wouldn't," I cried. "He's too good an actor!"

"Wasn't he fine!" answered the artist in the man. "But there's got to be discipline in this business." He left the room and kissed a passing "pony" on the ear.

But Werther made no effort to return, and the manager, coming back on Tuesday night from the box-office, reported that some hospital had telephoned he was there with appendicitis. He didn't recall the hospital — that made very little difference to the box-office. The point was that he couldn't appear. Anyhow, now that the play was open a young fellow in the last act could easily double the two parts — and a salary saved. In this simple fashion Werther lost his job.

The comedy went on. The beauty stormed up and down iron staircases with a pencil and paper in her hand, and pledges of money were given by the great and the small to pull him through his convalescence. I with a telephone-book on my knee wrote out the appalling list of those houses of pain where mercy and science combine to sustain the trick of life. To hunt him up was to be my portion.

But I came to the theatre baffled Wednesday night, for no one of Werther's name was to be found in the wards or private rooms. As I retailed my vain quest someone of the group in the wings laughed. It was a potent laugh. Our beauty bounced at him, yet another player assuaged the thought that I was making a fool of myself over a coke fiend on a bat by suggesting he was probably under another name.

Again on Thursday the weary round, and at night a growing skepticism in the theatre, and a disinclination to make the promises to pay more definite until Werther could be proven actually in need. The beauty was down, but not disheartened. "I've been buncoed an awful lot of times in my life. And yet —" she turned to me — "you don't want to give up, do you?"

I shook my head. "He may be on a bat. He may have telephoned that message in himself. But I want to make the effort. You see, he was fine in the part and I never told him he was. Besides, I'm doing this for — for something I have at home. I'll tell you, perhaps, but not now. I think it's dreadful to be a good soldier — don't stare at me — I mean a good actor, in this case, but we're all soldiers in life — and not know that the world appreciates it. I sort of owe this effort to one of his countrymen who wasn't fussed over much, I guess, and whose hat is supposed to make people glad." I stopped in confusion.

"I don't get you," said the beauty.

"I don't wonder," I laughed.

The next night I came into the theatre late, and fell against the stage-doorkeeper to the astonishment of both of us. But I had found Werther.

After a futile day among the nursing-homes I had taken our Bohemian janitor into [*Continued on page 49*]

The Lifted Veil—*by* Basil King

Illustration by James Montgomery Flagg

For what has happened in previous chapters see page 40

REMEMBERING that he had promised to dine *en famille* with Leslie and Maggie Palliser, Bainbridge, on leaving Mrs. Gildersleeve's house in Madison Avenue, decided to fight his way through the storm to Sixty-ninth street. The lashing of the north wind was pleasant to his burning cheeks; in the gale the mingling of fury with a fierce exciting joy was the counterpart to the struggle of passions within him.

Obscurely Bainbridge found himself comforted. Bodily exertion was a relief to mental and spiritual tornado. The madness of the gusts that tore at him, not only from every point of the compass, but down from the roofs above him, and up from the snow-piled pavement beneath his feet, counteracted in some degree the futile confusion of his impulses. He called it futile confusion because it seemed to lead to no outlet. The maelstrom could boil over into all the waters of the sea; the rapids of Niagara became no more than a placid stream; the fires at the heart of the earth found vent in an occasional Hecla or Vesuvius; but here the welter of emotions could only go round and round, shut in on itself, with no issue and no overflow. One thought was slain by another thought; hope only formed itself to be leaped on by another hope and strangled; love merged itself into suspicion almost as soon as he knew it to be love, and suspicion into jealousy, and jealousy into frenzy, only to have frenzy reveal itself as the purest, and in some respects the most desperate, devotion.

The facts concerning Clorinda Gildersleeve were irreconcilable. Had he not known them to be facts he must have rejected them as impossibilities. Noble — magnificent — defiled! These were the terms he had applied to her; but they couldn't fuse; they were too hostile to one another to be used of the same character. And yet which could he retract? Could any of them be retracted? Could he not take all the synonyms for all the three and find them equally in point? Was he to be her dupe or her slave or her saviour? Would his love be her redemption? Or should he himself become only one more on a list of lovers which the intensity of his suffering impelled him to write down as long?

The storm did not answer these questions; but it subdued, and in a measure soothed, the eagerness with which he put them to his soul.

Though by the time he reached the house in Sixty-ninth street he was tolerably calm, Maggie was quick to notice that he was both excited and fatigued. "You shouldn't have come out on an evening like this," she commented, anxiously, as she put him into a comfortable chair near the library fire; "or else you should have called me up so that I could have sent Tufts for you in the big limousine."

Both the children were with her, a boy of eight and a girl of five, but she dismissed them to their play-room at the top of the house, in order that Bainbridge might have the half-hour before dinner to rest himself. A maternal quality entered into her care of him. "What's the matter, Arthur?" she asked, when they were alone.

There was ardor in his reply, in spite of a weary, twisted smile. "Nothing that isn't good — very good."

"Then you don't look it. I never saw you so —" she sought for a word — "so strange."

"You'd be strange, too, if you'd been out in a storm like this." It was in his mind to make a clean breast of it, to her at least. There was indeed no reason why he should not have told anyone. He hardly knew what withheld him, beyond the consideration that it might be for Clorinda herself to give the word. As it was, he had got as far as saying: "I'm en —" when the door opened and Leslie walked in.

In the constraint which followed there was an element of naiveté. Neither husband nor wife made any attempt to conceal their resentment toward each other, nor did they scruple to throw the burden of the situation on their guest. That Maggie should be childish, Bainbridge took as a matter of course; but that Leslie should be equally so gave him a measure of relief. Where anger was passing into petulance reconciliation would be the easier.

It was of a piece with this spirit that when after dinner Bainbridge asked for a little music, Maggie should say: "Oh, then, I'll leave you together. Leslie doesn't care to have me round when he's playing, do you, Leslie?"

"Why, yes, if you want to listen," Leslie replied, indifferently. "But the minute I begin to play you generally start in to talk."

"Oh, then, I shan't this evening, for I shall not be there. You'll excuse me, Arthur, won't you? I'm sorry not to stay; but since Leslie doesn't want me I shall go and see the children put to bed. Be sure to let me know if you'd like Tufts to take you home."

Leslie was in the middle of Gluck's gavotte arranged by Brahms when he snatched his hands from the piano,

to say, abruptly: "Arthur, take my advice and never marry."

Before there was time for a response he was off on the next entrancing phrase, so that his guest had the opportunity to turn the interruption over in his mind. In the large white-and-gold room only the electrics nearest the piano were turned on. Bainbridge was seated where he generally placed himself when Leslie played, in a low armchair from which he faced the performer partly in profile, and could watch his hands.

"I might take another man's advice—" he began, when his friend had finished his selection.

"And do it. Not if he spoke as sincerely as I'm speaking now—at least, not in the case of nine men who marry out of ten. Undoubtedly there's a tenth man who——"

"Who finds in marriage what he's looking for."

"If he's not looking for very much. But you would be. You're an idealist by profession; and the man who takes an ideal into marriage—well, I can only say, God help him!"

"And very likely God does."

"If so, God is the only one. Man doesn't—and still less woman."

Bainbridge began to perceive that his friend was endeavoring to "get something over" to him, possibly without having the exact channel through which his meaning could be conveyed. The result was on Leslie's part a certain exaggeration and brutality, and on Bainbridge's nothing but perplexity.

"Something depends on what a man marries *for*," the latter mused, after a minute's reflection.

Palliser's pretense at the downright exposure of his soul was not the less bitter for being superficially nonchalant. "I married for money." The assertion was followed by a series of airy scales up and down the keyboard.

"Oh, no, you didn't, Leslie. You married as most people do—because the time for marriage had come—and there was Maggie——"

Palliser again snatched his hands from the keys to throw back his head with a "Ha!" intended for laughter.

"And there was Maggie," Bainbridge insisted, speaking slowly, "who was in love with you—and you, being a well-disposed, kindly chap, expected to fall in love with her—which in a way you've done——"

The repeated "Ha!" emphasized now by a loud, wild chord, might have meant anything from tears to derision, or from denial to agreement.

"Not as everyone else would do it," Bainbridge pursued, with an air of tranquillity, "but each man has his own way of falling in love—and yours has been to see in Maggie the wholesomeness of her great big heart—and do it justice—with an infusion of pity for her, too—and an all-round appreciation of her splendid qualities——"

On this analysis of his state of mind Palliser broke in with the opening bars of a nocturne of Chopin's. He continued it softly as he said: "Funny, Arthur, how you can hit the nail on the head about another man's affairs, and be altogether off on your own. And yet I suppose it's natural enough. A doctor can often prescribe for a patient, and yet need someone else to do it for himself." He studied the movements of his hands as he played dreamily. "See here; tell me; what should *you* marry for, if you ever came to do it—which I hope to the Lord you never may."

Had it not been for the curious undercurrent of endeavor, resembling the so-called efforts of spirits to get something "across," which he had already detected in his host, Bainbridge would have taken this as no more than one of the intimate abstract questions permissible between old friends. As it was, his suspicion of a motive impelled him to answer warily.

"I suppose that when I marry it will be in fulfilment of a general law. Few people know *why* they marry. The time for it comes—and they do it. One man says it's for love, and another that it's because he wants a home——"

"But I'm asking what *you'd* say?"

Bainbridge was still on his guard, though against what he didn't know. "Haven't I told you that already?"

"You've said that it would be in fulfilment of a law. But why should you fulfil the law at one time more than another?"

"Because there comes a day when Nature——"

"Just so. That's where I wanted to bring you. Good old Nature baits her hook. But the bait turns out to be a bit of dry feather, while the hook goes into your gills for life. See?" He swayed gently to Chopin's somnolent phrases. "Wise old party, Nature is. No one knows better than herself that if she didn't dazzle the eyes with an artificial fly she'd never get the systematic reproduction of the species. But, and this is my point, you're too good to be used like that. You're meant for other things."

The nocturne was still singing its soothing way as Bainbridge said: "Why are you giving me this information now? Have you been—hearing anything?"

"I've been hearing enough to make one exception to what I've just said. As I remember telling you once before, there *is* a nice girl——"

Bainbridge's sudden movement was one of irritation. "Please don't go on with that."

"Well, *she's* all right. She wouldn't be a—a shock to your parishioners. But—" he bent low over the keyboard, wringing out the theme with passionate intensity—"but marry anyone else——"

Though he left the sentence unfinished, a sharp, nervous, aching chord or two enabled him to convey the impression of something broken off, with pain and disillusion as the sequel. Bainbridge's chin rested on the back of his clasped hands, while his thoughts were thrown back upon himself.

"What do you mean by—by a shock to my parishioners?"

"Oh, well, it's always a shock to people when their clergyman gets married."

The echo here of Clorinda's feeling of the afternoon was startling. "Why?" he asked, blankly. "Is there a difference between the marriage of a clergyman and that of any other man?"

The nocturne took a skipping, graceful turn. "Oh, Lord, yes. At heart we're all believers in the celibacy of the clergy." He added, after a few more cheerful bars: "The marriage of a clergyman isn't different from that of any other man—to *him*. It only is to us—his people. It—it brings him down. He's never the same to us afterwards."

Bainbridge's exclamation came out as a protest, almost as a groan. "Oh, rot, Leslie!"

In proportion as the one man showed his distress, the other grew master of himself. "No, it isn't rot, old boy. It's in human nature. If people think anything of a clergyman at all they want to keep him on a level higher than their own. He stands for the things they're trying to work up to."

"And is there anything higher than a consecrated marriage?"

"Y-yes." Mystery, yearning, aspiration, seemed to flow from the keys beneath Palliser's fingers. "I don't know exactly what it is; but like everybody else I feel it's there. Marriage, I take it, at its best, is primarily a concession to the animal within us, for the sake of an animal offspring. But there must be something better than that." He asked, as the wistful, climbing melody rose from one straining pitch to another: "Isn't there something in the Bible about neither marrying nor giving in marriage—because we've reached a higher state?"

"There is—but we haven't yet reached it."

"No; but we're on the way. That's just the point. We're like people toiling up a mountain, with a guide going on ahead. We want him to be higher up than ourselves, so that he can show us where we're going. The clergyman who's only jogging along with the rest of us—well, he's hardly a clergyman at all." The mounting of the repeated theme seemed about to touch its climax when it broke off suddenly in a kind of wail. "If he's made of the same clay as ourselves, with the same needs and passions, we don't want to know it. At any rate, we don't want the fact obtruded on us when we're trying to associate him with better things. When he insists on our seeing him just as we see any other man he—he falls; and," he quoted, "when he falls he falls like Lucifer, never to rise again."

Bainbridge waited till the composition had died away in a succession of soft, patient sighs, breathing resignation if not peace. Because he knew he had grown pale he rose and moved away out of the patch of light. It was from a distance that he accosted his friend, who was now swinging idly on the stool. "Leslie! Why are you saying all this to me now? What have you got up your sleeve?"

Leslie rose and moved round toward the tail of the piano, where he leaned with his back against it. Before speaking he took out a cigarette which he fingered but didn't light. Again Bainbridge received the impression that he wished to convey something without saying it. His manner betrayed its excitement chiefly by its effort to seem cool.

"I've nothing but this up my sleeve, old boy," he declared, at last; "that if you marry anyone but—but the nice girl I've referred to, your work, your happy and useful work I may call it, at St. Mary Magdalen's will have been done."

Bainbridge gathered all his inner resources together. "Are you—are you thinking of—of anyone in particular—when you say that?"

Deliberately Palliser took out his match-box and struck a light. The cigarette was between his lips as he said, indistinctly, and yet in a way to be quite articulate: "I'm thinking of what I've said. You could make a marriage that wouldn't be a shock to us. Any other marriage would—would turn you into nothing but a man."

This second echo of Clorinda's thought was like the whiplash of exasperation. "But, good God, Leslie," he cried out, "I *am* nothing but a man."

Palliser smiled. "Oh, no, Arthur. You're a good deal more than a man, as men are known to us. To a lot of us you've been—the guide going on before the climber. You've meant so much to us in that capacity that we want to keep you there. It makes us the more sure that we ourselves shall go upward."

"And admitting for the minute that that's so, do you mean to tell me that just because I marry——?"

"Yes; to some extent, just because you marry. Rightly or wrongly we've lifted you toward the sphere where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but—I think I've got the words of the Bible—but are as the angels of God. You're one of the men—there have been a good many of them in the world at one time or another—who come to us as interpreters of a life purer than our own. The minute you marry you come down into our life; and when you do you can't help us any more. It seems to me, Arthur, that you've reached a point where you must choose between being the guide or the climber——"

"But, my dear fellow, hasn't this question been fought out long ago, and hasn't the whole portion of Christendom to which we belong admitted that a married clergy——?"

"Is better than a corrupt one—yes; but it hasn't admitted more than that. With a man like you there's no such question; and so——"

"And so, to gratify a fancy I must become what Kipling calls a plaster saint——"

"Oh, it's deeper than a fancy. You wouldn't find the largest churches of East and West making it an essential if it didn't respond to a demand within the human heart. When you've said all you can for marriage it remains physical, material, of the earth earthy, and only good enough for the common man. I've often thought that a large part of the flabbiness of Protestantism, and of its economic wastefulness, comes from the fact that we've so few guides going on above us, and a lot of blind leaders of the blind struggling along in the mass. Are you going to stay up, or are you coming down? That's the choice before you."

Bainbridge took a step forward, out of the obscurity in which for some minutes he had kept himself. In his haggard eyes there was an expression that might have passed as one of curiosity. "And are you saying all this, Leslie, from preference for an unmarried clergy——?"

"That's one reason—quite sincerely," Palliser hastened to interpose.

"Or have you any other object?"

Leslie gazed at the lighted end of his cigarette. "What other object could I have?"

"God alone knows."

Palliser answered with unusual distinctness of utterance, spacing his words apart. "Well—Arthur—God alone—does know; and I propose that—God alone—shall know." He added, in a more casual tone: "But that doesn't prevent the things I've said being, in a general way, both true and sincere."

"Excuse me, Leslie," Maggie's voice came from the threshold; "but the night is really so bad that I think I should either keep Arthur here, or have Tufts take him home."

It seemed to Bainbridge that he had to bring his mind from myriads of miles away to discuss these kindly proposals.

[*Continued on page 41*]

Strangers

by

Louis Untermeyer

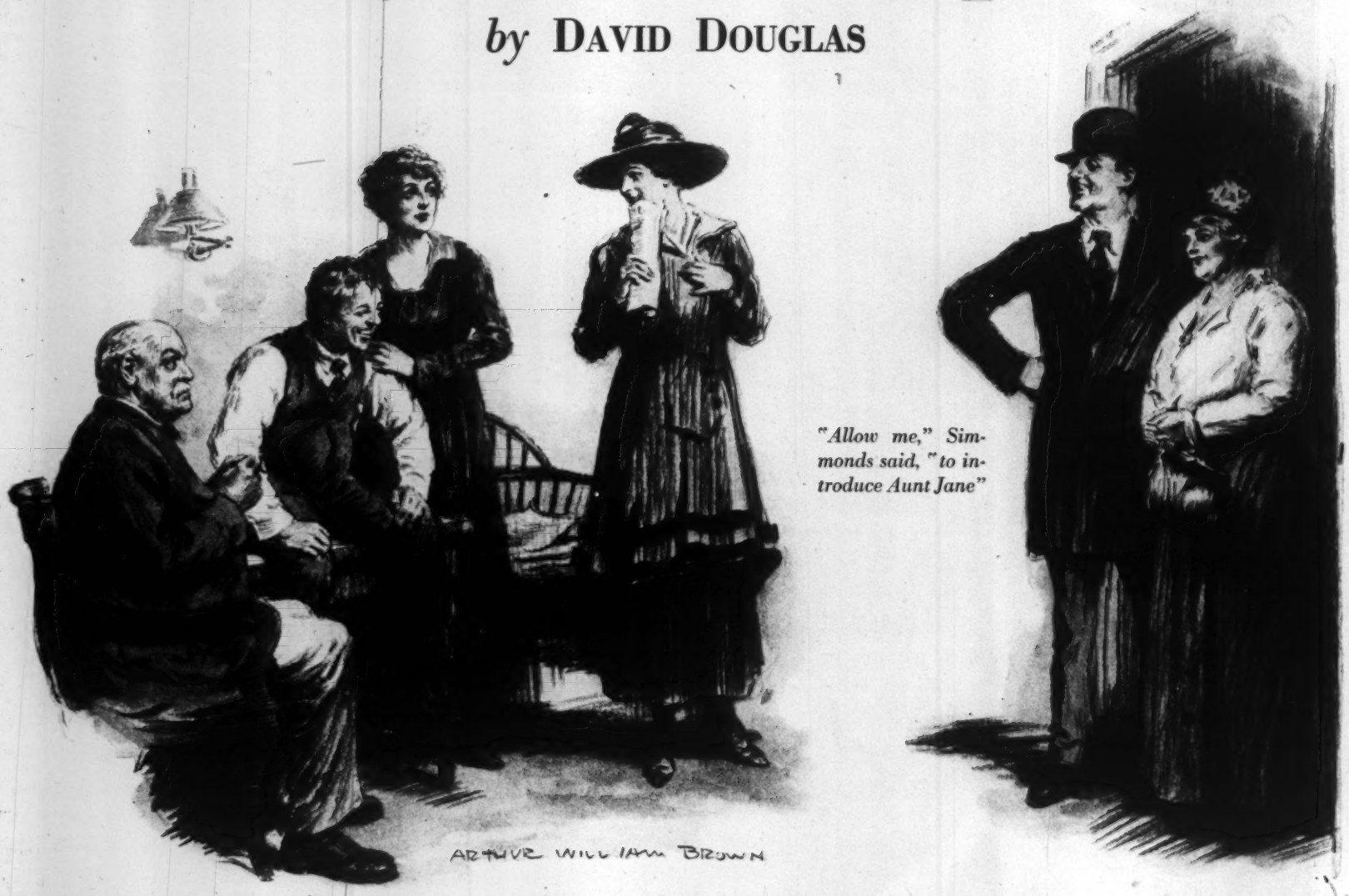
SIDE by side in the crowded train
Two men were counting the streets;
The cars crept slowly through the rain
And the mist grew thick on the blurring pane.
Side by side in the crowded train
Two men were counting the streets.

One thought, "O God, must it end in strife—
A bitter and gasping breath?"
The other thought of the new-born life
That lay that day in the arms of his wife . . .
For one was going to welcome Life,
The other to witness Death.

Where there had been only fear in her face there was now terror. "Act, Mr. Bainbridge? What do you mean?"

Casey Gets a Surprise

by DAVID DOUGLAS



"Allow me," Simmonds said, "to introduce Aunt Jane"

THE very correctly dressed young stranger surveyed the very small, very red-haired person before him with a supercilious, if tolerant, smile. He had been talking to Miss Miriam Tuggs, business manager of the Cascade City *Star*, in the front office of that paper. If you watch how dapper young men behave you can generally tell what kind of company they think they are in. When we write that this young man's trousers were drawn carefully up to display his exotic silk socks; that he lolled gracefully in his chair, and that his hand strayed occasionally to his necktie, we make it unnecessary to enumerate the various charms of Miss Tuggs, who stood several inches taller than the third person who had breezed into their conversation.

The stranger's business in Cascade City was with Julius Caesar Casey, editor and part owner of the *Star*. During the several hours he had already spent in the city he had heard many stories of Casey's prowess. In consequence he had come to expect that in appearance he would find the editor to be a combination of the Kaiser Wilhelm, John L. Sullivan and Champ Clark.

The intruder allowed his gaze to rove leisurely over the visitor's sartorial equipment. Finally it came to rest, as if fascinated, on his upper lip attachment. It was patent that each hair thereof had received individual attention. While surveying it, the little man rubbed his snub nose reflectively with a stubby and somewhat dirty hand. This left a streak of printer's ink that consorted so oddly with the many freckles with which his face was endowed that the other man emitted a cackle-like laugh.

If someone has trod on your corn in a street-car, without apology, you will understand how a laugh, when directed at himself, affected the small man, who was none other than Casey himself. Evidence of prospective suitable action began to glow in Casey's eyes. To avert this Miriam climbed hastily up on to her tall bookkeeper's stool and, from that vantage-point, introduced the two men.

For a moment the stranger's lower jaw hung low and loose in his astonishment. Then he exclaimed: "Is it possible *you* are Mr. Casey?"

However much it may annoy you, you can't punch a squalling baby in the nose. So Casey felt about the other. But his manner was forbidding as it is possible to a small, fat man to have it when he demanded:

"Did you think I was Mr. Taft? What is it you want with me?"

Miriam breathed a sigh of relief as Casey received an engraved card without hostile action. It read:

MR. JAMES H. BLAKE

Fort Dearborn Building
Chicago, Ill.

Representing
The Wurst Papers

Casey glanced at the card and then enunciated: "Well!"

Mr. Blake gravely, and very deliberately, drew a large morocco wallet from an inside pocket, extracted therefrom a check and laid it, face-up, on the table. There was regret also in his manner. It was not his own money, but he had the feeling about it that seems to be peculiar alike to bank tellers and dispensers of organized charity.

"I am commissioned, by Mr. Wurst, to give you this for your paper and plant," he said.

Casey's eyes widened slightly as he read slowly: "One — hundred — thousand dollars!"

Miriam uttered an exclamation and then her face flushed as she slipped hastily down from her perch and took up the check to read it herself. It was certified. Her hand trembled a little as she laid it down again and turned to look at Casey.

His face was, however, bereft of expression and he was occupied in rolling a cigarette. He placed this in his mouth and felt in his pockets for a match. After eyeing Miriam gravely for a moment, and without regard of the patronizing smile of Mr. Blake, he took up the check, folded it lengthwise, touched the corner with the lighted match and then, with the blazing paper, lighted his cigarette. When the check had burned to ashes, he scattered them upon the floor and wiped his hand on his soiled flannel trousers.

"Julius!" exclaimed Miriam, aghast.

"Look here — I say," stammered Mr. Blake, "what did you do that for? Why, why, it was exactly three times as much as your old plant is worth ——"

"Exactly," interrupted Casey with a sudden glint in his fine gray eyes, "but that's none of your business. The *Star's* not for sale. And you give my compliments to the thug that blackguards the reputations of better men than himself with a type-stick and tell him that if he wants to talk further with me I'm in my office every day from eight to four. I don't do business with —" he paused and before he continued, his glance slowly and contemptuously passed over Mr. Blake's person.

"But ——"

"No buts," interrupted Casey, doubling his fists, "or I'll butt you into the street. Savvy, compronney — skiddoo!"

Mr. Blake did understand and he did go immediately with a soul bubbling with rage. Even a worm would hate to be insulted in the presence of a pretty girl.

When Blake had gone, Miriam sank into a chair and eyed Casey gravely while waiting for the explanation his expressive lips and eyes told her was forthcoming. At length he said:

"The Devil never lies down. Old Girl, we're in for the fight of our lives!"

"I don't understand," she faltered.

"I don't either — quite," he returned reflectively, "but as far as I've doped it, these business brigands, that I thought we'd handed the knock-out to when we forced the passage of our social reform legislation in the legislature last month, have found another White Hope. Sam Gardner, Senator Bacon and Old Deak Wells were all in Chicago last week, I know. They've put up the dough to persuade Wurst to add the *Star*

to his chain of newspapers if possible. They couldn't drive me out of the New State — they're tryin' now to bribe me out."

"Well," with a look of pride in her eyes, "they've failed, Old Dear. They ——"

Casey paused in his stride back and forth and interjected suddenly:

"I'll bet a hundred dollars to a zero without its rim that they'll buy the *Plaindealer*, put in a new plant, and try to put the *Star* down and out that way."

Miriam sprang to her feet with eyes flashing the light of battle and threw one arm around her sweetheart's neck while she tousled his red hair with the other hand. After a moment she said with indescribable emphasis:

"Well, let 'em try. They've made you fight duels and you've won. They've tried to ruin your character with lies, and failed. They've tried to trick ——"

"Help, help!" cried Casey. "Old Girl, you're forgettin' it's me an' not them you've got under your arm."

Miriam blushed as she released him and stepped back. The smile died from Casey's eyes as he surveyed her for a little while in silence and then went on:

"Yes, but, Old Girl, you don't understand what it may be going to mean to fight newspaper competition such as I feel's comin' to us. It'll probably be ruin. We were to be married next month — we'll have to postpone it till we see how we make out. We're just gettin' on our feet in good shape. We can't marry in poverty ——"

Miriam had been listening to him with tender eyes.

"We'll marry when we said if we haven't a nickel," she declared with much spirit. "You've two things that give a woman assurance that she'll never starve for either happiness or food."

It was one of those intimate moments that here and there bathe in glory the thorny path of love and matrimony. But although there was a mist in Casey's eyes he demanded lightly:

"Enumerate, O Sweetest of 'em all, an' I'll send the list to Bradstreet. We'll soon be needin' all the credit we can get."

"Honor and brains," she replied softly.

A burning flush suffused Casey's face for an instant before he returned in a low tone:

"Old Girl, when you say such things to a little, old, knock-kneed runt like I am, you make me feel almost a King. But we won't marry until the finance is all O. K. Take that from your little, old lollypop. It's the fashion nowadays to be payin' instalments on the engagement ring when you need the money for a baby carriage. But not for me — my ancestors came from Donegal where, if they haven't the money to buy new breeks, they're proud to wear patches on the old ones."

"Distinguished friend," said Congressman Simmonds, drawing his chair nearer to that of Blake in the Pilkington House office, "I know this Casey yore peeved agin' better'n any other gink in Cascade. An', doggone him, 'twas him got me 'lected to Congress. Am I sore on him — oh, no!"

There was an expression of doubt in the eyes Blake turned on the scarred and crooked-nosed face of the Congressman.

"Huh!" he ventured, "that's a hot one. I should think that was doing you a big favor."

"Favor, hell!" growled Simmonds; "that's no place for a gazabo that's active in his tastes. It's talkey-talk an' chew the rag from mornin' to night. If they'd let yer have a hand of draw or a game of craps whilst some of the long-winded ones is tellin' us what their secretaries've told them it might be bearable. I was as glad ter get home as a broncho ain't ter be broke. But I can tell yer things about this here Julius Caesar Casey, otherwise known as the Mosquito, as'd make yer toe-nails shed tears. An' seein's I like you an' yer ain't partial to him ——"

"Partial to him," sputtered Blake. "*Partial* to him! Why I — I detest him ——"

The Congressman chuckled and, as Blake eyed him for a reason for his mirth, he said:

"Judgin' not by yore language, but by the expression of yore mug, yer hate him bad ernough ter bite his ankle if yer had a chance."

One of the most irritating mental conditions is that of doubt as to whether or not a person is trying to make fun of you. It's almost as exasperating as to be caught in a street-car without a nickel. During the three weeks he had been in Cascade City Blake had had many conversations with the Congressman. And from each he had gone away with this feeling of doubt.

Casey's prophecy had come true. Failing to purchase the *Star* the Wurst interests had acquired the *Plaindealer* and had completed the installation of a new mechanical equipment with the avowed purpose of driving the *Star* out of the field. Already the *Plaindealer* had doubled its size, reduced its price to one cent, and was making special terms to advertisers who would use its columns exclusively. And Blake had been installed as managing editor.

"What gets me," went on Blake after a gloomy silence, during which he had been wondering just how far he could trust Simmonds, "is how a Jane like the Tuggs girl could fall for a pot-bellied little bum like he is. They say when he lit in this burg he was down an' out for fair ——"

"Down an' out *is* right," agreed Simmonds. "An' they met in this very room. 'Twas just erbout four years ago. He'd just bin throwed off'n a freight an' come in here to fix his clothes. He'd nerve ernough to go over an' grab the edditer's job off the *Star* that very day an'— but, yer can't tell nawthin' erbout women's tastes. The peachiest one I ever knowed was crazy erbout corned beef an' cabbage, an' yer fingers an' thumbs could meet round her waist. But ter get down to where the grubs burrows, if yer was to do me the favor I arsks I could wise yer up ter how ter trim Casey ter a fare-you-well."

Blake dropped his feet from the window seat and sat up with an eager expression on his thin featured face.

"D'you mean it?" he demanded.

"Does the bee sting 'cause it's careless?" asked Simmonds.

"Well," returned Blake, "what's the favor?"

Simmonds bit the end off a big, black cigar with a force that brought his teeth together with a snap before he replied with his weather-beaten face scarlet with embarrassment:

"Hand me a knock-down to that sassiety edditer of your'n."

Blake glanced over his companion with a cynical grin for a moment before he chortled:

"You're a pretty one to fall for a skirt like that. Why, old top, she's a regular man-eater. The only reason we engaged her's because she's got a grouch against Casey. She used to be a sob sister before she went into the private detective business an'——"

"I'm hip to all that," interrupted Simmonds. "The bunch that's been tryin' ter hand the kibosh ter Casey got her here ter coppermise his rep with Miriam, but he got wise an' put another sleuth on *her* trail. But just the same I want the how-de-do to this here Eleanor Wheeler. There's somethin' erbout her that makes somethin' down inside of me gurgle. An' if she's bin any worse than yours truly she's had ter go a six-cylinder gait since she toted books home from the eighth grade. I don't see where we get off at thinkin' women'd oughta be angels when they've got all the fixin's of human bein's an' has ter live with men humans eround."

"Well," exclaimed Blake impatiently, "I'll introduce you — that's easy. In a burg like this a girl like she is'd be willin' to take a chance of trying to flirt with Dr. Parkhurst if he blew in. An' now, what's the idea?"

"I've heard," answered Simmonds meditatively, "that you newspaper guys look to women for yer circulation?"

Blake nodded his head sapiently.

"Then," went on Simmonds, "yer just scout 'round an' find out who's the *Star's* Aunt Jane, that writes the women's page. Do that an' tell the women of Cascade County an' there'll be a holler that'll make the Recordin' Angel call Central pronto ter find out where the trouble is."

"Partial to him," sputtered Blake. "Partial to him! Why I — I detest him"

LATE one night, a month later, Miriam, Casey and Governor Tuggs met for a consultation in the *Star* office. The Governor had come especially for this from Capitol City.

The *Plaindealer*, that afternoon, had printed an *exposé* of Aunt Jane who had for a long time been one of the *Star's* leading features. This had created a sensation for the reason that Aunt Jane had wound herself around the hearts of the women. Many hundreds of them had appealed to her for solution of their domestic and other difficulties. At the head of the page she conducted had appeared a picture of a benevolent-looking old lady. To the many requests for a personal meeting she had responded that the state of her health prevented this. In its article the *Plaindealer* had stated positively that Aunt Jane was none other than Casey himself. And this was true. In a former crisis of the paper the little editor had devised the idea and it had proven tremendously successful.

"Boy," husked the big old Governor with a gleam of affection in his eyes, "it's the first time I've seen you look down in the mouth for more'n a second at a time. But buck up. The thing for us to do is to get out an' dig up an Aunt Jane somewhere. You've either gotta do that or confess you've been bamboozlin' the folks. An' confession to any human bein's about as sensible as gettin' drunk to drown trouble."

For a moment a grin struggled through the gloom of Casey's countenance, and he was about to speak when Miriam interrupted with:

"The women would tear the *Star* building down with their finger-nails if we *did* confess. I told Julius in the beginning what would happen if he kept on receiving letters from and writing to those silly women ——"

"Well, I was right," interjected Casey with a sudden return of his old spirit. "The *Plaindealer's* trimmed us with just the same kind of up-to-date journalistic methods; only they've had a lot more money to do it with — that's all. We've got to clap a mortgage on the plant an' fight 'em to a finish. An' we'll do it in the open. I'll 'fess up about Aunt Jane ——"

"We'll do nothin' of the sort," thundered the Governor, rising to his feet and looking down from his great height at Casey, with an expression of determination on his usually placid, big, red face. "My term's over the end of this month, an' I'm through with politics. I'm tired of bein' considered a big, old slob by the politicians an', an' even my own children ——"

"Father," exclaimed Miriam in protest, "you have no business to say such things. And besides I thought you were going to try to go to the Senate."

"No, sirree — no, ma'am," he retorted. "I'm afraid if I stay in the game any longer I'll go to the Pen myself. I'm through an' I'm goin' to come

back here an' help run the *Star* myself. This handful of bones —" he looked down at Casey with a quizzical smile — "has been runnin' me an' Cascade City an' New State long enough. I'm goin' to run *him* for a while."

Both Miriam and Casey looked at the Governor with a bewildered expression in their eyes.

"But you're goin' to renew my lease of the *Star*, aren't you?" demanded Casey.

"No, Boy, I'm not," he answered, laying a huge hand on one of the editor's thin shoulders. "Don't think I'm not grateful for all you've done for me an' the *Star*. If it hadn't been for your quick judgment an' sense the politicans'd've made me look like a two spot lots of times. But, doggone it, I'm big enough to stand on my own two feet for once — an', by Crikey, I'm achin' to show some of you Smart Alecs a thing or two. Now you just go ahead and run the *Star* 'cordin' to Horace Greeley an' if you bleat a word about Aunt Jane bein' not Aunt Jane, but just Casey, I'll —" he paused and rubbed the bald spot on the top of his head for a moment, "I'll ——"

Miriam laughed suddenly, jumped to her feet and, grasping Casey's two hands, whirled him around the Governor for a moment.

"Cheer up, Old Boy!" she cried. "Daddy's got somethin' up his sleeve ——"

"He's got room enough, all right," retorted Casey, when he had managed to release himself and recover his breath; but his face plainly indicated that he was still puzzled by the Governor's unexpected attitude. "But don't worry," he continued; "they haven't got me down an' out till they've screwed me into the box." He sat up on Miriam's high stool that he might the better be able to look the Governor squarely in the eye, "but there's a lot of things I don't quite understand."

The old man winked ponderously at Miriam and then took one of Casey's pudgy hands in his own. After pretending to study it for a moment he wheezed: "I see a great change in your life, and a trip, and great honor. An' now," pretending to disregard the bubbling of laughter from Miriam, "you two run along an' talk over them weddin' plans."

Casey climbed down from the stool and then, as a new thought came suddenly to his mind, he looked up at the old man.

"Say," he demanded, "you haven't seen Simmonds since he came back from Washington, have you?"

Governor Tuggs hesitated for an instant before he replied: "I haven't seen Simmey since the day he was elected."

"Simmey!" acidulated Miriam. "Daddy, how dare you speak that way of him? He's a scoundrel. We've been his best friends, and here he has gone back on us and taken up with that horrid, false blonde woman —" she broke off for a moment and the tears came to her eyes —"who tried to separate Julius and me. It's perfectly disgraceful the way he's infatuated with her. And it must have been him that told her about Aunt Jane. She's a — she's a ——"

"Woman!" supplied Casey gently.

"Woman!" snapped Miriam. "If I had my way, and if *I* was editor of the *Star*, I'd show *her* up."

"No, you wouldn't, Old Girl," answered Casey. "The *Star* may go down, but it'll be with colors flyin', an' no one'll be able to say Casey ever hit anyone that couldn't hit back. But just the same," he admitted, "it's hurt like blazes to have Old Simmey go back on me. I'd have banked on him till hell froze over."

At the same moment he was being reproached, Simmonds, some ten miles or so out on the prairie, sat in a buckboard directing the course of a pair of ponies. By his side sat Eleanor Wheeler, the object of Miriam's venom.

For the most part their drive had been a silent one. When the lights of the city became plain again Simmonds sighed and said:

"Well, I reckon you've got even with Casey, all right, Miss." But there was no enthusiasm in the tone of the woman as she replied:

"Yes!"

Suddenly Simmonds pulled the ponies up on their haunches and said:

"What's the good it's goin' ter do yer, anyway?"

Eleanor gasped in astonishment for a moment and then, leaning closer to him in order that she might the better read his eyes, demanded:

"I don't understand you. What do you mean? I thought you were an enemy of Casey's yourself?"

Simmonds spat expressively far out into the night, and there was a sorrowful tone in his husky voice as he continued:

"I've never felt more like a skunk in my life than right now. I've double-crossed you an'— hold on —" he threw an arm around the woman's waist as she made as if to jump from the buckboard —"what's bitin' you?" he husked.

Eleanor, after a slight struggle, sat rigid in the curve of his arm for a moment before she asked in a low tone:

"What do you mean by double-crossing *me?*"

Simmonds hesitated for a moment before he replied:

"I'm for Casey first, last an' inter the hole. He's a runt, but there's the heart of ten men in his picayune hide. He don't fight like we do out here 'cept when it's necessary. Why, I challenged him once to a scrap, an' he marched down on me with a empty gun an' give me all the chances in the world ter blow his block off, an' then he throwed his gat down an' turned his back on me an' walked away —" Simmonds swore softly under his breath for an instant and then continued: "There ain't no use beatin' round the corral. When I got back from Washington, old Percy Tuggs long-distanced me an' arsked me ter keep an' eye on the combine that's bin fightin' Casey an' the *Star* right erlong. He'd bin tipped off. I've kep' in touch with Percy ev'ry day since. Sizin' the situation up, I made up my mind to get next to you. What —" he paused as his companion uttered an exclamation. She was trembling now.

"Nothing — nothing," she whispered from between clenched teeth. "Go on — get it over."

"Well," continued Simmonds in a shaking tone, "I got next to you. You've give me all the dope I need to prove a conspiracy of Bacon an' Harding an' the rest of the rotten bunch to wreck the *Star* an' put Casey outer bis'ness. The dope I've give you ain't nawthin' ter it. An' I'm agoin' ter use it —" he hesitated and there was a long silence.

At last the woman shivered. "It's getting cold," she said in a hard tone, "let's drive on. You must be satisfied now."

"Satisfied," cried Simmonds, "satisfied — hell!

"I see a great change in your life, and a trip and great honor," the Governor wheezed

Can't you see, Girl? Can't yer see? I pretended ter love yer at first, but — now I do, sure as blazes, an'—" his voice sank almost to a whisper, "it's a hell of a mix-up all right, all right."

"Well," retorted the woman in a low tone, "I'll confess that I was only fooling you — in the — beginning ——"

Suddenly she burst into a passion of sobbing. Astounded, Simmonds dropped the lines from his other hand and turned toward her. His scarred face was blazing with the light of hope.

"And now?" he demanded.

She laid her face on his shoulder.

"Oh," she cried, "I'd like to be decent and straight and not have to deceive ——"

"Cut it," he ordered, holding her closely to him "you an' I, Old Scout, 'll start fresh where we left off."

When Simmonds reached his room in the Pilkington House he found a short note from Casey urging him to come immediately, and as secretly as possible, to the *Star* office. He found Casey in the little cubby-hole he called his private office in the rear of the main offices.

"Well, you darned old hyena," exclaimed the little editor, grasping Simmonds's hands in both his own, "bein' up there in Washington, chummin' with the President, seems to have made you too doggoned proud to talk to old friends. Why haven't you been comin' round like you used to in the old days?"

Simmonds shifted from foot to foot and grinned sheepishly. "Aw, blazes," he ventured finally, "there's bin a reason. I can't talk right now, but there's bin a reason all O. K."

Casey pushed the Congressman into a chair and then standing in front of him shook an admonitory forefinger as he said:

"You an' the old Gov'nor's about as Machiavellian as a pair of year-old babies. But I'm hip to you now. You've pulled the wool over my eyes twice, but not any more. Now, come across. What're you up to?"

It took but little more urging to make Simmonds relate his experience with the Governor and their plan to gain inside information concerning the latest plot of Casey's enemies. Also he gave Casey a detailed account of the evidence he had gathered. When he had concluded Casey chuckled:

"Is it any wonder that I generally beat these fellows to it when they let a pair of old maids like you two hoist 'em on the hook?"

"Well, we ain't Caseys, of course," retorted Simmonds a trifle indignantly, "but Old Percy has set his heart this time on showin' you he could save the bacon himself. He's got some other fandangoes in the air that I ain't wise to, but it's goin' ter hurt him right smart ter find you've got wised up to him."

Casey paced to and fro for a moment. There was a gleam of mingled amusement and affection in his eyes when he again halted and faced Simmonds.

"Well," he chuckled, "we won't let him get hip. We'll let him think he's puttin' it all over himself. You just keep me posted about what's goin' on, as far as you can, an' I'll wait developments. But somethin's got to bust right soon."

They talked a little longer and then Simmonds returned to the hotel. But on his way he chuckled to himself. He, too, had made up his mind to put something over and for once to surprise Casey.

"Senator," said the Governor, "I've sent for you to demand your resignation to take effect immediately."

"You've what?" demanded the little Senator. In his astonishment he started to his feet and stood gazing from Governor Tuggs to Simmonds, the only other occupant of the executive office, in round-eyed astonishment.

"You heard me," bluffly retorted the Governor, his good-natured face pale with emotion. "We've been friends for a good many years an' I don't want no trouble. But we've got the goods on you an' got 'em right. I want to get this over with as soon as possible." He pushed a call button on his desk and after a moment, during which Bacon sat breathing heavily, the door opened and Eleanor Wheeler came in.

"D'you know this lady?" asked the Governor.

Bacon's face paled as he nodded affirmation.

The Governor turned to the woman.

"You are prepared to tell all you know about Senator Bacon and his friends, ain't you?" he asked.

She contented herself with a nod of the head.

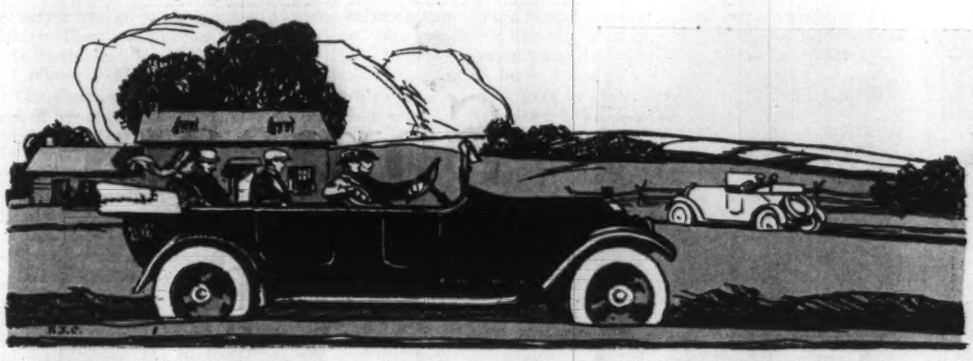
"All right, thankee, Miss Wheeler," observed the Governor; "that'll be all for now, I reckon."

After the interchange of a smile with Simmonds, who rose to open the door for her, Eleanor left the room.

"But, but, Percy," stammered Bacon after an interval of silence in which the Governor had eyed him with determination in his glance, "what's the use? We'll just quit down there in Cascade an' let this damned little ——"

"Hold on!" thundered the Governor, pushing his huge bulk to his feet with the aid of two hands on the arms of his chair. "I've heard enough of that sort of talk about Casey. You fellers have tried to trim him in ev'ry way possible or impossible. I haven't been able to take a hand in it before now. An' you've been callin' me 'poor old Percy' behind my back an' I'm sick of it." He banged a huge fist on his desk with a force that made Bacon jump. "I want your resignation — right now!"

"But," protested Bacon, [*Continued on page 62*]



The Average Man and His Perfect Automobile

How Accessories Were Invented

By Waldemar Kaempffert

Editor of Popular Science Monthly

Mr. Kaempffert

MOST of the automobiles in which we ride are made by seven companies. Each has kept before itself the desires of the average man. The average man must be a very whimsical person. Not one of the great manufacturing companies really knows what the average man wants beyond a very good car for very little money. Indeed, the average man does not know himself. Of one hundred thousand cars made by any one of the great companies probably ninety thousand are in some way improved, often unnecessarily, by their purchasers. A new windshield is substituted for that supplied by the manufacturer. The magneto seems not quite so good as that sold by a dealer in accessories; forthwith it is supplanted by the more improved apparatus. And so, batteries, lamps, tool-boxes, tops, steering-wheels, even whole bodies of standard equipments may be changed by that average man whom no one can ever hope to please.

As a result there is clustered around the automobile industry an astonishing number of subsidiary enterprises. They are like the birds that follow the plow in the field. Millions are invested in plants for the manufacture of speedometers, wheel-rims, axles, springs, horns, carbureters, ball-bearings, piston-rings, ignition systems, batteries and self-starters.

Over a hundred manufacturers thrive on the average man's desire to improve the most famous of cheap Detroit cars. You are not satisfied with the felt washers of that car? A Chicago company will sell you better ones. You wish to disguise the car because it is joked about, like the weather and your mother-in-law? At least a dozen companies will sell you a new body. You want to use the car for business as well as for pleasure? Other companies will sell you a convertible attachment, which will enable you to change the car into a one-ton truck in an hour's time. The fan-belt is not to your liking? For fifty cents you can buy one that meets your approval. Of course you are not satisfied with the ignition system—no one ever is. So you have a choice of six or seven magnetos especially made for that particular car. The manufacturer does not supply a self-starter. Advertisements of companies that have built up prosperous businesses because of that defect strike you on every hand.

The famous humanitarian pacifist who is responsible for that car is reputed to have said that he "would not give five dollars for all the art in the world." The hood and radiator of his model lend color to the story. At all events his indifference to beauty of line has given a score of small manufacturers their business opportunity. Any one of them will sell you a pleasing streamline hood and cellular radiator. Another score flourish by making "snubbers," which prevent side-sway, an electric light equipment, aluminum running boards, cantilever springs, a good oil-distributor, a more efficient brake, and other accessories. That car is like a house. You can rebuild it entirely, and you can furnish it to suit your taste.

But the automobile industry itself makes demands which are met by companies that have specialized in the manufacture of certain parts. Only the very largest companies make the various elements of which their manufactures are composed, and even they must turn to specialists for much that they do not make themselves. The smaller firms manufacture nothing and produce what are known as "assembled" cars. So it happens that as many as four hundred thousand motors are made in one factory, and a hundred thousand self-starters are produced in another. No automobile company, large or small, thinks of manufacturing its own batteries or ball-bearings. A huge industry has grown up in making and supplying carbureters, springs, axles, shock-absorbers, aluminum castings, brake-linings, and the thousand and one parts that constitute an automobile.

ALTHOUGH all these companies are in business to please the average man, he seems to have done far more to please himself by inventing his own improvements and then going into business to sell them to other average men. It is one of the inalienable rights of every American to invent, and the automobile seems to have been the spark that has fixed his latent ingenuity of recent years. Buy an automobile and you must learn at least the rudiments of mechanics and electricity.

There are three and one-half million automobiles in use owned by three and one-half million men and women afflicted with the itch of tinkering with the mechanism of a car and improving it. Since the automobile owner must learn something of mechanics and electricity he has perforce learned much about carbureters, magnetos, batteries, spark-plugs, engines and transmissions. No wonder that such terms as "crank-shaft," "manifold," "radiator," "induction-coil," indeed much of the mechanical and electrical engineer's vocabulary has passed into ordinary speech. No wonder that this familiarity with a mechanism which both generates and transmits power and which is no simpler in essence than the machinery of a central electric station or the giant engines of a transatlantic steamer has made inventors of many who once regarded locomotive engineers with awe. And no wonder that each year the United States Patent Office is flooded with applications for patents in which automobile users set forth their conceptions.

It is easy enough to divine how these hundreds of inventions have sprung into being. The weather alone is responsible for many. In a driving rain, for example, the wind-shield drips with moisture so that the road ahead is obscured. A wiper suggests itself—a pivoted arm to which a strip of rubber is attached and which has only to be swung down and up again in order to clear the glass. A score of such devices have been patented in the last few years.

And so it is with the inventions inspired by cold. The automobile had not been long in use before the Patent Office heard from drivers who had devised electrically heated gloves to make the manipulation of the steering-wheel easy, and which even electrically warmed the wheel itself. But feet as well as hands suffer. Why not make a foot-warmer into which the hot gases exhausted by the engine can be turned? There are dozens of such on the market now, very ingeniously constructed to prevent the gases from flooding the compartments of the car and to control the temperature automatically.

The mechanism of the car is as sensitive to cold as its occupants. Water is used to cool the engine. But water not only freezes but expands and bursts pipes as it congeals. A horse is kept warm with a blanket. Why not a radiator, too? So it happens that radiator and engine robes have been invented by the average man, robes cut so that the hood can be raised when need be without difficulty. If the robe does not suffice, alcohol is mixed with the water, with the result that the freezing point is lowered. But alcohol evaporates and pits metal. The business opportunity thus presented is not ignored. Chemical and soap companies gain new customers by selling an oil which not only prevents the formation of rust, but retards the evaporation of the alcohol. Not yet are the possibilities of making money out of cold exhausted. A Philadelphia firm strikes out on a new principle. It patents a little, detachable kerosene-heated water plant, which sends warm water through the circulating system.

Money is also to be made out of the garage keeper's winter necessities. A garage is cold. An ordinary stove may not be employed to heat it, because the atmosphere is charged with inflammable gasoline fumes. Again the ubiquitous inventor volunteers his services. He patents various types of heating systems, which, like the miner's safety-lamp, perform the function expected of them without permitting the dangerous vapors to reach the flame.

Every contingency seems to have been provided for by the professional and amateur improver of the automobile. Should a doting mother be separated from her three-months' baby when she goes automobiling? No less than six inventors have come to her aid by patenting little cradles which are covered with miniature automobile tops and which are slung within range of the maternal eye. Even the family dog need not be left at home. Since he is often a nuisance in the car itself, he may now be carried on the running-board and prevented from falling out into the road by a detachable guard-rail.

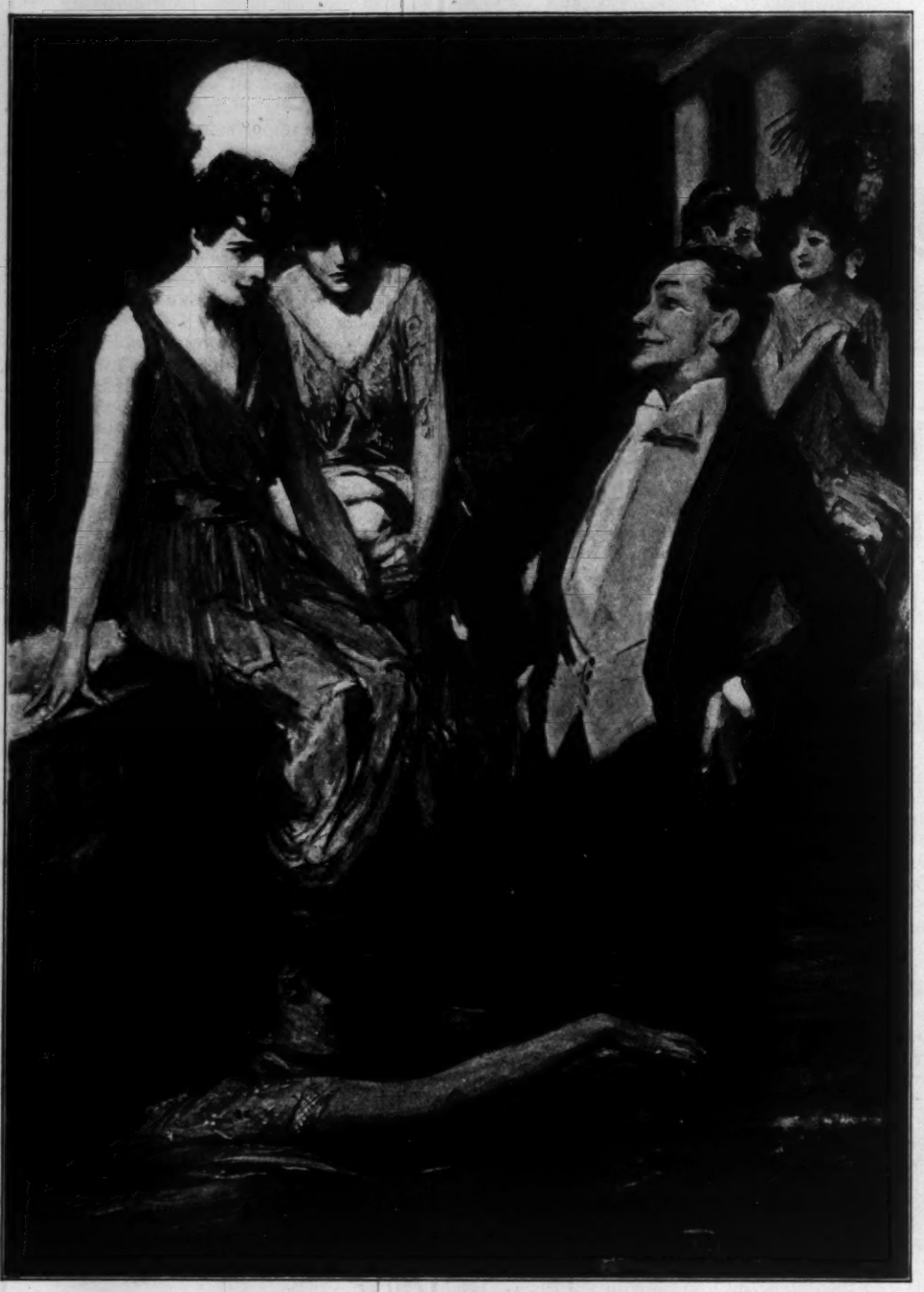
It was inevitable that the engine should be used to lighten the tasks of the automobile owner. One of the first accessories to appear was the engine-driven pump, which blows up tires while you smoke a cigarette. Then came the many devices which utilize the power of the engine for pulling the car out of a mud hole—devices which are usually associated with pulley-blocks and windlasses and which display a remarkable grasp of mechanical principles.

Since the automobile is also a power plant it was obvious enough that its engine might be applied to other uses than those of road propulsion. Many a farmer jacks up the rear end of his automobile and runs a wood-chopper or a cream-separator with the engine. The owner of a Connecticut newspaper even drove his press with his automobile when the engine of his printing plant broke down. Automobiles do the family washing, shell peas, drive ferryboats, and furnish power for little machine shops.

So far has the average man sought to perfect the automobile that if all his inventions were actually to be incorporated in a single car the driving compartment would be a maze of levers, switch-handles, and push-buttons. Indeed, it would be a physical impossibility to find room for contrivances which open side doors automatically, which display in the rear the warning letters "stop" when a pedal is depressed, which fling out a luminous electric arm at night when a city corner is to be turned, in a word, to provide the automobile with all the conveniences that the average man has worked out. If it were possible to carry out all the average man's ideas, some automobile Burbank would certainly have to invent an ideal driver, a cross between a centipede and an octopus, a creature which will have the necessary number of hands and feet to pull and shift the myriad levers that control the inventions without all of which no automobile is really perfect.

McClure readers who own a car or who expect to own a car will be interested in the new 1917-18 McClure Automobile Year Book, published by McClure's Magazine. Write to our Automobile Department for full information.

Mr. Kaempffert will be very glad to answer any question concerning this article. This service is free to McClure readers



About him, with little oh's and ah's and alluring shivers, splashed maidens, bare of neck and of arms

Someone and Somebody

by

Porter Emerson Browne

IF Walsingham VanDorn had been given to building air-castles as he went from house to house trying to eke out a living by selling encyclopedias, he would never have dreamed of finding himself sole heir to forty million dollars; but that is just what happens when his two millionaire uncles, B. A. and R. A. Bass, are killed in an automobile accident.

Walsingham, figuring out that he has about six thousand dollars a day to spend as he chooses, starts out to be a spendthrift. Among others whom he meets is Reggie Beverwyck, who takes him out to Mrs. Stuart's house party. At about the same time Walsingham is marveling over his unexpected fortune, Desirée Lane, whose father was completely crushed in business by the Bass brothers, is working in a store to support herself and father. On her return to the boarding-house the night she is discharged because she strikes the floorwalker when he tries to kiss her, she finds that her father has succumbed from the shock of his financial losses.

Illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood

Chapter XIV — In Which We Rush Frantically Back to the Aid of Our Heroine

FIRST we will give her food — ten cents' worth. It consists of a pint of milk, two crullers and a small piece of cheese. Ten cents is too much to pay for so small a meal; yet at times of duress one is liable to be rash in fiscal matters. Also the chambermaid, who conducted the transaction, was no financier; she should have gone to the grocer and the baker; instead, she went to a restaurant. And there you are.

Next we will give our heroine a friend. He isn't much of a friend, as goes the opinion of the world concerning such matters. But again the world is most sadly wrong; for it were better to have as friend a molasses-candy puller, or a mortuary helper, who will aid one, than a multi-millionaire, or a society queen, who won't.

Our heroine's friend is named Giles. His other name is Winterbottom. He is twenty-four years of age, and wears his hair cut in a neat arc at the back of his neck. He affects red neckties accompanied of a brass horseshoe, with bits of glass where the nail-holes should have been, and yellow shoes with knobs on the ends. And he creases his pants himself. I was going to call them trousers; but could you see them, you would at once recognize the impossibility. They aren't trousers. They are just pants.

Giles works in a hardware store. He gets nine dollars a week. But he is ambitious. He knows that if he works hard, and is polite and courteous, and keeps his eyes off the clock, and 'tends strictly to business, some day he may get twelve. Beyond that he hasn't gone as yet; but he will.

. . . . . .

Forty years later.

Giles owns the business and commutes. He has a wife and six children and they all think he's a great man. Which, incidentally, he is.

His taste in clothes and hair-cuts is now impeccable. And he is president of the Village Improvement Society, and head of the Mosquito Drainage Commission. They are talking of running him for mayor.

He mows his own lawn for the exercise and he's so full of health it hurts. Every child and every dog in town knows, and loves, him. Every year, on Christmas Eve, he gives the poor kids a Christmas Tree on the village green, and presents them with skates and sweaters and shoes and stockings and gauze bags full of nuts and candy and raisins and things.

It costs him close to a thousand dollars to do it. But what's a thousand when you've an income of eight of 'em a year? Also he gets more darn fun out of it than the kids. So why shouldn't he?

Which goes to show that you can be rich and still be decent, if you know how.

. . . . . .

Now we're back to where he's getting nine a week with the remotely aspirational prospect of twelve.

Giles locked up the store at ten minutes past six. He should have done so at six. But he always allowed ten minutes in case a belated customer should come along. And Giles was out to do all he could for his employer.

As I say, Giles locked up the store at 6:10. Then he blew himself to a chocolate ice-cream soda. For Giles wasn't going to get rich by becoming a coin collector for the coin's sake. He intended to get rich; but he wanted to have a good time doing it. And he felt that he could afford an ice-cream soda. So he had one.

Then he took a trolley car and came home.

As he entered the door of the boarding-house where, for five dollars a week he is accorded two meals a day and three on Sunday, and a room to sleep in that wasn't good enough for trunks, he encounters the chambermaid.

"Ah, good evening, Lizzie," he says, graciously.

"'D evenin', sir," responds the chambermaid.

"Any news today?" queries our new friend. Not that he cares, but just to appear sociable.

Lizzie hesitates. Deaths are not popular in boarding-houses. Landladies seem to think it reflects on the cooking, or something. But chambermaids' lives are narrow, even as horse-car conductors'. Looking about her, to see that she be not overheard, she winks, importantly.

"You know the old guy in the second floor rear?" she asks. "The one that sets around holdin' his head all day?"

Giles nods.

"He kicks the bucket this afternoon," says the chambermaid.

"What?" asks Giles, not comprehending.

"Dies," explains the chambermaid. "An' all without no more fuss 'n that!" she amplifies. "I takes him up a cup o' tea an' a roll at noon an' the next thing I knows,

I hears a whoop, an' he's entirely dead. Dead as anything! They just finishes takin' him away," she says.

Giles thinks.

"Where is she?" he asks.

The chambermaid accomplishedly indicates with a jerk of her hand that She is in the second floor rear.

Giles thinks some more.

"Alone?" he asks.

The chambermaid opines that such is the case.

"Nobody ain't come nor nothin', to my knowledge," she says.

"But they've taken away the body?" says Giles.

The chambermaid nods. Giles thinks again.

"Has she eaten anything?" he asks.

He is informed, by the chambermaid, that our heroine doesn't take her meals there, but merely rents rooms; the second floor rear, as we have said, and the small hall-room next. He suspects, like the chambermaid, that this arrangement has been dictated by reasons of economy; which is, indeed, the truth. Hence has he seen but glimpses that have left his eyes a-hunger and his heart a-whirl. . . .

The chambermaid, who has not yet gone for the pint of milk, the two doughnuts and the small piece of cheese, shakes her head. At which, thinking further, Giles takes himself in to dinner.

After partaking moderately of chicken soup disguised beneath an impenetrable incognito, a slice of warm roast-beef with two boiled potatoes that have once been hot, a dish of bread pudding and a cup of something that resembles coffee, Giles rises, walks upstairs, passes through the front door, sits down on the top step and continues further to cogitate.

He has an idea but he doesn't quite know what to do with it.

So he walks down to the cigar store on the corner, purchases a good, five-cent cigar, and takes a walk.

At nine-thirty he pauses, turns around, gazes up at the moon — the same moon that our heroine is watching with dry, burning eyes — looks quizzically at the stars — to whose bright lance-points our heroine has bared her suffering breast — murmurs: "Aw, thunder!" and begins to retrace his steps.

Ten-fifteen finds him remounting the steps of the boarding-house. Ten-seventeen finds him, red of face, fluttering of soul, with his knuckles rebounding from the door of the tiny hall-bedroom beside the second floor rear. Ten-twenty finds him comforting our heroine, dazed of her beauty, dulled of her grief. . . .

"I don't want to butt in," he says, with difficulty. "And don't think I'm trying to get fresh. Only I heard that your father had — had!" It sticks. So he hems and begins over again.

"I don't want to butt in," he says, still with difficulty. "And don't think I'm trying to get fresh. Only I heard that you ——"

Again he stops. Then:

"Aw, thunder!" he says. "'S tough, all right. And I'm mighty sorry, and if there's anything I can do, all you've got to do is say so. I — I — I — I guess that'll be about all. I don't want to butt in," he adds, "and don't think I'm trying to get fresh ——"

He has gray eyes, honest eyes, eyes that tell his meaning even if his lips cannot. Our heroine sees. . . . She knows. . . . Her lips quiver. Tears come welling in a great flood to dry, burning eyes; the choking dam of grief gives beneath the tiny lever of sympathy. She buries her head in her arms, leaning against the door-jamb. Her beautiful shoulders tremble of her sobs.

Giles shifts his weight to one foot; then to the other; then back to the first.

"Aw, come now," he pleads. "It's all right. . . . Of course, it isn't all right either. It's tough. It's mighty tough. It's tougher'n that. That's what it is, all right. It's hard luck. It sure is. Aw, come now!"

Unconsciously his hand goes forth to administer its physical comfort. He pats her on one beautiful, shaking shoulder. Then he sees what he has done. Flushing bright red, he quickly draws his hand away.

"Aw, come now!" he pleads again.

Slowly the paroxysm of sobbing wanes. Our heroine looks at him through moist, long lashes, with eyes of a beauty beyond all he has ever seen.

"I'm sorry," she quavers.

"Aw, that's all right," avers our new friend.

"It hurt me so!" He could scarcely hear. "I — I wanted to die!"

He nodded, profoundly.

"Don't talk about it any more," he urged, gently. "I know just how you feel."

She was leaning against the door side. She was very tired — she had not known how tired.

"You go lie down," advised our new friend. "Try to get some sleep." Then, as she smiled, wanly, "I know it seems hard; but maybe it'll come if you don't fight it. 'N I'll just sit down here, on the top stair, an' then if you feel lonesome or anything you can open the door a little, 'n' talk to me, if you want to. I know I ain't much; but maybe I'm better 'n nothing. I was in a fix like this when my mother died, five years ago; we were away from home, no friends or anything; and I know I felt then that I'd got to have somebody to talk to or go plumb off my nut. So you go lie down and I'll stick around here a while."

She smiled a little, wanly grateful. He nodded, quickly. Taking hold of the knob, he gently closed the door.

As the gray of the dawn crept dully into the little hall-bedroom, our heroine opened the door and looked out. Her new friend was sitting on the second stair, asleep, his head resting in a niche, his right eye reposing on the left knee of a plaster Diana.

Chapter XV — In Which, Having Aided Our Heroine Thus Far, We Continue the Good Work

THE next morning, Giles's employer received the surprise of his life. Giles asked him for a day off.

His employer asked him what for. Giles said to go to a funeral. His employer waggishly inquired if it was his grandmother's. Giles said that it wasn't. His employer asked him whose it was. Giles said he didn't know, because he'd forgotten to ask the name. His employer said that was a new one.

Giles explained that it was the father of a friend of his who was all broken up, and he just sort of wanted to go along and help out if he could.

His employer, being a human being with sense, sympathy and an appreciation for a good man's honest help, told him to hop to it; that he guessed they could make out all right.

It was a long, long ride. The crippled hearse trundled slowly over the pavements. Followed the one hack, drawn by two sad and moribund steeds.

Spring sunshine taunted them with shining fingers. Spring breezes mocked them with scented breath. To bury the dead when all the glowing world pulsed with life! . . . And yet so it was to be.

Moist-eyed, our heroine sat, drawn far into the corner of the aged hack, her hands clasped close in her lap. Beside her, straight and rigid, rode her new friend.

They reached the cemetery. Among the graves they wound, and at length they stopped. The driver of the hearse was at their window. He said there must be some mistake. Giles, looking at the vast sarcophagus before him, thought so too. Only our heroine shook her head.

There was no clergyman to officiate. They laid the coffin in the tomb. Our heroine sank to her knees; her breath came quivering from her lips; quivering again to her young body. Tears. Yes, still were there tears. . . .

Her new friend knelt beside her. He knew that God

Giles was asleep on the stairs, where he had been all night in case Desirée needed him

was good, of course. But somehow or other it was not always clear in just what way.

At length our heroine rose. Her new friend rose with her. She closed her eyes and passed from the semi-darkness into the warm sunlight. Again they were in the old hack.

The driver of the hearse whipped up his lethargic team. Hearse drivers have still another viewpoint. What is one funeral among so many? And the good bock beer was once again on tap at Casey's.

Chapter XVI — In Which, Since Apparently Money Is a Necessary Evil, We Almost Discover One Good Thing About a Little of It

WHILE we have said that a lot of money is the worst thing in the world, not any is yet even more so.

Because they have no money, little children die in rotten tenements. Because they have no money, other little children steal and grow up to be gangsters and die in the electric chair. Because they have no money, other little children starve at the dry breasts of unnourished mothers. Because they have no money, women sell themselves upon the streets and men commit crimes.

Because Someone has no money, often it is that Somebody will not or cannot wait, but instead marries a couple of apartment houses in New York, or a ruined castle in Picardy, or a nice, prosperous fish market in Bellows Falls. Whereby the torrents of life, whirling in their vortex, tear ruthlessly apart the Someone and the Somebody that should remain together, to cast them on rocky shores, separated by the oceans that are of existence, held together only by the ties that are of memory. And Life drags on. . . .

Thus it is that while no money has made everybody unhappy ever after, a little money would have effected the diametrical antithesis.

All of which, much as we hate money, in justice are we forced to admit. Though we hasten to add, that if money had never been invented, there would never have been any reason for Someone and Somebody not having each other in the first place, or for the other things we mentioned.

So, you see, just as we said at first, money is the rottenest thing there is in the world, and we don't have to say anything nice about it, after all. All of which, too, has nothing whatever to do with our story.

Chapter XVII — In Which We Keep on Doing All We Can to Aid Our Heroine

THAT night Giles took our heroine for a ride on an omnibus. It was expensive. It cost him forty cents; but it was worth it.

They sat on top, on the front seat. Beneath the soft caress of the breath of spring, color came again to our heroine's pale cheek. She looks tired, too. But she is still beautiful.

The Avenue was thronged. Great limousines rolled by filled with people who should have been walking. Hungry-looking people walked by who should have been riding. Others there were, naturally, for whom it was quite proper that they should either walk or ride; since neither were they very rich nor very poor. Strolled men, wearing silk hats, and top coats and spats and things. Strolled women in the fashions of today that have left managers of musical shows scratching their heads as to what they can take off their chorus-girls next to differentiate them from ordinary girls and still keep out of jail themselves.

In the windows of clubs sat men, acting rich, and casting a weak and cursory eye over the vivid, colorful picture before them.

The omnibus rolled on, over the smooth pavement, between the moving throngs of motors, the passing throngs of strollers; past great shops, with windows laden with the splendors of the world; past huge hotels, and massive houses of God and man, carved and ornamented by the hands and brains of thousands of His creatures.

To Giles it was all a wondrous dream. To our heroine —

She passed the house that had been hers and that father's whom even that day she had buried. She took a long, quivering breath while white teeth caught and held the red of her nether lip. Once again her beautiful eyes grew moist.

She passed the houses of those that she had deemed her friends. Into her heart crept Bitterness, the cold bedfellow of Grief.

H. Templeton Bragg stopped short; readjusted his monocle; stared through it.

"Good gad!" he muttered.

Wellington Walsh, beside him, turned.

"What's the matter, old thing?" he queried.

H. Templeton Bragg indicated a fast-retreating omnibus.

"If that wasn't that pretty little Lane thing, I'll eat my bally topper!"

Wellington Walsh expressed incredulity.

"No!" he said.

"Always meant to look her up," declared H. Templeton Bragg. "Also the mater, you know. Spoke about it a number of times. Only so frightfully busy all the time, what?"

The rich, you see, having nothing at all to do, are always terribly busy not doing it.

Through Fifty-seventh Street they turned, past once proud houses whose basements now hold the shame of shops, the architectural fallen women of New York. Up Broadway, past the scrambled mess of motor marts. At Seventy-second Street they were long held in abeyance, like a worthy bill in Congress. At length an important traffic officer waved a white-gloved hand. They went on.

To the Drive they came. To their left spread the broad breast of the Hudson, across which chugged tiny tugs drawing huge lighters.

On they rolled, past massive residences, past towering apartment-houses where hive the clustered cave-dwellers of the city. On a strip of sward, riverward, children played in the soft, sweet twilight.

Up hill, and down, and up again. Past the great monument of Grant. I wonder, could Grant have had his say, would he have chosen so to spend so much money when there are in the world so many people that are sick and starved and suffering? The only real monument that a man may have lies in the living hearts that love him, and in the dead hearts that honor him. Things that men make of steel and sand and stone may be beautiful. But they cost human life. Are they worth it, do you think?

They crossed a long viaduct, turned; sped along to the street end.

Giles asked the driver if this was as far as they went. He said it was. So Giles and our heroine alighted.

There was a restaurant near. Giles led the way to it. He said no word. He knew how tired, how world-weary, our heroine was. He knew how wonderful it would be for her to have somebody to lean on. It is that way when the world bears down too hard.

He knew, too, that it would [*Continued on page 54*]

On the Sourness of Grapefruit

by Carolyn Wells

Miss Wells

RECENTLY there appeared in a periodical a touching picture that reiterated the hoary-headed fallacy of the sad misfortune of being rich. The accompanying text went so far as to express a Pollyannean and Pharisaical thankfulness that we still have among us men who eat in their shirtsleeves, from a big earthen bowl, on an oilcloth-covered kitchen table, with unkempt wife and children reaching for food.

In the picture, this desirable state of things is contrasted to the horrible sight of a wealthy couple at a flower-decked table, served by a liveried butler, with comment implying the depth of such degradation.

Again, we note another picture, showing a many-cylindered motor-car filled with wealthy people, who are held up to scorn and contumely by contrast with a young couple in moderate circumstances, who walk. The moderately circumstanced husband wears ill-fitting kid gloves and smokes a pipe, as he pushes an ornate baby-carriage that might have won first prize at a Bad Taste Exhibition. The wife, self-conscious in her near-stylish garb, leads a toddler by the hand. The whole, in a mad burst of satirical genius, is entitled, "Pleasure and Happiness," and the implication is that the motorists, solely because of their wealth, are on a vain, hopeless chase, while the pedestrians, by reason of their lesser possessions, are fairly wallowing in radiant happiness.

These pictures are typical of the attitude of certain twaddle-mongers of today. But why? Why do Uplift and Virtue Vaunters insist on the invariable and inevitable wickedness and misery of the rich, and the universal merit and joyfulness of the poor? They strongly feature the boredom and discontent brought about by expensive surroundings and correct service, and laud the happy, satisfied conditions induced by coarse food and slovenly manners.

With a copy-book admonition, we are exhorted to be smugly grateful for poverty and feel a poignant pity for the deplorable and heart-rending conditions of the distressed rich.

Now, why? We know it is not true that the rich are more to be pitied than blamed. We know these pointed morals and adorned tales are not promulgated (honestly) more in sorrow than in anger. No, there is a deeper and more human reason, and any Truth Rooter can discover it. Do you remember Sentimental Tommy's enforced prayer: "O God, keep me from being a magerful man!" and his self-communed afterthought, "But I think I would fell like it!"

To prove the fallacy of the proposition that all the rich are unhappy and discontented, and all the poor are enjoying blissful satisfaction, put it to a simple test. Ask any man of wealth to change conditions with one of lesser income, and — however he may sentimentalize about the Old Oaken Bucket and the crowded trundle-bed — note his answer. Then ask one in moderate or poor circumstances to give up his cup of muddy breakfast coffee for the silver-cupped grapefruit — and you will not be surprised at the result.

The foxy Uplift writer, like his Æsopean prototype, knows his business and he caters to a strong element in Human Nature when he assures us that the grapefruit is sour.

My Last Estate

by

EDITH M. THOMAS

I CAME — I know not through how many a gate,
A long, long way; not early, and not late,
When I arrived unto my Last Estate.

I found me stripped of all I had before,
The dross, the husks, that once I held as store —
My naked affluence needed these no more.

No eyes, when past the final gate I drew —
Yet had I sight, to pierce things through and through;
Nor ears — I needed not to hear: I knew!

I servants had before. Now, none did wait;
Fulfilled was all desire — on instant date . . .
Oh, naked affluence of my Last Estate!

"Governor Putty"

[*Continued from page 14*]

Dashiell with a good deal more interest now but I didn't like her any better. There was a set look about her lower jaw, and her lips were thin, and there was something ungirlish about her face. Yet she wasn't plain. There was a sweet little wistfulness about her eyes; and for all she was small, and her voice so low, you could feel a — a kind of force behind everything she said and did.

Sam and I went on talking while we ate, but we didn't say anything more about the girl. Sam handed me a lot of free advice about what line I ought to take. "You'll probably be kept assisting at night police for a while," he said wisely, "and then you'll maybe get day police or some good general assignments. What you want to get is courts and City Hall. You paste that right in your hat. Once you've gone that far you'll have no end of chances to get out of newspaper work, and by that time you'll know whether you'll be a big man inside the newspaper game or a big man outside of it."

He made it clear, too, that because he got me my job, I was to keep an eye out for ways to help him. Sam was a firm believer in Reciprocity.

For a while everything went the way he said it would. It didn't all happen in a month or a year or five years, but as for me, I went the way Sam had predicted and finally got to covering the courts and then City Hall. And there I stopped. The newspaper game had got me.

Sam had been doing what he wanted to do. He passed his bar exams and, by working every friend he had who could exercise a little pull, he got a place on the District Attorney's staff — way down the row, of course, but it was where he wanted to be. He kept up his political work until the leaders had to notice him. After a good long wait, he got his first real recognition from the organization — an appointment as City Magistrate. He wasn't very well satisfied with it, but it enabled him to come a little more in the public eye and it enabled him to marry Elsie Dashiell. He certainly was happy about that.

I was best man at the wedding, and somehow she conveyed it to me without saying a word that I was a little out of my social depth and that she'd have preferred somebody more distinguished to attend Sam, now a judge on the bench, on his wedding day. It was a quiet wedding, in a downtown church, and Sam's old political club attended in a body. Elsie looked very frail and feminine with her big white veil and her big bouquet of flowers; and the way she clung on Sam's arm — and looked at him! Well if he was crazy about her . . . it was mutual. She thought he was the greatest man in the world, bar none.

IT wasn't long after the wedding when Sam sent word for me to come and see him. He was living in an apartment-house that made up all it lacked in size and comfort by the swell entrance and the number of fresh hall-boys in uniform it had. Elsie didn't present herself, but Sam met me cordially enough and we went into a little two-by-four library, and presently a Jap came in with drinks and smokes on one of these rolling cellarette affairs.

We talked of this and we talked of that and finally Sam said: "Now, Joe, I've asked you here this evening to put a proposition before you. Of course, you've made a magnificent record as a newspaper man."

That was pretty thick hogwash, it seemed to me, but I let him go on. "Yes — a magnificent record," he said, shoving the cigars to me again. "There's nobody in this town who knows the inside of the newspaper game as well as you do, Joe. Besides, we've always been good friends. Remember how we used to go fishing together when we were kids?"

"What do you want, Sam?" I said.

He laughed. "The same old straightforward Joe," he said. "Well, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to do some publicity work for me on the quiet."

"And what's the game?" I asked.

Sam had got down to business by this time. "The district attorneyship," he said. "Next Fall."

"But you've just been appointed City Magistrate," I said. "Don't you think you'd better hang on to that and get used to it for a while?"

"No," he said, "I don't want to waste time over a lot of petty trial work. I want something where there's a chance to make a record. I want the district attorneyship — first."

"And then what do you want?" I asked sarcastically. "The governorship, I suppose?" And by the Lord, the words were no sooner out of my mouth than I knew I'd hit it.

"I'm in no hurry," he said — to throw me off the track — *me*. "But I want the district attorneyship, and I want to be played up in the newspapers every time I turn around, from this time on. And I want you to do it — from the inside, you understand."

It looked like easy money to me, and after dickering a good bit we came to terms. I was to play him up in news stories as often as I could without putting the city editor on, and he was to put news value into every case that came before him that he could. Once let the newspaper men know that there was always "something doing" in Judge Kastee's court and he'd get plenty of free advertising. I've seen it done a hundred times — and it's usually started somewhere inside, in the same way that I was going to start Sam as news. Many a big man's political career has been literally set on its feet by a friendly newspaper man. Besides, Sam had a natural gift toward the spectacular. It wouldn't be hard to make news out of him.

When our arrangement was completed, I said, looking round the room: "Pretty swell place you have here, Sam."

Sam beamed. "It's all Elsie," he said. "She's got more taste — and more ideas! The way she entertains — you'd think she was born to it. Nothing and nobody ever fazes her. I feel pretty queer sometimes amongst some of the people we know and I'd be glad enough to duck, but Elsie says no — that's part of it and I've got to be a good boy and run around in a dress suit like the other Johnnies."

Then I had another flash of intuition. "I expect it was her idea that you send for me, wasn't it?" I asked.

"Why, Joe, that's wonderful," said Sam. "How did you guess it? Yes — it was Elsie's suggestion."

"It was a darned good one," I said.

"All of her ideas are good ones," said Sam, wagging his square head, solemnly, and pulling his mustache. "Speaking — speaking confidentially — for I shouldn't want to discuss my wife even with an old friend, Elsie is so — so ambitious for me — that I sometimes am afraid —" he paused.

"Afraid that you can't live up to her expectations?" I suggested.

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Clam Bouillon	Printanier
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Consomme	Tomato-Okra
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Campbell's Soups

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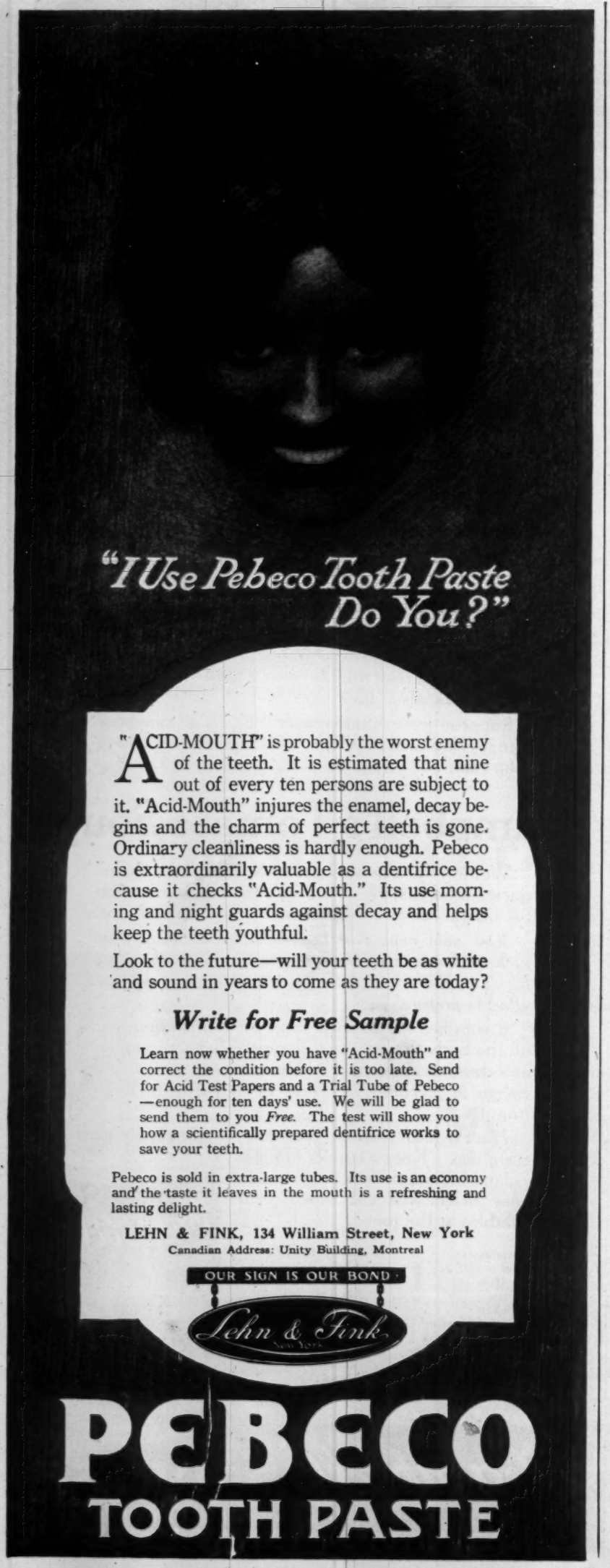
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"That's it," he said, and poured himself another drink.

Well — what was I to say to a man who'd just confessed that the gray mare was the better horse? Everything Sam said fitted in with what I'd seen of Elsie Dashiell. Up to now it had always been Sam's ambition that had been the crack of the whip to urge him on. Now it was his wife's — and though man and wife are commonly reputed to be one — well, I'm glad I'm a bachelor.

From the minute that Sam Kastee married that woman he began to deteriorate, as a man will inevitably do when his wife has a stronger character than he. It was not that he worked less — indeed, he worked much harder, for now, you see, he had to satisfy somebody besides himself, and a feminine ambition is some problem to satisfy. Not many women ever learn the give-and-take of masculine politics — (Lord, I dread to think what a villainous, cutthroat game politics will be when women get the vote and get to using it!) — and Elsie Kastee was temperamentally unfitted to understand it. When Sam didn't climb as fast as she thought he should, there didn't pass through her head a glimmer of understanding that, astute and able though Sam might be, there were many more astute and able men, a little bit more so, indeed, who were sitting up nights just as late as Sam was, and aiming at the very same thing that he was aiming for. No, if Sam didn't get what she wanted, she felt cheated and sore — she couldn't understand it. How *could* her great man fail in anything!

I FANCIED, in the first years of their marriage, that Elsie disliked me, but as time went on, I saw that wasn't true. She didn't dislike me at all — she didn't take the trouble to dislike anyone who was of so little importance as I. Anyone who could be of use to Sam she wanted to use just as far as she could, and I could be useful to Sam, in my own way. Since I couldn't be useful socially, she never asked me into their house. Do you know, that as I think it over, she was the smartest human being I ever knew — with her head only. She knew to a dot just what any person she met could do for Sam, and she worked them for that and for that alone. She never played politics where she should have played society, or society where she should have played politics. If she'd been a man, she'd have been a wonder.

She was fairly well exasperated when Sam didn't get the consent of the organization to run for district attorney the first time. Naturally, they weren't going to hand him all the plums on the tree — his little city judgeship was enough for him for some time, they thought. But with her insistence egging him on, Sam came back after that district attorney nomination no less than three times, meanwhile straining every nerve to keep himself in the limelight and to make himself stronger and stronger in the party. The second time they let him get beaten in the primaries — as a lesson to him, of course — but the third time Sam put on all the pressure he had — and he got it.

Funny, isn't it, how things break just right for some men. Look at the way being district attorney when some great big trial comes up puts a man in the governor's chair. Look at Whitman — and Joe Folk — and that man Dorsey, for instance. It was the same with Kastee. Of course, he'd never willingly have gone after the militia graft if it hadn't been for the Klipper murder — but when that happened, he knew he had the chance to make the grand-stand play of his life. And he certainly made it.

It's been a good many years now and I don't suppose you people in the Big City ever remember anything that happens in the smaller ones, but briefly, it was this: A bunch of reformers had been making more or less hullabaloo about militia graft. We think a good bit of our militia, out there, and there certainly had been some raw stuff pulled. The annual camp supplies had been the finishing touch. Whew — it smelled! Well, a commissary sergeant named Klipper was suspected by his captain (the biggest grafter in the bunch and go-between for the men higher up) of being a spy and an informer. One night Gore, this captain, went around to Klipper's house after midnight and they had a quarrel. When Gore left, Klipper followed him out into the hall and presently there was the sound of shots and when Klipper's wife and ten-year-old daughter got out there, Klipper was dead and Gore was gone. It was a horrible business.

Well, sir, Sam Kastee went at Gore like a bloodhound. He boasted to his friends and to the newspaper men that what he was going to do to Gore and the whole system was a-plenty. He tried and convicted Gore in the newspapers three months before the case came to trial. He hired rooms in a hotel and rehearsed his witnesses as carefully as ever Belasco rehearsed a play.

And he had witnesses, too. Plenty of good, decent people, honestly enraged about the openness and rawness of the graft, came out and told things that they never would have told in cold blood.

Gore was a bachelor and lived alone. Half an hour after the murder he was seen going home, apparently in a state of hot excitement. There were plenty of people to swear to that, for Gore was very well known, of course, and though his lawyer brought in witnesses to prove where Gore was for every hour of that night, one or two of them broke down under cross-examination and they damaged rather than helped his case. Gore asserted his innocence with vehemence and courage. Naturally, his assertions didn't go very far.

The only thing they could not prove was what he had done with the gun he used, for though he was known to carry a revolver it was found, fully loaded and with no sign of having been recently fired. Of course, he could easily have got hold of another gun and on his way back from Klipper's house he passed conveniently near the river. Oh, yes, he could have disposed of the gun easily enough. Sam made a lot out of that — proved that it showed the murder was planned and premeditated.

Yet it seemed incredible to everybody who had any sense that Gore should have gone to Klipper's house openly to murder him, for all that he was known to have spoken bitterly of Klipper as a lying dog and a traitor. The only explanation was that the man — who was known to be of violent passions — had become so enraged at the news of Klipper's betrayal of him that he had thrown caution to the winds. It seemed probable, too, that he had not gone to see Klipper to kill him but to warn him, and that in the quarrel that followed he had seen red and drawn his gun.

I was one of the men detailed to that case by my paper, and while Sam Kastee hardly handled it as Chief Justice Fuller would have done, he certainly did the modern criminal lawyer stunt in great shape. Browbeating witnesses, threatening and sneering at the opposing attorneys and "objecting" to every word they said, even taking a rather high and mighty manner with the presiding Judge — say, Sam had it all. He ranted and he roared and he bellowed and he crouched and he pounced, and he drove home his points with a vindictive power. It made corking copy.

Klipper's wife and little daughter went on the stand and swore that Gore had come to their flat a little after midnight and that Klipper had got up out of bed to let him in. Because the little girl slept in an alcove of the sitting-room, he did not light the gas. Mrs. Klipper listened at the door. She had heard the conversation. Heard Klipper call Gore by name. She heard Gore threaten Klipper after calling him sneak and traitor and other mean names. Finally Gore left, and Klipper went into the outer hall with him. The voices died away and Mrs. Klipper waited for her husband to come back into the sitting-room, when she heard him give a smothered oath, and then came the sound of three shots, not very loud, for the revolver was pressed against the body of its victim. For a moment or two Mrs. Klipper was too frightened to move. Then she managed to throw on a wrapper and light the gas and open the hall door. The child wakened and ran crying out of her bed to her mother, and the two of them found Klipper shot dead at his very door. There was no sign of Gore — he had gone. There were no tenants in the flat immediately above — Klipper lived on the ground floor — so that Mrs. Klipper had to run up two flights to get help and, as it happened, the man on that floor was hard of hearing and it took her some time to rouse him and bring him down. Indeed, it was his younger brother who, though sleeping in a back room, heard the cries of the unhappy woman and first came to her aid. There never was a clearer, more convincing line of evidence.

A lot of wealthy people who were more or less hooked up with the graft system tried to shield Gore, but it was no use. They gave good money to hire lawyers for him, but they wouldn't go on the stand for him — for the matter of that — they daren't. All in all, the folks higher up were a lot more concerned to keep their names out of the newspapers than in saving Billy Gore's neck. And the sensation-loving public smacked its lips over the scandals and hollered for more.

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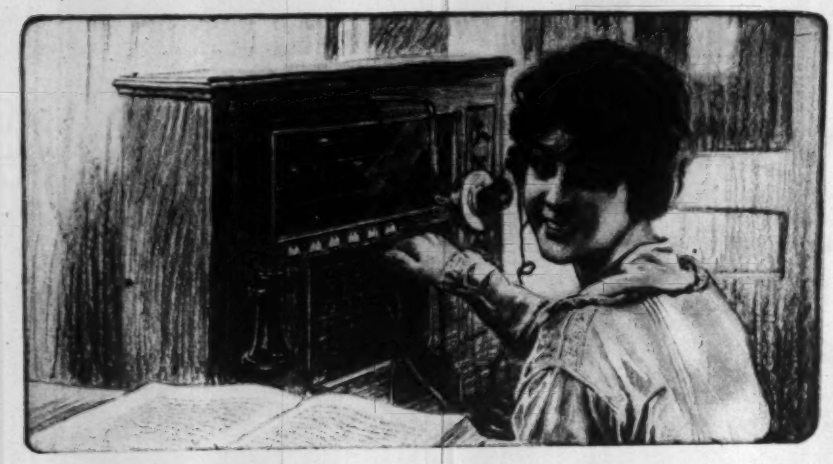

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No wonder Sam Kastee was popular! It was the richest feast the Pharisees and the hypocrites had had for many a long day. The whole thing was so mixed up with politics and building contracts (for the new armory) and supplies, and so on, that almost every local big man came into the limelight somewhere in the case. It was an ugly mess.

John Gore went to the death-house and his lawyers prepared an appeal, and Sam prepared, with the greatest alacrity, to cash in on his popularity. The Governorship, of course. That's what he — and Elsie — wanted.

NOW, the public mind is a queer thing, but the queerest thing about it is how it mistakes notoriety for real greatness. "Who's this fellow Smith everybody's talking about?" asks Pro Bono Publico of old Vox Populi. "I d'no," says Vox Populi, "but he must be somebody, or he wouldn't get his name in the papers so much." The longer I live, the more I realize that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong — no, no — they are both to him who advertises!

It wasn't very hard for Sam to get the nomination for Governor, for the organization was hypnotized, like the rest of the state, by his big advertisement — the Gore trial. And when the returns came in Election Night, I, myself, had the pleasure of notifying Sam Kastee — unofficially — you understand — that he was Governor-elect of this great Commonwealth.

Elsie was with him. They had come downtown and waited for the returns in a private sitting-room of the Clermont Hotel, and when I came in there Sam was walking about nervously, biting his nails, making aimless little movements with his hands, unable to keep still through nervousness. Elsie was sitting like a statue, in a splendid trailing gown, with lace and fur on it — rich-looking. When I came in she stiffened — and waited, intent.

"Sam, you've got it," I shouted, and grabbed his hands.

He almost went to pieces. Elsie jumped up and threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Oh, Sam," was all she said; but the pride in her voice!

A lot of other people came hurrying in and the little flurry of emotion was over in a minute. Sam put on his Great Statesman face and Elsie became the woman-who-knows-the-Governor's-mansion-is-only-one-step-from-the-White-House.

When Sam went to the State Capitol he took me along with him. He needed a confidential man, he said — someone different from a secretary. What he really wanted was a go-between — somebody he could trust to carry on his negotiations with the less reputable wing of the party; who would give out personal publicity stuff, and keep an ear to the ground for all the gossip going. Sam offered me a good salary, and promised me an appointment along about the end of his term — one of those fat state jobs that give a week's pay for two days' work, you know. In a big Western state like ours there are a dozen or more of them that are choice titbits and I was slated for a particularly good one. So that was how I happened to go with Sam.

It was the most convenient thing that I should live in the Governor's residence. Two of his secretaries and I had a private suite of rooms and we could come and go as we pleased so long as we were there when we were needed. We were not members of the family — I should say not. In Elsie's eyes we were merely sort of upper servants and treated as such, especially the secretaries. I have reason to believe that she was just a little bit leery of my influence over Sam — though she needn't have been — and so she treated me with a little more consideration than she did the secretaries. She was going strong socially, by this time. She worked it so that she belonged to the quiet, conservative ultra crowd — the ones who have been "in" for a long time and can't possibly see anyone who is "out." Two or three scions of our best families happened to be dabbling in politics about that time — and Elsie did the rest. She was equal to any of them, too. She had a poise — and a sureness of herself — and a manner — not the most stiff-necked of the old aristocrats had anything on Elsie. She didn't act contented, though. Sometimes I wondered if she wasn't on to Sam's limitations . . . and if they scared her.

Meanwhile poor old Gore, who had practically put Sam in the Governor's chair, was in the death-house. He got his case appealed, as I said, which made a considerable delay, but he was found guilty again. Then the "men higher up," the contractors and manufacturers who had made the big profit by Gore's graft, got afraid that he'd really be hung, after all. They had intended to string the thing along, trial after trial, until he got off with a fairly light sentence, or maybe he would be cleared, and there would be no protest against it, because the dear public would be so sick and tired of reading about his various trials that they'd be glad to have him acquitted just to get him off the first page. They had told Gore not to worry — that they'd take care of him — he must be patient — let the thing blow over. It sounded pretty good to everybody but Gore after that second trial and verdict. Kastee had seized that verdict and made a lot of capital out of it, proving how great had been his wisdom and sagacity and faithfulness as a public servant in the first conviction of Gore.

So we were all getting along very nicely — Elsie breezing around amongst the Western Four Hundred and learning the ritual of Washington society against the day when Sam would be president; Sam being a fine graft-hunting governor; me, earning my salary as a cross between Sherlock Holmes and *fidus Achates;* and Gore in the death-house waiting to get his throat stretched.

Then, one day, there showed up at the Executive offices a fine upstanding young man, not very well dressed, who insisted on seeing the Governor alone. He said that it was about the Gore case; that he had important evidence and that he *must* see Sam, and only Sam. The upshot of it all was that Sam saw him. I was in my little office, right back of Sam's, and I happened to hear the first words of that interview, and you bet I made it my business to hear the rest.

"My name is Arthur Doremus," he began. "I'm the man who killed Sergeant Klipper." As coolly as if he'd announced that it was a warm day and might rain towards night!

"It's God's truth," he went on. "Listen, and I'll prove it to you. Klipper was a bad man, sir — a bad man for women. Him and my wife — I suspected them. I watched them. I lived in the next flat-house, you see. When I was sure that what I suspected was true, I went over there at night to kill him when he'd be coming home late. He mostly came home very late. But that night — I don't know — I missed him somehow, and though I waited and waited and waited in the hall, he didn't come in. Because, you see — he was there already, sir. There's a little closet in the hall, where the janitor keeps his brooms and mops. I was in there. Then come in Captain Gore, and went into Klipper's house and they quarreled. I waited, listening, hoping I'd get something on Klipper. Then out come Gore, raging, and Klipper after him, trying to ease him down, and followed him to the outside door and after Gore had gone, I steps out of the closet, see, and in the dark Klipper hears me and stops to listen. Then I flings myself at him and fires, three times, and he falls dead. And very quick and quiet I runs upstairs, for I was in my stockin' feet, and up the ladder to the roof, and across the roof to my own house and in I went and went to my bed. But I could not sleep — and I've not slept a wink since," he cried out, his voice rising. "No, not in months — and I can stand it no longer. It's a black horror to me. I'm hearin' him in the night — the fat, soft noise he made when I jumped on him and shot ——"

Listening to him I knew — *knew* what he was saying was the truth. And I waited to hear what Kastee would say. He did the only thing he could do — put Doremus through a cross-examination that sifted and searched every word he had said. Where did he get the gun with which the shooting was done? What did he do with it afterward? Had his wife suspected — or had she had reason to suspect anything? One by one every point in the case was taken up and made absolutely clear. No wonder Gore had tried to get an alibi — he knew that if he confessed that he had been at Klipper's it would have been all up with him.

Piece by piece Sam Kastee and the real murderer of Klipper put that case together. Considering it in an absolutely cold-blooded way, it was a masterly bit of work. I never listened to anything on the stage that was so thrilling, except maybe in "Peter Grimm," where Warfield, as the dead and gone Peter, pounds the table — and makes no sound. That gave you a sensation down your spine — huh?

Then I heard a funny little gasping sound — and Sam exclaimed something — I couldn't hear what. And then he ran to my office and called me — I hardly had time to get away from the door ——

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NUT FRAPPE

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E. H. SCHWAB, President

If your dealer should happen to be out of Bethlehem Five-Point, write us giving make and model of car; we will forward you a set designed for your particular needs.

Guaranteed for the
Life of Your Car

"Joe — Joe — come here quick!"

I ran in and there on the floor in front of Sam's big desk lay Doremus — fainted, I thought. But when I listened for his heart — I couldn't hear it. I felt for his pulse — Sam was rushing around getting water and making an awful fuss — until I said: "It's no use — he's gone. Heart played out on him, I guess. You'd better ring for some of the men."

Sam rang and people came in and, presently, poor Doremus's body was carried out. There was some delay and fuss about getting the coroner and a lot of things like that, but as soon as he could, Sam turned everybody out of his office but me.

"Joe," he asked, "did you hear what that fellow told me, back there in your office?"

Just on the general principle that it's best to admit that you know as little as possible about everything, I lied. "No," I said, "why, what about it?"

Sam came over to me and his face was white and strained. "Joe," he whispered, "*that was the man who murdered Klipper. Gore's innocent.*"

And with that the door opens and in walks Elsie, dressed to the nines, furs fairly dripping off her, and a bunch of orchids in her hand.

"I've come to take you home, dear," she said. Then she stopped and looked from one to the other of us. "What's the matter?" she asked sharply.

Sam burst out into excited eager words, strangely punctuated with nervous pauses. "Klipper's murderer . . . Klipper's murderer . . . the real murderer . . . yes, it was true . . . and he'd fallen over just like *that* . . . and died. The fellow'd straightened up and sighed . . . when he was through with the story, you see . . . sighed as if he'd dropped a weight off him . . . and then he toppled over. . . ." His voice went on and on and Elsie Kastee stood there — listening.

"But the man's dead?" she said, at last. "You're sure?"

"Oh, yes — yes, absolutely, poor devil."

"Who heard this story besides yourself?" she asked, giving me a suspicious glance.

"I was back in my office and never heard a thing until Sam called me," I said. "The man was dead when I came in."

Elsie walked nearer to the desk and laid her flowers down on it.

"What are you going to do about it?" she said.

Sam looked at her with his jaw dropped, like a boy caught unawares by his teacher.

"Why — why," he stammered, "I'll have to — to make it public — and pardon Gore — of course."

She looked back at him and her eyes fairly made me shiver. "You're going to do nothing," she said.

We all stood still. I don't remember that I breathed.

"But, Elsie — but, Elsie," said Sam, "I — I can't do that — it's murder — it's — "

"You've got to do it and you're going to do it," she said, and her voice was desperate. "Think a minute, Sam. If you pardon Gore now on the story of a man who is dead, it'll be your political suicide. Nobody will believe this man came to you and confessed. Nobody heard him but you, and when you come out with this story, no voting man in this state but will believe that the grafters bought you off! You've got plenty of enemies to make the most of it — you know that. Gore's a crook and a thief — he isn't worth saving. Let him hang."

Sam stood staring at her, his eyes bulging. "My God!" he said, under his breath. "What do you think I'm made of, Elsie?"

And for the only time since I had known her, I saw Elsie Kastee lose her self-control. "What do I think you're made of!" she shrieked, throwing up her arms. "I *know* what you're made of. *Putty!* That's what you're made of. Putty — putty — putty! Governor Putty, if you please!"— and she made him a mocking bow. "You idiot!" she went on, "you've failed me everywhere! I've *tried* not to see it! I've *tried* to think you were the real thing! But you're not — you're not! I've never confessed it, even to myself, but I've got to do it now. But I won't let your weakness ruin you. . . . I won't. . . . I won't! You're going to do what I say. Never from this moment are you going to speak or think of this man Doremus and his trumped-up story! A fine thing! — the case that made you what you are turned into a farce:— the able lawyer and distinguished district attorney convicting an innocent man who must now be pardoned out! — and for *what* — the uncorroborated confession of a man who is dead. I didn't think you were such a fool, Sam Kastee."

It was just as if every word she said was a stone and that she was pelting him with them. He winced and cowered and shrunk from his importance. Just as if they were visible, I could feel his will giving way before hers, and Lord bless you, by the time the last words were out of her mouth, I knew he'd do as she wanted. Governor Putty, indeed!

Sam slumped down into his chair and put his hands over his face. Then Elsie turned to me. "You've seen and heard nothing," she said, and the force of her struck me, too, and made me feel as if something had knocked my breath out. . . . I didn't answer her, I just nodded and I went back to my own office.

Pretty soon I heard the door close and I knew she'd gone. I tiptoed over and peeped in. Sam was sitting where I'd left him — beat.

Gore was hung — yes, of course.

Well, I decided to come East after that. I've been here ever since. Sam? Oh, he got a second nomination for governor — but he was licked.

Yes — he was putty all right.

"Governor Putty." . . . Elsie said it.

COMING: More political stories are coming by Sophie Kerr. Watch for them. They have proved the literary sensation of the magazine world

Farmers Out of a Job

[Continued from page 15]

West, with an occasional streak of fat times in between. They had always lived well, had reared six boys and girls and sent them out into the world with various degrees of schooling, and were now alone on two hundred acres of good prairie land, with a comfortable house, ample barn and outbuildings, and a considerable investment in live stock and equipment.

One night John Nagle sat figuring intently.

"How much did it cost us to run the house last year?" he asked his wife. After some thinking and a little prompting she put the whole expense of their groceries, clothes and sundries at about three hundred dollars.

"Why did you ask?" she inquired

"Because I've had an offer for the place. Williams Hicks wants it for a rent of four dollars an acre on a five-year lease. I'm thinking of letting him have it. With what we've saved we could build a house in Smithboro, live on the income from the farm, and take life a little easier. Do you think we've earned it, Mother? How would you like to be a town lady?"

John Nagle is a little over fifty, and his wife a few years younger. They lease the farm, sell their stock, move to town, and for a year or two are busy building the new house.

While this occupation lasts, all is interest and activity. There are plans to be carried out, workmen to oversee, new comforts to be investigated and installed, materials to be bought, prices to be compared, merchants and salesmen to be consulted.

But presently they are comfortably settled for the newer, broader life, and then something happens — or rather, things cease to happen.

Thirty years of farming have given John Nagle a strong body and an active mind. Both require a man's occupation to keep them in tune. But in town there is nothing for him to do. He may have a garden and a cow and a few tools for puttering jobs, but these are not activities for a man of his caliber. He used to be up every morning at daylight. Now there is nothing to get up for, and he forms the habit of sleeping a little later. He spends more time reading the papers and worrying about politics, loafs around aimlessly downtown because he is

Good Value—Always Growing Greater

As the improvements are made in Dodge Brothers car nothing is said to Dodge Brothers dealers, or to the public, about them.

This is in pursuance of a policy inaugurated by Dodge Brothers at the very outset.

They look upon the progressive improvement of the car as a matter of course.

It is a plain duty they owe to themselves and to the public.

There is no necessity of heralding these improvements in advance.

The public finds out about them in due time, and expresses appreciation and approval.

And so, while the process of betterment goes on every day, nothing is said of it until after it is accomplished.

The car is basically the same car as it was two years ago.

Yet there isn't a bit of doubt but that it is a better car.

The car of today is worth more money than the car of two years ago.

The price is the same, but the car is a better car.

Not because the costs of materials have increased—although they have.

But especially because the standards of construction have been steadily raised—the shop practice made steadily finer.

And still, the buyers of the first cars, and every subsequent car, received full value.

That is proven by the fact that all of the cars, no matter how long ago they were built, are giving good service today.

It is still further proven by the high price they command when sold at second hand.

Any car built by Dodge Brothers commands a high price—whether it was built twenty-two months, or twelve months, or two months ago.

This high valuation on any car bearing Dodge Brothers name, has been fixed, not by them, but by the public.

Dodge Brothers have had few market problems to bother them, and practically nothing to do but make the car better.

They are their own severest critics, and they will never wait for the public to ask for a better car from them.

They try to anticipate—to travel ahead—to give even more than is expected.

No material, no part, and no accessory is barred from Dodge Brothers car because it is too high priced.

The only question asked, the only proof demanded, is of its goodness.

When the car was designed, its parts were charted and chosen according to quality, and with a total disregard of price.

That policy still prevails, only it has been intensified.

No source of supply can have too high a standard for Dodge Brothers—nothing too good can be offered for Dodge Brothers car.

That policy, plus a process of research, test, refinement and proof, make for continuous progress.

That is why it is still the same car, and yet a much finer car.

That is why it is worth more money than ever, though still sold at the same price.

That is why its value is always growing greater.

Touring Car or Roadster, $785 In Canada $1100
Winter Touring Car or Roadster, $950 In Canada $1335
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All prices f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

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The Aeolian Company is pleased to announce that the Vocalion - the remarkable new Aeolian phonograph - was granted a special audience by their Majesties the King and Queen of Spain at the Royal Palaces in Madrid. No such honor was ever accorded a phonograph before.

Aeolian prestige, Aeolian ideals, and above all the Aeolian faculty for harmonizing true artistic endeavor with modern organized production methods, are writing a greater phonograph history – have established the Vocalion as the first great musical instrument of the phonograph type.

Vocalion prices are - conventional styles $35 to $350. Art models to $2000. You are invited to write for the interesting book of the Vocalion.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

AEOLIAN HALL NEW YORK CITY

LONDON-PARIS- BERLIN-MELBOURNE

ashamed to sit at home waiting for meal-times, eats too much when meal-times come, smokes too much afterwards, and frets and fritters away the stored-up energy within his body and brain that should now find some gradual outlet in healthy work. He does not know how to play.

Town has suddenly changed its attitude, too. In the old days it seemed as though he could never get quite enough of town. Every visit was exciting and full. The merchants greeted him when he entered their stores. The doctor and lawyer hailed him with a joke, inquired about the fishing or hunting up his way, and sighed for the day which somehow never came when they planned to come out and see him. The county political boss hurried to his wagon to shake hands and ask how things were going in his district.

But now town is stale. The merchants step forward and meet him with an inquiring smile when he enters their stores, but when he says: "I guess there won't be anything today," they go on with their work, and by and by pay no attention to him when he comes in. They are busy, and have no time for gossip, or else there is nothing much to gossip about in the humdrum affairs of a small town. He sits around the stove a while, then walks down to the depot to see the train come in, and over to the post-office to watch the distribution of mail. Everywhere he is in touch with Smithboro's leisure classes — retired, loafing farmers like himself and the ne'er-do-wells and never-wases of small-town life. The county boss no longer cultivates his friendship because here in town he no longer counts for anything politically — his tenant back on the farm is the important man now. The doctor and lawyer have forgotten about that trip, and are busy when he calls on them in his office. There is nothing that he can work at, apparently, for the town is full of middle-aged fellows like himself.

And the way living costs! Before he decided to buy a lot and build a house, perhaps Mother and he rented one for a year. The regular visits of the landlord were something entirely new in their experience, because they had never paid rent in their lives. Food used to come from barnyard, haymow, orchard and berry patch as it was wanted, and no grocery bills to pay. But now there is a bill for everything eaten, and everything runs into money. It is no longer a matter of finding a couple of dollars cash for the trimmings of the table, but a steady outgo that takes all the rent from the farm. It is not altogether stinginess or narrowness that impels him to vote against public improvements — it is also fear of poverty in his old age under these new, unknown conditions.

The Farms Deteriorate

BACK in the country, the old place is gradually falling out of repair. The process is plainly seen in buildings, and the country church and school. But an invisible process of decay is also going on, for the soil is being robbed by tenants who fail to put back humus and fertility. The tenant system is held to be mainly responsible for decreased yields in some of our richest farming states, and it comes just at a period when soil conservation has developed as a serious problem, calling for better farming methods. The man who owns land can confidently make his soil his savings bank, plowing under green crops, applying lime, and buying fertilizer, because he knows that he will draw out these long-time deposits in increased crops five and ten years hence. But the tenant has no such incentive for making deposits at interest in rented soil, and tenant farming is so new in the United States that we have still to develop systems like those followed abroad, where the departing tenant receives a money allowance for whatever unused fertility he has left in the soil by systematic soil building and conservation.

Down in his heart, John Nagle often wishes that he had never left the old place. He would gladly go back tomorrow. But he cannot get back! That is one of the tragic phases of the thing that has happened to him. The farm has been leased, it is William Hicks's for a term of years, and there he must idle in town, eating out his soul.

His wife is busier and happier than ever before. She has a wonderful new house to manage, with every modern convenience, and to this wholesome outlet for her energy there is added the stimulus of club meetings, church life, moving pictures, society. Every day her health and spirits improve.

But John Nagle is like a powerful engine racing at full speed with a free clutch, tearing himself to pieces. He sours on life and becomes narrow and selfish — how much so let the people in a thousand Corn Belt towns testify. Once they sought the retired farmer as a fellow-citizen. Now they know he is a nuisance and a danger, and would be glad to get rid of him. In fact, the Corn Belt is quietly taking steps to get rid of him, and he himself is also working out a broader scheme of existence.

The lumber trade publisher who wanted to know why lumber dealers in Corn Belt towns were selling less building material than they used to is busy on one angle of the retired farmer problem. He found this question taking him from one thing to another, until finally it was clear that decreased lumber sales were rooted in a widespread stagnation of country communities, and the cure for both the community and the lumber business was the same — namely, broad community development.

Four of our Corn Belt states showed a decrease in rural population at the last census. Many a country neighborhood is shabby and down at the heels, even if it happens to be holding its own in population.

It was found that the lumber dealer whose business had fallen off most was usually one who lived in a shabby community, where other business was in the same state of decay. If the community was doing well, the lumber dealer was doing well. So was the dry-goods merchant, and the newspaper publisher. If the town where they did business was prosperous, so was the countryside roundabout. Everybody seemed to be tied up with the same string. If the lumber dealer was not prosperous, neither was the dry-goods man, nor the town, nor the countryside. And usually that town was doing nothing to promote the countryside. Perhaps it had hustled for retired farmers a few years before, and got a colony of them, and so assisted in the process of decay that was pulling down the farms, and rural schools and churches, and sapping the town's trade.

This publisher hired a man and sent him on the road to talk with lumber merchants, showing them how the community had to be started back on the up-grade before more ceiling and shingles could be sold. He had some maps and diagrams made and went on the road himself. The maps showed country towns in certain states that were losing population, and the diagrams showed how everybody in a farming section, from the merchant in town to the hired man in the country, is bound up together, to stand or fall, according to the way the community is going. He drew the lumber men together in meetings, and talked to them about these things, and got them organized for improvement.

Today that publisher is the unofficial head of an informal club of lumber dealers scattered all over the Middle West. Each man in this club is a lumber dealer who has waked up to the wrong community tendency that had produced the loafing retired farmer in town, the soil-starving tenant in the country, tumble-down buildings, tumble-down trade and all the rest of it, and has volunteered as a leader to bring the community back on the high road again. One live leader in a country town can accomplish wonders in regeneration, it has been found. The club figures that this leader may as well be the lumber dealer as anybody. It undertakes to teach the lumber man to lead because it knows him better, and once he has got a taste of the fun of leading he helps his community and helps the club, which is scattered over twenty states, and bound by no definite organization, but keeps up the work by constant contacts, suggestion and help.

On the surface it looks like a new kind of sociological uplift. But reduced to fundamentals, it is just plain uplift for the lumber business. The lumber dealer goes into community boosting because the lumber business is bad, and it isn't going to get any better until the community is better.

If there are two lumber dealers in a town which is rich in retired farmers and poor in public spirit, they drop competitive bitterness and get together. Mail-order houses are probably taking trade out of that town by the simple method of making goods attractive through printers' ink. They go to the newspaper publisher, who is struggling along with a small following of indifferent advertisers, and contract for a lot of space in his paper. In this space they advertise lumber attractively, and also boost for the community. The newspaper publisher is easily enlisted in any practical program for bettering the community. He begins writing editorials about a Bigger, Busier, Better Smithboro. The dry-goods merchant, the hardware man, the implement dealer and others fall in line and advertise, and the town is made more attractive as a buying center for farmers, and develops a town spirit that rouses interest and pride. A new conception of town-building is developed.

Ten years ago, in the average Corn Belt town, town-building was blind hustling for everything in sight that was not too big to be moved. Towns fought with each other to see which could move the most men and things inside town limits, from the county seat to the farmer who retired yesterday. Today, it is seen that such a town was really medieval, with phantom walls around it that strangled growth. Now the idea is to go back into the countryside as far as farmers can travel to trade in town, and a few miles further for good measure, and to build up all the territory from which the town draws its life. For that is the real community.

The job of building up such a community is something bigger than hustling for a few retired farmers. It takes a hundred forms and enlists a thousand interests.

Interests to be Enlisted

THE country schools must be reorganized, so that farm children can enjoy as good an education as town children. The country church must be once more made a spiritual and social center to hold people together. The man who tills the soil must be given better methods of farming, so that soil will not be depleted and he will make a profit. There must be better roads, so country people can get around more freely, and haul their stuff to market. There must be more comfort in farm homes, more interest and opportunity in farm life. The country must be made not merely a better place to live, but the only place for country people.

The lumber men who make up this great, loose club for community betterment keep in touch with one another by correspondence and occasional gatherings. If one is confronted with the problem of putting through a school bond issue against the retired farmer vote in his town, men who have had experience in dealing with just such a situation will go and help him. Information about good methods of town betterment, and stories of success, are gathered and published for help and inspiration. The railroads have been enlisted — whether country communities are going forward or back is a life-and-death matter to them, because much of their traffic originates on the farms. The bankers are organizing to help — country communities create deposits and loans. The agricultural colleges are being brought into line — more than one hundred country-bred graduates of a certain Corn Belt agricultural college returned to the farm last year, whereas less than two hundred had done so for the whole forty years before that, an indication of better teaching and keener interest in country possibilities.

The retired farmer himself is getting into the game. Even after he has retired and moved into town to loaf he wonders why he ever did it. Actually, he did it because he didn't know better. It was the regular thing to do. He was invited to do it. All the neighbors retired and moved to town when the children had gone away, and neither his own imagination nor anybody else's had worked out a broader scheme of existence for Mother and himself.

But now the retired farmer is going in for self-improvement. If he has made the mistake of moving into town and doing nothing, he finds something to do.

The biggest farm implement business in one county belongs to two brothers, bachelors, who left their farm with plenty of money when they were approaching sixty. A year or two of town idleness was enough for them. They went in for pleasure while they were loafing, and spent money freely, but something seemed to be lacking. That something was just work. They rented a small store, put in a few farm implements, and started business on town lines. The venture was looked upon rather as a joke at the outset. It was thought that the farmers knew little about town business, and that they were too jovial a pair to stick to that line long. But they have now been at it five years, introduced implements never used in that section before, and outgrown all competitors.

Another retired farmer with ample means went into the implement business, too, after a year of loafing in town. To implements he added real estate, and to that automobiles. Lately he has built a thirty-thousand-dollar garage, and this year plans to sell about one car a day. Still another farmer retired as the result of a fall from a scaffold, which crippled him. He moved to town and built

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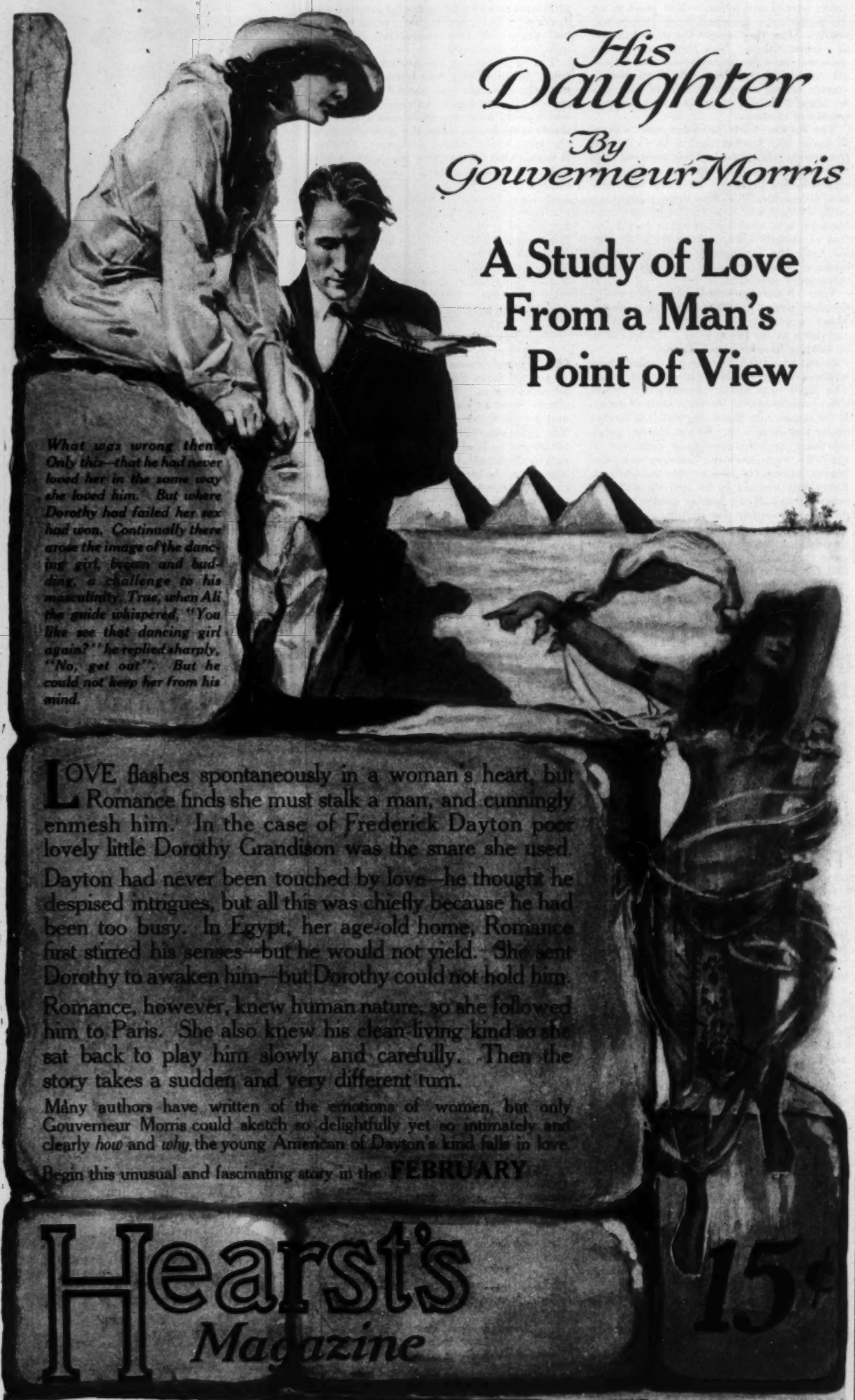
Have brought thousands of letters telling of the health-benefits following a change from coffee to

POSTUM

Some people seem able to drink coffee, for a time, without much apparent harm to health and comfort. But there are many others to whom it is definitely injurious to heart, stomach and nerves.

If you are one of those with whom coffee disagrees, a change to the pure, delicious food-drink, Postum, would seem advisable—and

"There's a Reason"



His Daughter

By Gouverneur Morris

A Study of Love From a Man's Point of View

What was wrong then? Only this—that he had never loved her in the same way she loved him. But where Dorothy had failed her sex had won. Continually there arose the image of the dancing girl, brown and budding, a challenge to his masculinity. True, when Ali the guide whispered, "You like see that dancing girl again?" he replied sharply, "No, get out". But he could not keep her from his mind.

LOVE flashes spontaneously in a woman's heart, but Romance finds she must stalk a man, and cunningly enmesh him. In the case of Frederick Dayton poor lovely little Dorothy Grandison was the snare she used. Dayton had never been touched by love—he thought he despised intrigues, but all this was chiefly because he had been too busy. In Egypt, her age-old home, Romance first stirred his senses—but he would not yield. She sent Dorothy to awaken him—but Dorothy could not hold him. Romance, however, knew human nature, so she followed him to Paris. She also knew his clean-living kind so she sat back to play him slowly and carefully. Then the story takes a sudden and very different turn.

Many authors have written of the emotions of women, but only Gouverneur Morris could sketch so delightfully yet so intimately and clearly *how* and *why* the young American of Dayton's kind falls in love.

Begin this unusual and fascinating story in the **FEBRUARY**

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himself a house. That roused his interest in building, so he bought some acreage, laid it out in town lots, built some houses for sale and rent, and soon had a thriving business.

There are other retired farmers in that town who have found something to do with the remainder of their lives, and it is said to be quite typical of the place that when, not long ago, a retired merchant and a retired saloon-keeper were circulating a petition in the effort to stop all paving work for at least a year, because it would mean assessments on property they owned, four retired farmers owning property that would be affected, too, fought them for obstructing public improvements and carried the day.

And the farmer who retires nowadays is apt to work out a better way of doing it than ten years ago. When he leases the farm to a tenant he reserves five or ten acres of land for himself, and on it builds the modern house he would have built had he moved to town, and in that house Mother and himself live, comfortably and economically. Perhaps while he was busy with general farming he always had a leaning toward bees, or berries, or wanted to find time to build up a good laying strain of chickens. This ambition now furnishes him an occupation. He has time for it. There is no limit to the interest of such a specialty. It is real man's work. It brings him money, for he can sell the product, and also glory, for he can compete for prizes and teach other people his methods. He is living on his own land, and can see that both buildings and soil are kept up to his own standards. Instead of cutting all the old neighborhood ties, he maintains them, and works to uphold community standards. He has an automobile, and if there is anything that he or Mother want to see within twenty-five or fifty miles, they do not miss it. When he goes to town everybody is glad to see him, because he is the right sort of retired farmer. It will never be necessary to unscramble him, because he has had too much sense to get scrambled.

James H. Collins will continue to write his illuminating business talks. Coming soon: "How to Borrow Money," and "How to Save Money"

What has happened in the foregoing instalments of

The Lifted Veil

SHORTLY after young Bainbridge comes to New York as assistant rector in St. Mary Magdalen's — a fashionable church on Fifth Avenue — he is called upon by a heavily veiled woman of evident wealth and position who declines to give her name. She tells him that when she was barely twenty a Canadian had wished to marry her, but she had become interested in a wealthy New Yorker who was living abroad, and married him. After her husband's death, four years later, she returned to New York and went to stay with a cousin and her husband for a short while. Later she had taken a home of her own and she and her cousin's husband had become intimate. This had been going on for two years, but the time has come now when she is unhappy about it and desires to wipe out the past. Bainbridge is able to give her considerable encouragement to start out afresh, and she leaves him in a much more peaceful frame of mind. Bainbridge has all but forgotten his mysterious visitor some eighteen months later, when a Canadian, Sir Malcolm Grant, calls on him with a letter. The letter is not signed, but the contents show it to be from the veiled woman who had visited him, and asks Bainbridge to tell the Canadian about her past life. The clergyman refuses to reveal any part of the woman's story.

Sometime after this incident, Bainbridge meets a very beautiful young widow, Clorinda Gildersleeve, whose charms quite overwhelm the clergyman. Just before Christmas he begs her to marry him, but she is unwilling to give any definite answer until she has been able to think it over. At last, just as they return to Clorinda's home after a long drive, she invites Bainbridge in, promising to give him her decision. As they enter the house they find Malcolm Grant waiting for Clorinda, and for the first time the clergyman learns that the woman he loves and the veiled woman who had visited him are the same. Bainbridge realizes that Clorinda Gildersleeve had supposed he knew this all the time. As he is about to leave the house, a little later, Clorinda tells Malcolm Grant that she and Bainbridge are engaged.

The Lifted Veil

[*Continued from page 22*]

FOR a man as kind as the assistant rector of St. Mary Magdalen's the warmth, not to say the effusiveness, of a welcome like Miss Higgins's could not be otherwise than painful. As it was the day after the storm, the state of the streets compelled her, so she said, to remain at home.

"I thought it a bore at first — one gets so used to one's little round in society, doesn't one? — but since it has brought me a call from my clergyman I take it as quite a happy dispensation. Do sit down." She pointed to the red sofa he had last occupied side by side with Maggie Palliser. "I'll take this chair. It will be convenient when Josephetta brings the tea."

"No tea for me," Bainbridge begged, hurriedly.

"No? Then we'll just talk. I so often long to talk with my clergyman. It seems to me that people, and some of the *best* people, are ever so much more interested in religion than they used to be. There was a time when it was considered quite *mal à propos* to mention it; but now . . . Of course some are against it as well as some being for; but it's always for and against in this world, don't you think? and *I* say it's better for religion to be spoken of *anyhow* rather than just to be ignored. I feel that about so many things, don't you? and I can hardly tell you what a treat it is to me to be able to talk to someone quite sympathetic, who understands. . . . The storm has really been a blessing in disguise, for I've *so* wanted to tell you how grateful I am for what's been done for little Pansy Wilde. I should have written to you about it, only that I said to myself, 'Well, there! Mr. Bainbridge must get *so* many letters, and this will be only one more for him to answer. . . . I'm always thinking of others like that.' I suppose it's in me. Things have to be in you, don't you think? You can't force them. You're either like that or you're not like that, I always think. And when I remember little Pansy. . . . My present maid is quite an elderly colored woman. Josephetta is her name. I couldn't run the same risk twice, now could I? Living alone as I do, and a woman having nothing but her reputation. . . . If I'd known more of the world I shouldn't have allowed Pansy so much liberty; but I hadn't a thought — not the shadow of a thought — not the ghost of the shadow of a thought. . . . But now that it's all ended so happily, and Pansy in such good hands at the House of Comfort. . . ."

Miss Higgins confessed that she had not accomplished much with her life — society took so much time! — but she really could take some credit to herself for what had been done for Pansy Wilde, now couldn't she? It had been a positive inspiration, her speaking of the matter to Mr. Bainbridge that day at the Cloudesleys' reception. Didn't he think Mrs. Cloudesley a dear? and wasn't Edith too quaint for anything? — so like a darling child painted by Holbein or Lucas von Kranach. That plain style really seemed to be coming in again. So many of the girls in New York nowadays were plain, and the better the family the plainer they were, as a general thing. Plainness was really quite a distinction, something which everyone couldn't afford, if he knew what she meant. She had had no idea that things with Pansy were *quite* as bad as they afterwards proved to be, which made her the more pleased with her happy thought. The mother was such a good woman, too, just a simple American woman of the good old country stock, incapable of understanding life in New York. But she was softened and comforted now by the kindness shown her from St. Mary Magdalen's, and who knew but that Pansy's downfall might do her good? In any case she, Miss Higgins, could congratulate herself on the part she had played, for even if it was but a minor one it brought her into the company of her distinguished visitor.

She rattled on so fast and with so little intermission that Bainbridge had nothing to do but study her and watch for his opportunity. What struck him chiefly was the bland innocuousness of this Delphic Pythia whose utterances did so much to make or mar the peace of households and to direct fates. Week by week the leaves on which her oracles were written went broadcast throughout the land, to be seized, devoured, pondered on, discussed. There were circles in which her dicta got more attention than any presidential message, and much more than an interchange of diplomatic notes. As a mystery and an influence she roused consciences and molded lives. She excited the young, and frightened the wicked, and shocked the respectable, and amused the safe, and interested everyone. In the same way that she had scared Claribel Jarrott away from her Mr. Searle, and wakened Leslie and Maggie Palliser to a sense of their marital realities, she had probably sown her bread upon the waters through all the federated States; and yet here she sat, no avenging goddess, no pantheress in her den, but a mincing, talkative, harmless lady, dressed in a pale blue teagown, with a suggestion of the aqueous and unimportant in her personality, and eyes like a pair of empty china plates. There was nothing cruel or catlike about her, and not much that was sinister. That little was in her manner, which was too ingratiating for sincerity and in the changeless smile of her long, thin, somewhat prognathous mouth.

"Do you recognize this?"

He never quite knew how he came to whip from his pocket a copy of the journal to which he believed his hostess to be a contributor, and to lay a certain paragraph under her eyes. His mind resumed its working with his consciousness of her frozen smile. If he noticed anything further it was a slight tendency on her side to overact her part. As an illustration of that, her hands refused to touch the object he held out toward her, while she betrayed her intimacy with its contents by not glancing at the line to which his finger pointed. She contented herself with smiling fixedly, saying with a kind of wooden, rehearsed surprise:

"Why, no."

He continued to hold the paper toward her, his finger tapping the line he wished her to read. "Have you looked at it?"

Her pale eyes grew frightened, though the smile maintained its rigidity. "Why should I look at it? What has it to do with me?" she questioned.

"That's what I thought you might tell me."

"Well, I can't. I haven't the faintest idea what you mean. Really, Mr. Bainbridge, considering that you're my clergyman ——"

"Please look at it, and tell me whether or not you've ever seen it before."

SHE leaned forward with an expression in which distress mingled with the amused, gingerly concession she might have made to a child. "I never have," she declared, still without taking time to glance at a line.

"Look again."

She looked again in the same manner. Her response was a silent shake of the head.

"Take it," he commanded, gently. "You can see it better if you have it in your own hands."

She took it delicately, as though it was something not quite clean, holding it between thumb and second finger, by the upper left-hand corner and the lower right, somewhat transversely. Her smile was that of a person lending herself to a puzzle or a parlor trick. "Now what do I do?" she asked, with an air of patient bewilderment.

Again he pointed to the place. "Will you be good enough to read that?"

For a half-second she seemed to read. "How shocking!" she commented then. "Such nice people, too. One never knows, does one?" She lifted her big, pale, frightened eyes with a look of bravado. "But what can *I* do about it?"

"If you'll tell me what you've done about it already I'll explain to you what you can do next."

"I? Done about it?" She turned the paper over helplessly. "What *can* I have done about it?"

"Written it."

"Written it? Me? Why, really, Mr. Bainbridge!" Hurriedly she appeared to scan the lines, searching for traces of her own craftsmanship. "Why — why, I never ——"

"Never saw that before?"

She tried to be indignant but succeeded only in being faint. "N-no."

"Think, Miss Higgins," he said, sternly. "But I tell you I never have. I don't see what you come here to accuse me of — my clergyman, too!" she stammered.

It's gettin' old, my easy chair—
It shorely *has* seen better days—
But, like some oldtime boyhood chum,
It's sorter learned to know my ways;
No other chair seems half so soft—
To hold such welcome arms wide-spread,
An' use has hollowed out a place
Just whar a fellow rests his head.
Old things, old friends are ever best—
A pipe that's reached its seasoned prime—
Tobacco that has mellowed out
Beneath the golden touch of time.
I hope, Friend Reader, that you, too,
Have three such trusty pals somewhere—
Age-mellowed Velvet, close to hand,
A seasoned pipe, an easy chair.
Velvet Joe
Velvet
TOBACCO

Nature-Ageing of Tobacco Should Need Little Recommendation

EXPERIENCED pipe smokers know that ageing alone can bring out a pipe tobacco's last bit of taste, flavor, fragrance, mildness and mellowness. Smokers of less experience need only try Velvet to convince themselves of that fact.

The very basis of Velvet's manufacture is two years' natural ageing of the choicest Kentucky Burley tobacco that experience can select or that money can buy.

Open your first tin of Velvet today, and today will mark the realization of all the enjoyment your pipe *can* give.

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10c Tins. 5c Metal-lined Bags.
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The Ideal One-Man Top Material

THE modern one-man top demands light weight. Rayntite single texture top material weighs about half as much as double texture material of equal waterproofness.

It is guaranteed one year against leakage, but built to last the life of the car.

Its strength is ample to stand the strains of service.

Why make your car top heavy, and the "one-man" top a joke, by using material twice as heavy as it needs to be?

Rayntite has been on the market and in active service on thousands of cars for nearly two years. We have yet to receive the first claim under our guarantee.

Now Made in Two Varieties

RAYNTITE No. 1. Single texture with Fabrikoid surface, and
RAYNTITE No. 2. Single texture with Fairfield Rubber surface

Each is guaranteed one year against leakage

If the car you are considering is not topped with Rayntite, find out whether you or your wife can really handle the one-man top.

Samples of either variety on request

DU PONT FABRIKOID COMPANY
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE
Works at Newburgh, N. Y., and Fairfield, Conn.
Canadian Sales Office and Factory, Toronto

BERWICK *(round corners)*
TALBOT *(square corners)*

ARROW

form-fit

COLLARS

are curve-cut to fit over the shoulder muscles. This insures a clean cut fit - a collar that does not ride up against the neck or saw at the apex of the front opening. It is an improvement that you will appreciate. 15c. *each*, 6 *for* 90c.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., *Inc., Makers*

"I don't come here to accuse you of anything. I'm only asking your help in putting right a wrong."

"If you mean a wrong that I've committed ——"

"I don't say you've committed it — maliciously."

"If you say I've committed it at *all* ——"

"I want you to say that."

The smile had gradually gone out, while the thin prognathous mouth did its best to express horror. "Say I've betrayed my friends in society? — and held them up before the public ——?"

"It isn't the holding them up before the public that does the harm; it's the injuring them in the eyes of each other."

In face and tone the surprise was now unfeigned. "Injuring them in the eyes of each other? Whatever do you mean, Mr. Bainbridge?"

"What the public does or doesn't think of people like Leslie and Maggie Palliser is of no importance. If it remembers today it will forget tomorrow. That can pass. But did it never occur to you that in putting suspicion into the mind of a wife toward her husband, and of a husband toward his wife ——?"

"Oh, if people don't know each other well enough when they've been married as many years as they have ——"

"Do people ever know each other well enough — in the sense you mean? Aren't we always strangers to each other, even the husbands and wives who live in the closest communion? Hasn't each of us a right to a kind of sacredness in his private life ——?"

"Oh, but when it's only a little bit of fun!"

"A little bit of fun?" He gazed at her steadily. "Then you did do it."

She bit her lip, a faint flush stealing over her prominent cheekbones. "I never said that."

"Then what do you mean by a little bit of fun? Fun for whom?"

"Why — why, fun for — for anyone."

"And you'd see people you know — people who, I think, have always been kind to you — suffer, suffer acutely, in order that some unknown person might have fun? Oh, Miss Higgins, that's not like the fine woman I take you to be."

The pale eyes grew paler behind a mist of tears. "I didn't know," she began to stammer, "that — that anyone was suffering ——"

"Did you care?"

She strove to right herself again. "How could I care when — when I didn't know anything about it?"

Gently he withdrew the publication from her lap and slipped it back into his pocket. "Then, if you persist in saying that, there will be no choice for me but — but to act."

Where there had been only fear in her face there was now terror. "Act, Mr. Bainbridge? What do you mean by that?"

"What can I mean but to have — to have every door in New York shut against you?" A slight pause emphasized the softly spoken words: "I can."

"Oh, but you wouldn't!" She clasped her hands on her breast. The words came out like a plea.

"I shouldn't want to; but it might become my duty."

The catch in her breath amounted to a sob. "Your duty to hunt down a poor friendless woman, who ——?"

"You'd only be a poor friendless woman when you'd put yourself outside the range of friendship. I don't consider that you've done so as yet. As I've already said, people have been kind to you. The last time I was in this room it was crowded with the most important people in New York social life, who had no other motive in coming than to let you see they cared for you. I've little hesitation in saying that if you were in trouble or need I could go out among the families of St. Mary Magdalen's, and in two hours raise a sum that would take care of you for life."

The tears were flowing freely as she said: "That wouldn't be on my account; it would be on yours."

"Let us say that it would be on account of both of us. The fact remains that you've been holding up to ridicule or castigation those who've been well disposed toward you, who've welcomed you to their houses when you had nothing to offer them in exchange ——"

Genuine anger made the pallid personality flame into life. She grasped the arms of her chair, her long-waisted figure stiffening and straining forward, the voice growing shrill and imperative. "What do you know? Who's been telling you about me?"

"No one's been telling me about you, Miss Higgins. What I know I know merely through the performance of my duty. What's more than that, I come here not as an accuser, but as your friend. If you'd trust me ——"

"Trust you, when you threaten to have me turned out of every house in New York? Why, man, it's — it's —" the declaration came out because she couldn't keep it back — "it's all I've got to live on."

He ignored this confession to say, quietly: "I didn't say turned out, I said kept out. There's a difference. And that I said only in case you didn't trust me."

"But what's the good of trusting you — now?"

"This good, that I could make things easy for you by showing you how to do right."

She began to mop her eyes with a kind of fierceness. "Do right by going to people like Leslie and Maggie Palliser, and telling them that I didn't know anything about them ——"

He considered this admission. "If you didn't know anything about them ——"

She seemed to gather all her forces of avowal and indignation together in one exasperated cry. "*I didn't!* I didn't *know* anything about them — and I didn't care. I just guessed. It's practically all I ever do. I'm paid for guessing; and nine times out of ten I guess right. Now you know it all."

He fell back into the depths of the red sofa, too amazed to speak. "Do you really want me to believe —?" he began, when he had grasped the meaning of her words.

"I want you to believe that I have to earn a living, and that I've got nothing to earn it on but my footing in society. If you take that away from me you reduce me to beggary. So there!"

As she threw back her head, with a daring which the mask of smiling ineffectuality concealed, she was more distinctly a living human being than he had hitherto thought possible. Curiously enough, too, he began to feel toward her a creeping sympathy in which there was an element almost of respect. "Then I understand you to say that in what you write you don't pretend to know the facts ——"

"Hardly ever," she threw in, with an audacity not without a dash of tears. "The ordinary American reader wants something spicy. He doesn't care whether it's true or not."

"Nor you either?"

"When I hit the probable I'm near enough. It's just talk. No one expects it to be more than that."

"But there's helpful talk, and harmful talk; and in the present case ——"

"I've said nothing but what everyone who knew the Pallisers could see for themselves. With his looks and her temper ——"

"Still it was only guesswork."

"Guesswork of a kind. You put two and two together ——"

"And it was still guesswork when you introduced a third person? — a certain dark-eyed lady, I think you called her ——"

"No; that was a little more." Now that she was confessing she displayed an almost hysterical desire to go on. He divined indeed on her part that relief in getting rid of concealments and in coming out into the light common to all human beings accustomed to go skulking along in the dark. "That was a little more," she repeated, eagerly. "I'd seen enough to know what to think — especially as things go here in New York. I wouldn't give her name — well, for one reason because she's always been so perfectly lovely to me, and I'm never one to go prying into anyone's private life. It was Clorinda Gildersleeve."

IN Bainbridge's mind there were three distinct processes, of each of which he was curiously able to take account. The first was a kind of nightmare impulse to spring on this creature and strangle her. The second was of the nature of the lifting of a veil that had blinded his eyes and clogged his mental movements and forced him to a helpless feeling of his way through mysteries. By the third, which kept him seated with apparent tranquillity in his corner of the sofa, an arm stretched along the back, he repeated to himself the words: "I'm a priest. This woman has a soul. I'm here, not to upbraid her or to punish her, but to help her. She's my charge. As long as I'm in this room her necessities must come before everything. What concerns me must wait."

He hardly noticed that Miss Higgins's eyes rested on his face with a kind of bewilderment at what she saw there. He was only vaguely conscious when, with her excited zeal to pour everything out on him and spare him no detail, she hurried on. "I

If This Were Our Only Chance to Tell You

If we had just this one chance to talk to *you*—If this were the one Timken-Detroit advertisement *you* would ever read—What message would we give you?

We could not tell you the whole story of motor-car axle importance; but we should certainly emphasize seven facts that every motor-car owner should know and remember:—

1 ***Human safety comes first*** in motor-car construction, and in respect to safety, the axles are beyond question the most important parts of the car.

2 ***A motor-car axle must be better than "good enough."*** It must exceed the stated requirements of the car builder in capacity to carry loads, transmit power, and stand up to the shocks and stresses of travel.

3 ***The axles must fit the car, and the car must fit the axles.*** The axle builder must see to it that his axles are of ample size and capacity to do the work required of them and that they are properly *engineered and built into* the car. The car builder should see to it that no radical increases in weight or horsepower are made after the type and size of the axles have been decided upon. For if radical changes are made it may jeopardize the owner's safety and satisfaction. In other words, axle builder and car builder must work together for a common principle.

4 ***The axle builder must be able to anticipate the future.*** He should not wait for new conditions or for his customers to demand new types and improvements in construction. He should be continually striving for something better than the best he can do today—and be the first to urge its adoption. He should make constant progress toward better design and quality.

5 ***The car owner must have assurance that the axle builder will continue in business.*** Thus, he knows that every part and piece of his axles can be furnished for replacement if the need ever arises. And that assurance can be given only by an old, established and successful organization.

6 ***Building motor-car axles is a task for a specialist;*** for to meet the requirements already mentioned will take all the experience, engineering ability, manufacturing equipment and financial resources of an entire organization, who will give it their exclusive attention. Thus, the axle builder, with his many customers, acts as clearing house for the combined experience of the whole industry.

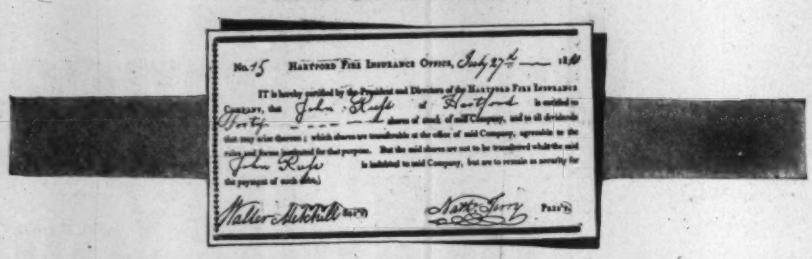
7 ***Continued use is the test of axle building leadership.*** It is years of continued use by many of the ablest and most successful of motor car builders, it is the *high average of satisfactory performance in hundreds of thousands of cars,* that finally tests the soundness of the axle builder's principles and practice.

In all this we have not mentioned Timken-Detroit Axles by name. If this were our one chance to talk to you, we should devote it wholly to explaining what kind of axles we honestly believe you should have, whether made by us by or any other axle builder who can qualify under *all* of the foregoing principles.

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Family holds Hartford Stock 107 Years


No. 15 Hartford Fire Insurance Office, July 27th — 1810
It is hereby certified by the President and Directors of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, that John Russ of Hartford is entitled to Forty — shares of stock, of said Company, and to all dividends that may arise thereon; which shares are transferable at the office of said Company, agreeable to the rules and forms instituted for that purpose. But the said shares are not to be transferred while the said John Russ is indebted to said Company, but are to remain as security for the payment of such debts.
Walter Mitchell Secty
Nath. Terry Pres't

The stock originally issued in 1810 to John Russ, one of the founders of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., has never been sold. It has been transferred by inheritance only, and is now held by his direct descendants in the fourth generation. In like manner the Hartford's traditions of financial strength and integrity have been handed down from generation to generation. Frequently the biggest inheritance a father leaves to his son is the right to represent the

INSURANCE *Service* OF THE TWO HARTFORDS

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life insurance. For over a century Hartford losses have been promptly and fairly paid in ever increasing amounts. Robert Fulton was experimenting with his first steamboat, the *Clermont*, when the Hartford began to write insurance. From that day to this its growth has kept pace with the wonderful development of the country's trade and commerce.

Are you fully insured? Look over the list below and check the forms of insurance which interest you. Ask your agent or broker to get you a Hartford policy, or write to us and we will tell you the name and address of an agent who can give you rates and particulars.

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The Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co.

Hartford Fire Insurance Company, (Service Department M2), 125 Trumbull Street, Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send information on the kind of insurance checked and name of Hartford agent to the name and address written on margin of this coupon.

- ☐ Fire
- ☐ Rent
- ☐ Use and Occupancy
- ☐ Sprinkler Leakage
- ☐ Explosion
- ☐ Tornado
- ☐ Hail
- ☐ Automobile
- ☐ Motor Cycle
- ☐ Tractor
- ☐ Merchandise in Transit
- ☐ Mail Package
- ☐ Registered Mail
- ☐ Samples and Baggage
- ☐ Art Exhibitors
- ☐ Marine Insurance
- ☐ Accident and Health
- ☐ Burglary and Theft
- ☐ Plate Glass
- ☐ Workmen's Compensation
- ☐ Employers' Liability
- ☐ Elevator Liability
- ☐ Teams Liability
- ☐ Doctors' Liability
- ☐ Druggists' Liability
- ☐ Public Liability
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for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

Established 1879

Don't fail to use Cresolene for the distressing, and often fatal affections for which it is recommended.

It is a simple, safe, effective and drugless treatment.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once.

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The air carrying the antiseptic vapor inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 37 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your Druggist or from us 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO. 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

Draughts Start Colds — LUDEN'S Stop Them

Keep Luden's at home — at the office. Use at first sign of coughs, colds or "throat tickle." Often prevent serious illness.

In the "Yellow Box"—5c

WM. H. LUDEN
Mfg. Confectioner
Reading, Pa.

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL CANDY **COUGH DROPS**

didn't know anything about that either — not for sure. It was just a coincidence. I saw him twice."

It was partly his confessor's instinct, and partly something irrepressible within himself that prompted the question, as he asked, hoarsely: "Twice — where?"

Miss Higgins was only too anxious to tell, not merely for the sake of purging her soul of its secrets, but of reveling at the same time in the wickedness of those who passed as virtuous. "Coming away from her house — very late at night. It was the most extraordinary thing that I should have been going by on both occasions. I was coming home from dining with the Wrenns. They live in Thirty-seventh Street, just round the corner from Clorinda. They often ask me, quite *dans l'intimité*. I walk home, because it's a mere step from here — and that's how it happened." She paused, not only for breath, but to dash away a tear or two, and also to enjoy the effect she was producing. "The first time — well, I hardly thought anything of it. I knew they were all great friends, together, and that Maggie and Clorinda were a kind of cousins, and so . . . It just occurred to me that if anybody *wanted* to look for a scandal — but it's not in me to do that — and I simply let it pass — keeping it only in the back of my mind in case . . . But the second time — that was a month or two later — and it must have been quite near midnight — well, I must say I thought it queer. . . . Still I wouldn't *believe* anything, not for Clorinda's sake. She's always been too heavenly to me — and it's nothing to me what people are in their private life. I'm very liberal like that; it's in me to be so. And if I hadn't proved it for myself, as you might say ——"

He followed her sufficiently to be able to repeat, with some horror: "Proved it?"

"Yes, proved it — in a way." Miss Higgins's enjoyment of her tale became more manifest as it went on. "Anyone who knows me knows I never pry into what doesn't concern me; and if it hadn't been that I wanted to be in a position to defend Clorinda, if ever her name came up, I shouldn't have done it."

"What did you do?"

SHE grew confidential. "Well, there's no reason why I shouldn't tell *you*, Mr. Bainbridge. You're a clergyman, and you have your own way of finding out things, just as much as I have. If you didn't have, you wouldn't have found out about me, though how you did . . . But I've nothing to conceal, as I think you must see. . . . Why, I went straight to the nearest druggist's and rang up Maggie's house in Sixty-ninth street, before he could get there. I said I was a stenographer at the rooms of the National Economic Society, working late — and could they tell me if Mr. Palliser was in, or if not where he could be found, as it was about a series of lectures. It was a man who answered, a footman I suppose, and he said if I'd hold the line he'd consult Mrs. Palliser. When he came back he said that Mr. Palliser was spending the evening at the New Netherlands Club — and so I put two and two together. I shouldn't have done it," she continued, rapidly, terrified by her visitor's expression, "if it hadn't been for Clorinda's sake. I was so anxious to defend her." It was still Bainbridge's expression that sent her rushing on. "Oh, it's awful, New York is. We're all corrupt. I don't know what's to become of us. It's like the last days of the Roman Empire. Such luxury and extravagance and license! I don't pretend to be a bit better than others; pretense isn't in me; but then I'm no worse. How a clergyman like you can go on working among us and trying to do us good ——"

"Stop," Bainbridge said, quietly.

Miss Higgins came to an abrupt halt. As her facile tears were already flowing she began to cry. "Now that you've got me in your power," she whimpered, "I suppose you're going to ruin me."

To this it was a long minute before he made a response. He needed the time to disperse the thoughts of which Leslie was the center that crowded in the forefront of his mind. He also needed the time to remind himself again that, viper as this woman made herself, it was for him to disclose in her the spiritual and the lovely and help her to be true to it. Another man's task, he admitted, might be different; but that was his.

"Now you see why Leslie is so eager that you shouldn't marry. Now you see what's been weighing on poor Maggie all these years, and what she couldn't understand. Now you see why Leslie and Clorinda have been supposed not to like each other, liking each other probably too well. Now you see ——"

By an heroic effort he dismissed these thoughts, or thrust them backward, in order to say to Miss Higgins, with something like calmness of utterance: "No, I'm not going to ruin you — not if you do what I tell you."

She whimpered again. "You'll ruin me if you take away my means of livelihood. I shan't have five hundred dollars a year. I've simply got to go everywhere, and see everybody ——"

"I'm not going to take away your means of livelihood. I shall only ask you to do what will leave you with a clearer conscience. You're not a mean and spiteful woman naturally, though you've done some mean and spiteful things."

"'I didn't do them meanly or spitefully either ——"

"No; you did them only foolishly, and with a wish to make money out of other people's failings." He tapped the pocket containing the Delphic oracles. "I've been looking over these pages. Everything in them isn't unkindly by any means. It's gossipy and trivial, to be sure, and not worth while; but there's no great harm in it. Why shouldn't you write like that?"

"They wouldn't want me to."

"Try it. People have been good to you; be good to them — and see. There's a line in the New Testament which I daresay you remember. The Authorized Version gives it as: 'Be kindly affectioned one to another,' but a modern translation makes it: 'Always follow the kindest course.' I'm going to ask you to take that as a sort of motto ——"

"It isn't in me not to be kind," she sobbed.

"No, of course it isn't, not naturally."

"But if I'm not spicy ——"

"Just try it and see. If evil seems to succeed, good will succeed better. All we need is the courage to act up to it. I shall be surprised not to learn that if you've been paid for being nasty, you'll be better paid for being nice. And there's one thing more," he hurried on, not allowing her to speak. "You've done a great deal of harm to Leslie and Maggie Palliser. I want you to help in putting that right."

The prognathous jaw dropped again. "If it's going to them on my bended knees — and humbling myself in the dust — and telling them that I was just putting two and two together — that I couldn't do. It's not in me. Oh, don't make me do it ——"

"Wait. Let me finish. I don't want you to see them. I don't want them even to know your name. We'll — we'll not do anything sensational or theatrical. They think well of you as it is. Let them continue to do so. But —" he took a moment to reflect — "but go over there —" he pointed to a desk — "and take down what I dictate. Write," he went on, when she had seated herself, pen in hand, "write on paper with no address, and nothing but the date:

"I am the author of the paragraphs that have given you offense. I wish to say that I have talked to Mr. Bainbridge, and now beg to tell you that I wrote thoughtlessly and foolishly, with no real knowledge of your lives or your affairs. What I have said was pure invention, or speculation at the most. It had no more malicious intention than to amuse some careless reader, and I can only ask you to pardon it. I shall not use your names again."

"Don't put any signature," he added. "As to that I shall make the necessary explanation, which will not be much." He was on his feet when she brought the completed lines. Having glanced at them he folded the sheet and put it into his pocket book. The act kept his eyes from hers as he continued: "And in the matter of your — your silly and gratuitous thought of — of Mrs. Gildersleeve — you'll of course never mention it again. You'll — you'll do what you can to — dismiss it from a mind which should never — have harbored it." Having said this he found it the easier to look up for his concluding words. "I'm doing my best for you; and now it remains for you to do what you can for yourself. We'll talk about everything later. In the meanwhile you've the words I've given you: *Always follow the kindest course.* If you do take them as a motto you'll find that they'll be a guide, not only in your writing, but in everything else."

When Bainbridge held out his hand it was with a sickening sensation that he found Miss Higgins seizing and kissing it; and yet he deemed it his duty to conceal his repugnance and to let her repeat the act.

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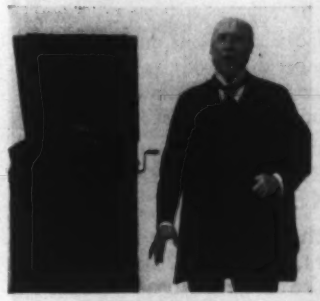

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THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF FRENCH WAR ORPHANS

(INCORPORATED 1916)

Principal Office No. 120 Broadway (Rooms 1435-36) New York City

Appeal for Orphan Children of French Soldiers who have died in defense of France

It is reported that the number of French orphans who will ultimately need aid will be in excess of 400,000, and that there are at the present time 200,000 in ACTUAL WANT. The stupendous and crushing burden of the war will not permit the French Government to pay more than 10 francs ($2) per month per orphan, and it is NECESSARY FOR PRIVATE CHARITY TO CONTRIBUTE AT LEAST 15 FRANCS ($3) PER MONTH ADDITIONAL FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF EACH CHILD.

The AMERICAN SOCIETY has pledged itself to help several thousand orphans during the six months commencing Nov. 1, 1916, and it desires to increase the number as speedily as possible and to extend the period of assistance. It will be doubly helpful to those in need if they can be assured at the outset of this winter, which will be exceptionally hard upon France, that fixed aid from Americans can be relied upon to prevent actual suffering among orphans.

It is expected that the organization known as THE FATHERLESS CHILDREN OF FRANCE will be absorbed by and act as a branch of the AMERICAN SOCIETY.

America's debt long owed to France is incalculable. Without the aid given to the Colonists during the Revolution by the French, as individuals and as a nation, our struggle for independence would have failed. Warships, soldiers, munition, supplies and money furnished by France, who thus impoverished herself, enabled us to win. Americans should make some return for the SERVICES and SACRIFICES of the FRANCE of LAFAYETTE and ROCHAMBEAU at the time WHEN AMERICA NEEDED HELP, and they should help discharge the debt, for which Washington pledged our "most unalterable gratitude." Contribution to the

FRENCH WAR ORPHANS FUND

offers the opportunity for all America to pay, at least in part, our DEBT of HONOR. The needs of the WAR ORPHANS OF FRANCE this winter peculiarly call for American sympathy and help and it would be fitting if, each American contributing according to his means, the AMERICAN SOCIETY were enabled, by bringing succor and comfort to the orphaned and suffering children of French soldiers, to extend a helping hand to France in a way that must touch the hearts of her people, now heroically and self-sacrificingly facing unparalleled calamities in a spirit which has thrilled the whole world.

The AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF FRENCH WAR ORPHANS has been incorporated under the laws of the State of New York for the term of 15 years for the purpose of

(1) Raising funds by voluntary contributions to be used for the aid and relief of needy French children whose fathers have lost their lives as the result of the present war in Europe, and

(2) Systematizing and centralizing the collection of funds in the United States for that purpose and their effective distribution in France.

Its membership is divided into (1) "Founders," who contribute $500 or more per annum; (2) "Benefactors," who contribute $250 per annum; (3) "Sustaining Members," who contribute $100 per annum, and (4) "Contributing Members," who contribute up to $100 per annum.

The American Society undertakes, by means of its membership dues and a guaranty fund, to defray ALL the EXPENSES of management, collection and distribution of contributions for FRENCH WAR ORPHANS in order that the ENTIRE AMOUNT contributed for the aid and relief of these HELPLESS CHILDREN may be applied to their needs without any deduction for expenses of any kind, here or abroad.

The AMERICAN SOCIETY solicits contributions to its WAR ORPHANS FUND in order to be able to pledge fixed monthly aid towards the support of as large a number of FRENCH WAR ORPHANS as possible at the rate of **three dollars a month for each child.**

DONATIONS to the FRENCH WAR ORPHANS FUND should be sent by checks or post office money orders to the order of THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF FRENCH WAR ORPHANS enclosed with a subscription, in the form of the blank at the foot of this announcement, addressed to "THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF FRENCH WAR ORPHANS, 120 Broadway, New York City," where all communications should be sent.

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As he passed St. Mary Magdalen's after leaving Miss Higgins's apartment, he went in. Dusk was beginning to come down, and the church was dim and silent. It was an eloquent silence, the peace of a consecrated isle, in the midst of a sea of passion and unrest; it was a rich dimness, with the gleam of brasses and the colors of flowers and stained glass mingling in a sumptuous, lusterless twilight.

Two women, widely separated, were the church's only occupants. One was kneeling, with bent head; the other was seated, reading from the Bible or a book of prayers. Bainbridge took his place noiselessly behind them, and fell upon his knees.

But he couldn't pray. His thoughts were too confused for praying. They were confused and vengeful and helpless. Like Elijah under the juniper tree he could only mutter brokenly: "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life." The words passed through his mind repeatedly. It was the only form of self-expression he could find.

Clorinda and Leslie! Clorinda and Maggie! Maggie and Leslie! Clorinda betraying the woman who had been good to her! Leslie betraying the wife who adored him! All three of them his friends and intimates! The corruption in the air he had breathed! The poison which for all the future would be food and drink to him! How could he pray? What should he pray for? It was all over and done with and accursed. Since there was nothing to do but to accept the facts, what place was left for prayer?

There was nothing to do but to accept the facts! But how must he accept them? There must be different methods of acceptance, and which should be his? Even here there was a right and a wrong; even here he had to be a priest. There might be a thing permissible to other men which would not be permissible to him; there might be a necessity for him which would not be a necessity for them.

It was as far as, for the moment, he could go. All was so obscure that when he covered his eyes with his hands he made nothing any darker. In the darkness he could only endure. Thought became formless, chaotic. Even suffering grew to be an unillumined, brutal thing, like the suffering of some huge beast neither seeing nor searching a why or a wherefore. Into it he was so deeply plunged that it was like the primal order of things, nerveless, inorganic, unconscious. He might have been immersed in it; he might have been drowned in it. During the space of a long half hour he might have been reduced to the amœbic, to the protoplasmic.

When intelligence began to stir it was in disconnected phrases out of the ageless record of human experience which was to him as his every-day speech. They came without prelude and passed without sequence, out of the darkness and into the darkness again.

"Yea, even mine own familiar friend whom I trusted hath laid great wait for me."

"Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers."

"And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet — and decked with gold and precious stones — and upon her forehead was a name written — MYSTERY."

"And he asked me, What are these nails in thy hands? and I answered and said, Those with which I have been wounded in the house of my friends."

THAT evening he laid what was in some respects the most oppressive portion of his burden before Dr. Galloway. He could do it the more easily because they had met in the rector's study to discuss the special services and meetings they should hold in the approaching Lent.

"And how much practical good do you suppose we're going to do with it all?"

It was the bitter, blurting tone that caused the rector to look up, as he sat sidewise to his desk, taking notes of the various suggestions. He answered slowly:

"I dare say we shan't accomplish any that we can see — or not much." He added, with a certain sadness in the tone: "I've been through too many Lents to expect it."

He was a huge, bulky, Buddha-like man, whose size rendered him incapable of much physical activity. Nevertheless the heavy, clean-shaven face was alight with intelligence, and the eyes were keen. A leonine mane of white hair, brushed back from temples and brow, gave him a touch of the apostolic.

Bainbridge's tone was still bitter. "Then why do we go on doing it?"

The reply was not so much ponderous as delivered with a certain well-weighed solemnity. "To the best of my belief we go on doing it in the hope of the future, but with the conservative, self-perpetuating methods of the past."

"And do you think that's enough?"

A brief hesitation preceded the reply. "No. The poverty of the return in proportion to the immensity of the effort shows that it's not enough." There was a second brief hesitation. "Bainbridge, I've never said to anyone before what I'm now going to confess to you. I've come to the conclusion, not only by thinking, but by living and seeing, that Christianity needs to be presented under some new and simpler and more vital form."

"What?" Bainbridge demanded, eagerly. "Which?"

"I'm an old man. I've worked for fifty years along the lines on which I'm working now. I cling to my Book of Common Prayer, and to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church. I cling to them passionately. I don't suppose I shall ever give them up."

Bainbridge drew to the edge of his armchair and leaned forward, his elbows on his knees. His face was to his body as the flame is to the torch. "But — but would you think it *right* to give them up?"

The response was as measured as before. "I think it right for every living organism to *grow*. And growth means change. And change means readjustment. And readjustment means new methods to meet new needs. And new needs mean new perceptions. And new perceptions mean a fuller grasp of Truth. Where you have perpetual youth you have perpetual adaptation."

"But isn't the Church the fruitage and heritage of the past?"

"No." The answer was both gentle and firm. "No. That's the doctrine that's producing petrifaction in us." The rumble of his deep voice seemed to shake the room. "Christianity is *petrifying*. Our conservatism is reducing it to stone. Truth has no past. Truth knows no such limit as time. It is new every morning. It is reborn every day. Our love of tradition — of history — of scholasticism — of habit — of mere habit above everything — is substituting a dead past for a living Christ; and so to a world hungering and thirsting after righteousness we're offering the petrified thing — the stone."

"Ah, but *is* the world hungering and thirsting after righteousness?" Bainbridge felt the root of his questioning to be there. "Are the people of New York doing it, for example, or even the members of St. Mary Magdalen's? Not to go *outside* St. Mary Magdalen's — aren't sin and wickedness and — and — impurity — germinating there with the fertility of plants in a hotbed — among the very men and women we mix with every day — and think highly of — and — and —" the word came out with a mingling of shamefacedness and passion — "and *love*? Aren't most of us rotten? Isn't it putrefaction rather than petrifaction that makes our difficulty?"

The keen old eyes rested on him long and sympathetically. "I see. That's what's troubling you. I knew something was the matter with you — and I presume that that's — part of it."

"Yes," Bainbridge admitted, hanging his head, "that's — part of it. It's — it's a good deal of it."

"It has troubled me, too — in the past. It doesn't so much now, because — well, because it depends somewhat on one's point of view — on one's way of looking at one's fellow-men."

Bainbridge's bloodshot eyes asked the necessary question without words.

"You can see human beings from the angle of their vice and depravity, in which case you despair of them as — to use your own word — as rotten. Or you can see them from the angle of their struggle with evil, in which case you applaud them as soldiers, or, like Someone Else, you have compassion on the multitude because they are as sheep having no shepherd. I once —" a new pause gave emphasis to his words before he uttered them — "I once looked upon all New York as materialistic, soulless, debauched, besotted and stupefied with success. Today — I have compassion on the multitude — and on the individuals who make it up. I know them. I know their greeds and their lusts and their impieties and their crazes; but I know, too, the fight they're making."

"Some, perhaps," Bainbridge objected, promptly; "a few, not all."

"Yes, all — in the sense that to get rid of our evils — social, political, personal — is a large part of the spirit of the day. No one escapes it wholly, not the most indifferent or selfish. What is it, for example, that Mary's been telling me about Clorinda

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"In one respect," Bainbridge agreed, with an inward bitterness of which he tried to give no outward indication.

"One respect — if it's no more than that — is a great deal. It's the beginning of the process that sooner or later will include all respects. Don't be in too big a hurry. Don't try to go faster than God. I used to. I don't now. Now I'm satisfied to watch the fight — and foresee the victory. When anyone comes to me now — or I go to him — and I learn things that a few years ago might have amazed or staggered me ——"

"Then — what?" Bainbridge asked the brief question as a man who hangs on the reply.

"Then — I take such things as the dust of the battle. Where there's fighting, blood will flow — raw blood, red blood — and that's always an ugly, animal thing — *but* the big struggle's behind it. That's what's to rejoice hearts like yours and mine — the big struggle that's going on not only in our churches but outside them — and of which such an action as Clorinda Gildersleeve's is an example. That's what I see now — right here in New York — right here in St. Mary Magdalen's — where, of course, the fight is as fierce as anywhere."

"Then if — if you discovered that people you knew — and cared for — were guilty of — of great sin ——?"

"The sin wouldn't be any greater because it was committed by people I knew and cared for. I'd treat people I knew and cared for as I should treat people I didn't know and didn't care for at all. I'd see them as soldiers who've been struck down in the battle, but are likely to scramble up again, and contribute their share to the big victory that's to be won."

"Ah, but, when it's something that — that touches oneself — very closely?"

"There's one thing, Bainbridge, that touches you and me more closely than anything else. It's that no man — and no woman — however near — however mistaken — however debased — shall ask bread of us and we offer him or her a *stone*. Where there's fighting there must be food; and it's our part to bring it. I've reached the time in life, and I may say of experience, when I don't look much, and don't think much, beyond that. Nor do I mind telling you that it's the hardest thing I've got to do. I'm an organizer by nature; I'm a business man. I never had spiritual gifts. I used to think it a fine thing that I'd built up an efficient parish with everything running as by clockwork; and perhaps it is. We've got one of the biggest incomes, and one of the best choirs, and one of the most influential congregations in the country; and yet there are senses in which I'd rather have done what Clorinda Gildersleeve has done for that one poor little waif — the practical, useful, positively definite thing, I mean — than be responsible for it all."

"But can you compare undertakings so dissimilar?"

"No; perhaps not. All I mean is that I've given so much attention to the machinery that I haven't thought enough of the product that's turned out. Probably I'm too old now ever to do very differently. But you're young, my boy. You'll live to see great changes in the religious, in the Christian, world. Possibly you'll have something to do with it — I rather think you will — with the shaking off the dead, paralyzing hand of the past — and the opening of the living stores — and the unsealing of the living waters — so that all — or the majority at least — will be eager to come — and eat and drink."

Bainbridge sat silent, his elbows on his knees, his forehead bowed upon his hands, his eyes staring vacantly at the floor. They stared vacantly because his vision was an inner one. It was like the lifting of another veil, beyond the veil that had been raised for him that afternoon and hard on which the dark horizon had shut down. That horizon now began to melt away, revealing not so much an outlook as a mist — but a mist glorified and sun-shot, through which a man might fight his way.

When he had again raised his head, New York — the world — the universe — had suddenly become more spacious.

[*To be continued*]

A Soldier of the Footlights

[*Continued from page 21*]

my confidence and he had suggested a Clinic where there were, as well, a few beds. It was five then, dusk, and with some fresh spring flowers in my hand — sent to me, I never bought them for him — I picked my way along mean streets until I reached the number.

The clinic was over and the door locked, but a red-cheeked man came out as I stood irresolutely on the steps, and I told him of my search. Werther was there. The interne opened the door for me. "Two flights up — some relative of his, I hope?"

I hesitated. What was I to Werther! I should, in all truth, have said a perfect stranger. But there was so great a fear in my heart that I had no words at all, and went on up the stairs. The interne closed the door softly.

Fear went with me up the steps. I could not go quickly enough. I could not go slowly enough. "Appendicitis, that's not bad," I kept comforting myself.

Of a sudden in the hallway of the third floor, I was confronted by a nurse who stared at me but went swiftly on with her work. Her uniform was in disarray — she was preparing, on a small table in the hall, some solution.

"Well, it's time," she replied to my breathed explanations.

"How is he?" I must have said.

"Dying," came to me.

I talked back, I suppose, for she answered. Her hands were steady and her work continuous. "And why *not* dying? He came in here on a Sunday with a punctured appendix. One day would have saved him. But no, he kept on playing in his show. He played Saturday with a punctured appendix. It was too late when we got hold of him. Peritonitis set in soon."

I wet my lips. "He said he had a pain in his stomach." It was not the thing to have said.

She put back her bottles in a little cupboard. Her own lips were firm. "A pain in his stomach! So that's what he called it? He would. I want to tell you something: you don't have to fight in the trenches to be a good soldier."

She hated me. I loved her. She was that anomaly, a nurse with emotion. She explained it as she stirred her preparation violently. "I've been a sort of mother to him ever since he came in. He clung to me. He didn't seem to have any folks."

"I've brought some flowers," I inanely continued. "But, of course, it doesn't make any difference. And I'll go away — or I'll stay — I'll do anything you tell me."

She moved toward the ward with the stimulant for Werther.

"You come in and let him see you. You make him see those flowers. For God's sake let him think somebody cares about him except a hired nurse. Nobody near him all this time — and all the other patients with friends."

The white screens were about his bed. I slipped in through them. There Werther lay. The imperial look had gone — a boy's face twisted with pain — waving emaciated arms — no moan.

I played up as though it were a first night. "I've come from the company. I've brought these flowers from them. Do you hear me, Werther?"

"Yes, madam; thank you."

The stimulant was being administered, but he was flagging. I swept on.

"Our beautiful girl has made up a purse for you — a large purse — you are to have everything you want — your rôle is to be kept open for you. The management are much concerned — they cannot do without you." (Strange how we lie to one who may, in less time than the shooting of a star across the heavens, know the truth!) . "Do you hear me, Werther, do you hear me?"

"Yes, madam; thank them all."

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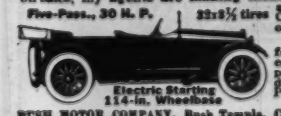

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actor. *You — you are splendid in that part.* Do you hear me, Werther?"

He caught the nurse's hand and kissed it. "Make me to live, *gnädiges Fräulein.* In a year I can enrich you."

I was in despair at this boast. I thought, with this strange talk of wealth, he must be already on the wings of dreams, and my poor flowers and flatteries would be useless.

The nurse soothed him. "'Tain't money, my dear boy, but prayers that'll do it." She introduced the subject rather clumsily, but she had her reason, for she had caught sight of a portly figure on the other side of the screen. "The priest has just dropped in to see me — just by chance. Have a little talk with him. Just lay your burdens on him, dear boy. The good father will fix everything all right for you, and make you well." She beckoned in the holy man for whom she had evidently sent.

I do not know what the sacrament was to this alien of — probably — slight belief. But, as the priest came to the bed, Werther seized my hand as though I stood for a throbbing life that he was not ready to quit. And in this way I heard the few broken words which fell from his lips into the ear of the old father. Broken they were, gasped between long quiet pauses when it would seem the heart could do no more. But the story was complete before the nurse opened his fingers twisted about my own, and arranged, practically, for his body to be taken out of the ward.

Complete, enough, was the story — enough to show that Werther had deserted from his navy when he was a midshipmite. And that had made him a man without a country. But, when war swept over Europe, deserters were pardoned if they could get back and fight. And for this hope Werther had waged the battle with starvation, had listened tranquilly to ridicule, indifferently to insult, endured unbelievable pain that he might not lose his wage. He must live! He must live! That some day, some way he might slip back to his own land and make his peace by his sword.

"Are you in the show?" It was the nurse who spoke. So I arose from the floor where I was kneeling, and went on down the steps. The superintendent's office was by the door. We talked simply of arrangements for the funeral, and, since there was no one else, he gave me an old wallet taken from the boy's pocket. He was more than professionally kind.

"Of good people," he ran on. "You can tell by the care of the skin."

I hesitated. For what relief it would bring me, I wanted to be told that Werther's sorrows had been dulled — perhaps. "You saw no evidence of drugs," I asked, "which might have pulled him down?"

"Drugs?" he echoed. "Why, no, we saw no signs of them. He had no stamina, but I fear he was very undernourished ——"

"Don't! I can't stand any more—" Sobbing, dodging, I ran through the streets until I fell against the stage-doorkeeper.

The comedy went on. We played as well as ever. I think each felt, since Werther had been so good a soldier, we must be good soldiers, too. And I don't believe any of us lost a laugh. During my long wait, while our beauty cried softly and the colored maids sniffled, the character man and I opened the wallet and examined the treasures.

The reason was made plain for his slipping into graduated shabbiness. As each garment was pawned, it was evident by the tickets which fattened his poor purse that he had been given, with a little money, an oddly assorted equipment of ever meaner grade.

There was a card. "In case of my death," headed the brief description of his estate in life. And our beauty stopped crying and said she knew it right along. For he was of a noble family and the following year was to come into his patrimony. So the nurse would have been enriched, after all.

I climbed the iron staircases after the play to talk to the girls in the chorus-room. I wanted them all to be sure to come to Werther's funeral the next day. And I wanted, too, for all who had given him ten cents or a quarter during rehearsals to be glad that they had done so. For they alone had helped, whereas the principals had done nothing.

It was Hilda who gave me a phrase that marched through my tired brain after I had left them until it served the purpose for which it must have been put into her mouth. She was lacing a long white boot, her foot on the shelf.

"Well," from Hilda, "I guess what that nurse said about the trenches was right. I guess if anyone ever died on the field of honor, that fellah did."

She went on out to her dance, and I lay in my bed with her words beating themselves back and forth in my brain like a sentinel against the wind. Died on the field of honor! Died on the field of honor! What difference if the field is dancing with poppies, red with blood, or carpeted elegantly to the footlights?

But Werther's burial would not be glorious. There would be no volley, no sound of "taps," no glitter of attending uniforms. And yet, he would not be alone in this swift shunting off without earthly pomp. My man of the helmet lay, no doubt, in a less lovely fashion than would our chorus boy. How curious that I, with the love of France in my heart, should have in my keeping the battered insignia of one German soldier, the body of another!

My thoughts raced on. Why was this double dower given me but to bring them together? To give to Werther such of his country's uniform as lay within my power — to inter the poor trophy where it could most fittingly rest.

And, having decided, after a while I slept.

The next day we buried Werther. It was no meager ceremony. On his casket lay the long sheaves, imported from Germany, which speak to us of heroes. A silk flag of his country — bought at a toy store — was thrown across the lid. And, within the hollow of his arm, hidden by a mass of flowers, was the German helmet.

I had come early that I might do this thing. For even to my companions, children of fantasy themselves, I knew that this strange service must remain unrecognized. I looked at his face. The twist of pain was gone. He was again Werther Imperial. There must be, after all, a Victory in the Grave.

When the services were over, high above us, on the shoulders of the tall pall-bearers, our chorus-man was carried. And we all trailed after him. The flag fluttered and we followed, unprotesting, under its colors. Pro-Allies, every one of us, burying Werther with such military honors as we actors could give him.

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He must rise high upon star-wandering wings
Past the day's whirlwind of inconstant things,
Forever riding heights of dreams far-flung,
Forever burning, and forever young!

Summer

[*Continued from page 10*]

nervous hands about the arms of her chair. Her eyes invoked the faded countenances on the wall, and after a faint cough of indecision she brought out: "The . . . the house-work's too hard for you, I suppose?"

Charity's heart grew cold. She understood that she must fight her way out of her difficulty alone, and a deeper sense of isolation overcame her. In that moment of readjustment she seemed to have grown incalculably old. "She's got to be talked to like a baby," she thought, with a feeling of compassion for Miss Hatchard's long immaturity. "Yes, that's it," she said aloud. "The house-work's too hard for me: I've been coughing a good deal this fall."

She noted the immediate effect of this suggestion. Miss Hatchard paled at the memory of poor Eudora's taking-off, and promised to do what she could. But of course there were people she must consult: the clergyman, the selectmen of North Dormer, and a distant Hatchard relative at Springfield. "If you'd only gone to school!" she sighed. She followed Charity to the door, and there, in the security of the threshold, said with a glance of evasive appeal: "I know Mr. Royall is . . . trying at times; but his wife bore with him; and you must always remember, Charity, that it was Mr. Royall who brought you down from the Mountain."

Charity went home and opened the door of Mr. Royall's "office." He was sitting there by the stove reading Daniel Webster's speeches. They had met at meals during the five days that had elapsed since he had come to her door, and she had walked at his side at Eudora's funeral; but they had not spoken a word to each other.

He glanced up in surprise as she entered, and she noticed that he was unshaved, and that he looked unusually old; but as she had always thought of him as an old man the change in his appearance did not move her. She told him she had been to see Miss Hatchard, and with what object. She saw that he was astonished; but he made no comment.

"I told her the house-work was too hard for me, and I wanted to earn the money to pay for a hired girl. But I ain't going to pay for her: you've got to. I want to have some money of my own."

Mr. Royall's bushy black eye-brows were drawn together in a frown, and he sat drumming with inkstained nails on the edge of his desk.

"What do you want to earn money for?" he asked.

"So's to get away when I want to."

"Why do you want to get away?"

Her contempt flashed out. "Do you suppose anybody'd stay at North Dormer if they could help it? You wouldn't, folks say!"

With lowered head he asked: "Where'd you go to?"

"Anywhere where I can earn my living. I'll try here first, and if I can't do it here I'll go somewhere else. I'll go up the Mountain if I have to." She paused on this threat, and saw that it had taken effect. "I want you should get Miss Hatchard and the selectmen to take me at the library: and I want a woman here in the house with me," she repeated.

Mr. Royall had grown exceedingly pale. When she had entered he stood up ponderously, leaning against the desk; and for a second or two they looked at each other.

"See here," he said at length, in a low voice, as though utterance were difficult, "there's something I've been wanting to say to you. I'd ought to have said it before. I want you to marry me."

The girl still stared at him without moving. "I want you to marry me," he repeated, clearing his throat. "The minister'll be up here next Sunday and we can fix it up then. Or I'll drive you down to Hepburn to the Justice. I'll do whatever you say." His eyes fell under the merciless stare she continued to fix on him, and he shifted his weight uneasily from one foot to the other. As he stood there before her, unwieldy, shabby, disordered, the purple veins distorting the hands he pressed against the desk, and his long orator's jaw trembling with the effort of his avowal, he seemed like a hideous parody of the fatherly old man she had always known.

"Marry you? Me?" she burst out with a

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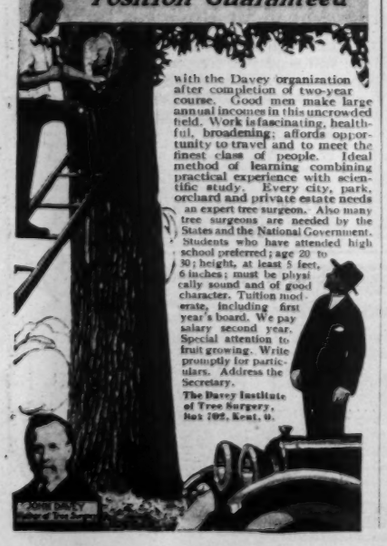

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scornful laugh. "Was that what you came to ask me the other night? What's come over you, I wonder? How long is it since you've looked at yourself in the glass?" She straightened herself, insolently conscious of her youth and strength. "I suppose you think it would be cheaper to marry me than to keep a hired girl. Everybody knows you're the closest man in Eagle County; but I guess you're not going to get your mending done for you that way twice."

Mr. Royall did not move while she spoke. His face was ash-colored, and his black eyebrows quivered as though the blaze of her scorn had blinded him. When she ceased he held up his hand.

"That'll do — that'll about do," he said in a changed voice. He turned to the door and took his hat from the hat-peg. On the threshold he paused. "People ain't been fair to me — from the first they ain't been fair to me," he said. Then he went out.

A few days later North Dormer learned with surprise that Charity had been appointed librarian of the Hatchard Memorial, and that old Verena Marsh, from the Creston Almshouse, was coming to live at lawyer Royall's and do the cooking.

III.

IT was not in the room known at the red house as Mr. Royall's office that he received his infrequent clients.

Professional dignity and masculine independence made it necessary that he should have a real office, under a different roof, and his standing as the only lawyer of North Dormer required that the roof should be the same as that which sheltered the town-hall and the post-office.

It was his habit to walk to this office twice a day, morning and afternoon. It was on the ground floor of the building, with a separate entrance, and a weathered nameplate on the door. Before going in he stepped in to the post-office for his mail — usually an empty ceremony — said a word or two to the town-clerk, who sat across the passage in idle state, and then went over to the store on the opposite corner, where Carrick Fry, the store-keeper, always kept a chair for him, and where he was sure to find one or two selectmen leaning on the long counter, in an atmosphere of rope, leather, tar and coffee-beans.

Mr. Royall, though monosyllabic at home, was not averse, in certain moods, to imparting his views to his fellow-townsmen; perhaps, also, he was unwilling that his rare clients should surprise him sitting, clerkless and unoccupied, in his dusty office. At any rate, his hours there were not much longer or more regular than Charity's at the library; the rest of the time he spent either at the store, in driving about the country on business connected with the insurance companies that he represented, or in sitting at home reading Bancroft's History of the United States, and the speeches of Daniel Webster.

Since the day when Charity had told him that she wished to succeed to Eudora Skeff's post their relations had undefinably but definitely changed. Lawyer Royall had kept his word. He had obtained the place for her at the cost of considerable manoeuvring, as she guessed from the number of rival candidates, and from the acerbity with which two of them, Orma Fry and the eldest Targatt girl, treated her for nearly a year afterward. And he had engaged Verena Marsh to come up from Creston and do the cooking. Verena was a poor old widow, doddering and shiftless: Charity suspected that she came for her keep. Mr. Royall was too close a man to give a dollar a day to a smart girl when he could get a deaf pauper for nothing. But at any rate, Verena was there, in the attic just over Charity; and the fact that she was deaf did not greatly trouble the young girl.

Charity knew that what had happened on that hateful night would not happen again. She understood that, profoundly as she had despised Mr. Royall ever since, he despised himself still more profoundly. If she had asked for a woman in the house it was far less for her own defense than for his humiliation. She needed no one to defend her; his humbled pride was her surest protection. He had never spoken a word of excuse or extenuation; the incident was as if it had never been. Yet its consequences were latent in every word that he and she exchanged, in every glance they instinctively turned from each other. Nothing now would ever shake her rule in the red house.

On the night of her meeting with Miss Hatchard's cousin Charity lay in bed, her bare arms clasped under her rough head, and continued to think of him. She supposed that he meant to spend some time in North Dormer. He had said he was looking up the old houses in the neighborhood; and though she was not very clear as to his purpose, or as to why anyone should look for old houses, when they lay in wait for one on every roadside, she understood that he needed the help of books, and resolved to hunt up the next day the volume she had failed to find, and any others that seemed related to the subject.

Never had her ignorance of life and literature so weighed on her as in reliving the short scene of her discomfiture. "It's no use trying to be anything in this place," she muttered to her pillow; and she shriveled at the vision of vague metropolises, shining super-Nettletons where girls in better clothes than Belle Balch's talked fluently of architecture to young men with hands like Lucius Harney's. Then she remembered his sudden pause when he had come close to the desk and had his first look at her. The sight had made him forget what he was going to say; she recalled the change in his face, and jumping up she ran over the bare boards to her wash-stand, found the matches, lit a candle, and lifted it to the square of looking-glass on the white-washed wall. Her small face, usually so darkly pale, glowed like a rose in the faint orb of light, and under her rumpled hair her eyes seemed deeper and larger than by day. Perhaps after all it was a mistake to wish they were blue. A clumsy band and button fastened her unbleached night-gown about the throat. She undid it, freed her thin shoulders, and saw herself a bride in low-necked satin, walking down an aisle with Lucius Harney. He would kiss her as they left the church. . . . She put down the candle and covered her face with her hands as if to imprison the kiss. At that moment she heard Mr. Royall's step as he came up the stairs to bed, and a fierce revulsion of feeling swept over her. Until then she had merely despised him; now the deep hatred of him filled her heart. He became to her a horrible old man. . . .

MRS. WHARTON'S fine serial sweeps on with dramatic energy. Next month, Charity Royall encounters Liff Hyatt under strange circumstances, and another milestone in her emotional life is reached.

The next day when Mr. Royall came back to dinner they faced each other in silence as usual. Verena's presence at the table was an excuse for their not talking, though her deafness would have permitted the freest interchange of confidences. But when the meal was over, and Mr. Royall rose from the table, he looked back at Charity, who had stayed to help the old woman clear away the dishes.

"I want to speak to you," he said; and she followed him across the passage, wondering.

He seated himself in his black horsehair armchair, and she leaned against the window, indifferently. She was impatient to be gone to the library, to hunt for the book on North Dormer.

"See here," he said, "why ain't you at the library the days you're supposed to be there?"

The question, breaking in on her mood of blissful abstraction, deprived her of speech and she stared at him for a moment without answering.

"Who says I ain't?"

"There's been some complaints made, it appears. Miss Hatchard sent for me this morning ——"

Charity's smoldering resentment broke into a blaze. "I know! Orma Fry, and that toad of a Targatt girl — and Ben Fry, like as not. He's going round with her. The low-down sneaks — I always knew they'd try to have me out! As if anybody ever came to the library, anyhow!"

"Somebody did yesterday, and you weren't there."

"Yesterday?" she laughed at her happy recollection. "At what time wasn't I there yesterday, I'd like to know?"

"Round about four o'clock."

Charity was silent. She had been so steeped in the dreamy remembrance of young Harney's visit that she had forgotten having deserted her post as soon as he had left the library.

"Who came at four o'clock?"

"Miss Hatchard did."

"Miss Hatchard? Why, she ain't ever been near the place since she's been lame. She couldn't get up the steps if she tried."

"She can be helped up, I guess. She was yesterday, anyhow, by the young fellow that's staying with her. He found you there, I understand, earlier in the afternoon; and he went back and told Miss Hatchard the books were in bad shape and needed attending to. She got excited, and had herself wheeled straight round; and when she got there the place was locked. So she sent for me, and told me about that, and about the other complaints. She claims you've neglected things, and that she's going to get a trained librarian."

Charity had not moved while he spoke. She stood with her head thrown back against the window-frame, her arms hanging against her sides, and her hands so tightly clenched that she felt, without knowing what hurt her, the sharp edge of her nails against her palms.

Of all Mr. Royall had said she had retained only the phrase: "He told Miss Hatchard the books were in bad shape." What did she care for the other charges against her? Malice or truth, she despised them as she despised her detractors. But that the stranger to whom she felt herself so mysteriously drawn should have betrayed her! That at the very moment when she had fled up the hillside to think of him more deliciously he should have been hastening home to denounce her shortcomings! She remembered how, in the darkness of her room, she had covered her face to press his imagined kiss closer; and her heart raged against him for the liberty he had not taken.

"Well, I'll go," she said suddenly. "I'll go right off."

"Go where?" She heard the startled note in Mr. Royall's voice.

"Why, out of their old library: straight out, and never set foot in it again. They needn't think I'm going to wait round and let them say they have discharged me!"

"Charity — Charity Royall, you listen —" he began, getting heavily out of his chair; but she waved him aside, and walked out of the room.

Upstairs she took the library key from the place where she always hid it under her pincushion — who said she wasn't careful? — put on her hat, and swept down again and out into the street. If Mr. Royall heard her go he made no motion to detain her: his sudden rages probably made him understand the uselessness of reasoning with hers.

She reached the brick temple, unlocked the door and entered into the glacial twilight. "I'm glad I'll never have to sit in this old vault again when other folks are out in the sun!" she said aloud as the familiar chill took her. She looked with abhorrence at the long, dingy rows of books, the sheep-nosed Minerva on her black pedestal, and the mild-faced young man in a high stock whose effigy pined above her desk. She meant to take out of the drawer her roll of lace and the library register, and go straight to Miss Hatchard to announce her resignation. But suddenly a great desolation overcame her, and she sat down and laid her face against the desk. Her heart was ravaged by life's cruelest discovery: the first creature who had come toward her out of the wilderness had brought her anguish instead of joy. She did not cry; tears came hard to her, and the storms of her heart spent themselves inwardly. But as she sat there in her dumb woe she felt her life to be too desolate, too ugly and intolerable.

"What have I ever done to it, that it should hurt me so?" she groaned, and pressed her fists against her lids, which were beginning to swell with weeping.

"I won't — I won't go there looking like a horror!" she muttered, springing up and pushing back her hair as if it stifled her. She opened the drawer, dragged out the register, and turned toward the door. As she did so it opened, and the young man from Miss Hatchard's came in whistling.

[To be continued]

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BEFORE you, its thick tough Goodrich Black Safety Tread slashed back, its sinewy, two-ply, rubber-saturated cable-cord body laid bare by the knife, stands a Silvertown Cord Tire.

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Thread cord, or *web,* (strings the size of a trout line, held parallel the circumference of the tire by interspaced cross-threads) gummed together in five to seven plies.

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Absolutely Pure. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach
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THRU slush and puddles, muck and mire the kiddies splash, thoughtless and care-free. Mother knows wet feet *today* mean sore throats *tonight.*
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Your Grandpa Knows Us
SMITH BROTHERS' S. B. COUGH DROPS.
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SB
1917
One Nickel

Note: Mr. Kaempffert, in his article, "Putting Uncle Sam to Work," in a recent number of McClure's, stated that the Government would supply, free of charge, copies of the Commerce Reports. We learn now that a fee is asked; and we must apologize to our readers for the misstatement.

Someone and Somebody

[*Continued from page 30*]

be expensive. From the indurated labor of three hard years, Giles had managed to accumulate the sum of one hundred and ten dollars and eleven cents. Yet he knew that the two or three dollars he was about to spend was not an extravagance, but an investment. Hence, as coldly calculating as a city council, he had made the appropriation and now prepared to spend it.

He ordered some good, hot soup — bouillon. He ordered a tenderloin of steak and baked potatoes and ice-cream. They ate. More color came to drive the paleness from our heroine's cheek.

Then, in the sweet spring moonlight, our heroine and Giles rode back on the top of the 'bus.

It is good to have someone to whom one can talk. A trouble shared is a trouble quartered. Even as a trouble pent up in the secret recesses of one's soul grows darkly gross and deeply bitter. From the little seed of sorrow leaps the tall, dank weed of despair, choking in its throttling grip the springing bud of hope, hiding it with somber leaves from the sunshine that is of peace.

On the way back our heroine talked. Words long unused, strangely unfamiliar, rushed to her lips. She told him of what her life had been. She even pointed out to him the house that had been hers and that father's that Giles had helped her to bury. . . . Giles winked. He looked again. . . . The mausoleum had led him to expect the marvelous; but not so marvelous as this! He'd thought it was a hotel. The rest he heard with open mouth.

She came down to the present. Giles managed to close his mouth long enough to ask her what she was going to do.

She didn't know.

Giles told her not to worry. He'd think of some way out of it. He'd never been stuck yet. Just have a good night's sleep and not think about anything and leave all her troubles to him. He'd do her worrying for her. He hadn't had a real good worry in so long he needed the exercise.

So Giles told our heroine. Whereby Giles was by way of being an Awful Liar. For he already had accumulated for himself one of the most complete, corpulent and rotund worries the world has ever known.

He was in love.

Nine dollars a week. And no way to get any more. No way in God's world to get any more.

That night, her weariness greater even than her grief, the gnawing gone from her stomach, our heroine slept well for the first time in six long months.

But sleep dwelt far from Giles. Through the endless hours of the night he lay there, battering his poor head against Nine Dollars a Week. And if there be any more concrete and unyielding barrier than Nine Dollars a Week, God has not yet given it to man to know. Man can bridge rivers, blast mountains, tunnel hills. But when it comes to Nine Dollars a Week, man is at least for the time being abject and helpless.

Chapter XVIII — In Which We Started Out to Explain Something, and Can't

IF, out of the goodness of your heart, you have come this far with us, doubtless you are wondering why our hero and our heroine don't come together.

In which wonderment you have, in the crude vernacular of the hoi polloi, nothing on us. We are wondering ourselves.

Chapter XIX — In Which Giles Gets Stuck, But Our Heroine Doesn't

GILES'S actions around the store for the next few days first amazed, then alarmed his employer.

At first he thought Giles was drunk. So he Went Up Close and talked to him.

Then he thought he was crazy. And yet he Seemed Normal in Most Things.

He watched Giles wait on an old customer from Orange, New Jersey. The customer asked Giles if he had a nice, cross-cut saw. Giles replied that she had the most beautiful eyes in the world, and that it was a darned shame.

The proprietor waited on the customer himself; then, getting Giles into a corner behind the rakes, he asked him what was the matter.

Giles said nothing was the matter; he was all right.

The proprietor then demanded as to why, when a customer wanted to look at a cross-cut saw, he, Giles, should start in to tell the customer about eyes and what a darned shame it was.

Giles said he must have been thinking about a friend of his.

The proprietor asked him if it was the friend whose father's funeral he had attended.

Giles said it was.

The proprietor grinned good-naturedly. He wanted to know if she was really as beautiful as that.

Giles said: "Gee! You'd just ought to see her!"

That night the proprietor told his wife about it. He said it reminded him of the day he first met her and how he sent four dozen boat-hooks to a customer that wanted to go fishing, and darned near lost his job.

All day Giles thought, alternating with periods of banging his head against Nine Dollars a Week. What could he do for our heroine? He had boasted that he had never been stuck yet. It looked as though that boast, at least, would have to be rubbed out. It was the longest morning he had ever put in; and the shortest afternoon. For as fast came the time for him to make good, he stood as empty of solution as a jug.

He took a long walk before going home, but it was productive of nothing.

When, solutionless, sore of head and sick of heart, he slunk into the dining-room and slumped into a chair, he found our heroine had solved it for him.

She was waiting on the table.

Chapter XX — In Which Our Heroine Finds a So-to-Speak Solution

GILES did not sleep that night; nor did our heroine.

Giles's wakefulness came from Nine Dollars a Week. That lasted until one o'clock. From then on, was responsible What Was the Use Anyway? . . . He felt that he wasn't and never could be good enough for her. . . . Gee, but she was pretty! Why a girl like that could marry anybody! What would she be doing with a poor slob who worked in a hardware store for nine dollars a week? Of course, she might be waiting on the table now. But what of that? The solution that he'd find would put her where she belonged, you bet! And she didn't belong to a nine-dollar-a-week hardware clerk. That was a cinch.

So thought Giles, of his great unselfishness. . . . And it kept him awake.

As for our heroine!

Wrapped, but not concealed, in the still uncommonly beautiful but still absurdly useless negligée, that she had slipped on over the almost as absurdly useless and even more uncommonly beautiful robe de nuit, she sat at the one window of her hall bedroom. Her hands stung and burned. Washing dishes is hard when you aren't used to it. And her feet ached. For waiting on the table is similar under the same conditions.

We will let her slip off her shoes, and her stockings. Soft little hands ease soft little feet of their aching. And our heroine thinks.

She goes over in her mind the talks that she had had with her father, of evenings, when, his head in his hands, she sat beside him, trying to give him the comfort that filled her soul for him — but which the burned-out filament could not take.

What he had told her meant but little then; but since that time, she had learned much!

These men — Barabbas & Co. — who were they?

She remembered: Big, Business Men, of the Street.

It had been a case of robbery, pure and simple, hadn't it?

Yes.

Then couldn't the police arrest the robbers and make them give up their plunder?

Not in this case. You see, This was Different.

But how was it different?

Everything Barabbas & Co. had done was quite within the law.

But she'd always thought the law punished robbers.

Only little ones. Big ones it protected.

But couldn't his lawyers do anything?

No.

Why?

Because Barabbas & Co. had had lawyers first. They had shown how the law could be evaded.

But weren't the lawyers honest?

No. They were lawyers. Big lawyers received big fees for showing rich men how they could plunder poor people without danger to themselves.

Then lawyers didn't care about the right and wrong of a case?

Not in the least. All they wanted was to win.

But that was wrong, wasn't it?

Of course. But what are you going to do about it?

But what were courts and judges and things for?

Merely to sit there, and when the lawyers found holes in the laws admit that the holes were there.

Wasn't there any justice in the world anywhere?

Not much.

And there was nothing — nothing at all — that they could do?

Nothing.

He had had good lawyers?

The best.

And there was nothing to be done?

Nothing. . . . Absolutely nothing.

So our heroine had talked with her father. The thought of her father — her eyes filled. She went to the bureau to get a handkerchief.

The bureau, as in frugal places, was bottomed with a newspaper, folded to fit. As our heroine's eyes fell upon it, they noticed a great, red headline. At first it registered nothing on her brain. Then, as the words sunk in, she started and, reaching in, took the paper quickly from the drawer to hold it before excited eyes. For the headline, spread now before her, was the same that had caused our hero to rest his elbow in the segment of prune pie and try to carve a glass of buttermilk with a fork. It was:

PROMINENT FINANCIERS DEAD

B. A. & R. A. Bass Killed in Motor Accident

Our heroine read swiftly, the uncommonly useless but absurdly beautiful negligée clinging close against her in the breath of spring that came through the window.

There was *some* justice in the world, after all!

She looked at the date of the paper. It was six weeks old.

Forgetting the handkerchief, she sat down and thought some more.

Barabbas & Company had stolen her money. And now they were dead.

Who had the money now?

Our heroine slipped on her stockings; then her shoes. Then, wrapping about her the absurdly useless but uncommonly beautiful robe de nuit, and about that the equally useless but even more beautiful negligée, she descended to the telephone. For, while Poverty slept, she well knew that Wealth was still awake, and that her father's lawyer would be at the club, playing bridge.

She called him up. She asked him who had inherited the stolen fortune of Barabbas & Co.

It wasn't that it made any difference. She just wanted to know.

He told her it was a young man, a nephew, he thought. His name was Walsingham VanDorn.

She asked him where the young man lived. He said at the Splendide, he had heard.

To be sure, she asked him if there was anything that could be done to get her father's money back.

He said there wasn't. That at the time he had devoted his best energies to the case and that the entire transaction had been due to the misplaced confidence of her father.

She thanked him. He said don't mention it, and asked her how her father was.

She said he was dead. He said he was so sorry; he hadn't heard.

She thanked him.

He said if there was anything he could do for her to let him know.

Again she thanked him.

Then he hung up; because he had been interrupted in the middle of a four no-trump bid that looked like a big slam.

Still, he wanted to be as nice to the Lanes as possible; though it was Lane's own fault. A man with no more business capacity than that should put his money in trust.

Our heroine went thoughtfully back to her room.

So the money that had been her father's, that was now rightfully hers, belonged to a young man named Walsingham VanDorn who lived at the Splendide.

But that didn't do her any good. It benefited him, to be sure; but not her.

She read over again the story of the death of the heads of Barabbas & Co.

As she finished, she noticed another headline:

Texas Rancher Recovers Stolen Cattle

Casually, she glanced over the reading matter beneath.

It told about how Mexican bandits had robbed a Texas rancher of fifty head of stock. At which the Texas rancher had crossed the border and robbed them back again.

Our heroine bent her pretty brows.

There was Something behind this Somewhere. What was it? A Texas rancher had been robbed of fifty head of stock . . . Well, what of it? . . . H'm . . . Eh . . .

Why, her father had been robbed of five million dollars.

Well? What was the parallel?

She thought deeply.

The Texas rancher had got his back again.

Quite so.

But her father hadn't.

Again true.

She thought some more.

Why?

Why had the Texas rancher been able to recover his stolen property when her father had been unable to recover his?

She read again carefully the story of the Texas ravishment.

She couldn't find a word about a lawyer in it anywhere! Nor was there mention of a court!

Obviously the Texas way of doing things was wrong. . . .

The rancher got his property back.

Now, we see! It isn't the Texas way that's wrong. It's the New York way. The Texas rancher hadn't sat around with his head in his hands. According to the story he had leapt swiftly on his horse, forded the Rio Grande, come upon the Mexican bandits at sunrise, scattered them with a few well-aimed shots, and then driven his recovered property home again.

Clearly, then, this was the way to recover stolen property.

But wait again. Her father couldn't have leapt upon his horse, forded Forty-second street, come upon Wall street bandits at sunrise, scattered them with a few well-aimed shots and driven his recovered property home again. . . . No, that was quite out of the question.

But why?

There seemed to be but one answer.

Because Texas was Texas and New York, New York.

Nevertheless right is right, and wrong is wrong, no matter where they are. And since the Texas way was so clearly right, but wait a minute.

When Cobb Rebelled

IRVIN S. COBB *is an enthusiastic duck-hunter. The exacting likes and dislikes of a wild duck, though, have never ceased to annoy him.*

On a recent trip to the Great South Bay his favorite guide and friend, Tom Roberts, instructed him to discard a dark-colored mackinaw of which Cobb was very proud.

"It's too dark in color," the guide explained, "and will show up too prominently in the blind. A duck could see that a mile off."

As daylight came Roberts also noticed that the writer had protected his neck with a reddish-colored muffler.

"You'd better take that off, too," he advised; and Cobb reluctantly removed the offending bit of color.

"Look here, Tom," he said in disgust. "Things have come to a pretty pass when a common, ordinary duck can get me up at this time in the morning and then dictate to me what I shall wear!"

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If the skin or scalp is in bad shape, through neglect or improper treatment, a little Resinol Ointment should at first be used with the Resinol Soap, to hasten the return to normal conditions.

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even as the New York way was so clearly wrong, there must be Something in the idea Somewhere.

For her father had been cold-bloodedly robbed and was without redress. The Texas rancher had been cold-bloodedly robbed and had all the redress he wanted, and some left over.

Patently, then, there *was* something in the idea somewhere. One learns a lot from the newspapers, if one reads intelligently. Our heroine resolved to Think It Out.

And she did.

Slipping her feet beneath her, and sitting on them comfortably (a posture that can be achieved successfully only by the very slender and the very young), and drawing more closely about her the absurdly useless but uncommonly beautiful negligée, our heroine set forth on a mental pilgrimage which should lead her Back to the Beginning.

Why was it that the Texas method of recovering plundered property should succeed and the New York way shouldn't?

Because, patently, in Texas there were no laws to hamper one; or if there were, they were not heeded.

But what were laws for?

Obviously, to protect people.

But, apparently, laws did not protect people; they only injured them. Her father's case showed that.

But laws were supposed to provide justice.

Quite true. And yet they didn't.

Again quite true. Why didn't they?

It must be that in New York there were too many laws. That while Texas justice walked about unhampered of the law, New York justice stumbled ever blindfolded through a Dismal Swamp of Legality, Technicality, and Precedent, its arms bound with red tape and its scales loaded in a way to make the Bureau of Weights and Measures sigh in its sleep.

That was it. New York law was a mystic maze with a hundred ways in and no way out.

Having reached this decision, our heroine uncurled her feet and curled them up the other way. Then she continued:

But how far ought one to be bound by laws that gave no justice?

That was more or less of a sticker. Our heroine had delved deeply into dress, but ethics was a region unexplored. She tried to concretize.

It was against the law to bathe in the lake in Central Park. But suppose one chanced to be walking on the edge and somebody pushed someone in; as Barabbas & Co. had pushed her father, against his will, into the lake of ruin.

Should one, drowning, send for one's counsel and ask his advice as to what to do? And have the counsel tell one that, inasmuch as one had broken the law, the case would have to be tried before the properly-constituted authorities, and then tread water while the counsel went home and drew up a brief full of whereases and inasmuches and parties of the first part and parties of the second part, and then file the papers, and wait a couple of months, and have the case tried, and have the district attorney file a bill of exceptions, or whatever it was, and have it appealed, and set for retrial for two years from Tuesday, with the chance of further postponement if the judge happened to want to go fishing or something?

It didn't look quite sensible.

And suppose, further, that the only bank that one could reach happened to be covered with rhododendrons, or trailing arbutus.

It is against the law to pick flowers in the park. Whereby should one say to oneself, while inhaling chokingly of the forbidden bath, "I I try to save myself by clutching at those flowers, I can't help picking some of them off. Therefore, the only legal thing for me to do is to drown," and then, with a soft, sweet sigh, close one's eyes and go down for the third time.

There was no argument but that this would be the legal thing to do. Since while there are laws against bathing, and picking the flowers, there is no law against unintentional drowning.

The longer she thought, the more startlingly plain became the parallel of the park lake and the lake of financial ruin, into which her father and herself had been pushed.

Her father, refusing to save his life by clutching at the forbidden flowers, had drowned. Should she do likewise?

The answer was obvious. Already had appeal been made to the justiceless law of New York. It had turned away, coldly. No possible aid, now or ever, lay there.

What then?

The lawless justice of the border was her only hope. That was evident.

Having arrived at this decision, our heroine quickly rose, threw off her absurdly useless but uncommonly beautiful negligée, threw back the covers of her bed, threw herself upon that bed, drew the covers close up about her chin, drew her knees close up to her body, and closed her eyes. Sleep came, as it comes only to youth. It is tiring work, waiting on tables, and washing dishes. It is also tiring work trying to solve the vague mysteries of a life insoluble.

Chapter XXI—In Which, Having Thus Provided for the Immediate Wants of Our Heroine, We Tear Madly to the Assistance of Our Hero

WE left our hero, if you recall, seated on a little row of dots between the lowest-necked dress he had ever seen and the most beautiful eyes he had ever gazed into. Of course, as yet, he has not seen our heroine's. But that will come.

There are certain things in life that people will not talk about because It Is Isn't Proper. There are certain open sewers in life that people keep stepping over, eyes and nose aloof, because to recognize these sewers Isn't Being Done.

Whereby the things that Aren't Proper and the open sewers have all the best of it. Because, while society sits by refusing to talk or to notice, the sewers grow more foul and the Improper Things wax more improper yet. For it must be that the first step toward the correction of an evil or an abuse, is to admit its existence.

Otherwise one were in the position of a man having appendicitis and refusing to acknowledge it under the plea that appendices are not proper, and to mention them simply Isn't Being Done. Whereby it would be merely a question of time when his sorrowing relatives gazed on his horizontal visage through a sheet of plate glass and murmured, "Doesn't he look natural?"

Therefore, it is that to deny the existence of the open sewer of the social evil, is to deny the open sewer of the bubonic plague. To deny the dangers of malicious sex is to deny the dangers of smallpox or infantile paralysis.

That It Isn't Proper, or Isn't Being Done, is as foolish, as fatuous and as fatal in the one case as in the other, and more so.

Sex is at once the greatest blessing and the greatest menace of the human race. It perpetuates the human race and many of the diseases thereof. It is the flaming plaything of youth, scarring the young bodies of some, consuming the young bodies of others. It is the greatest, and the least recognized, pitfall on earth. Parents will explain and elucidate to their children nine of the Ten Commandments. But when it comes to the remaining seventh, they hem and haw and say it's late now and you have to go to bed and we'll talk about that some other time. Whereby they, in their arrant cowardice, sacrifice their children on the altar of flaming shame with all the sacerdotal cruelty of the Aztecs, and none of the extenuating superstition; for the Aztecs at least thought they were pleasing their God. Parents such as I have mentioned know they aren't pleasing their God. And they are too cowardly, or too lazy, to try. Whereby they leave their children to wander into the mysteries of sex as a child wanders into a morass.

There are probably in this country one million women, married and single, professional and unprofessional, respectable and unrespectable, supporting themselves solely by their sex. This makes sex a greater industry than iron, or steel, or railroading, or cotton-planting, or potato-raising, or silk worms. It makes it a greater menace than flood, or famine or drought; a greater danger than disease, or murder, or burglary.

Why, then, refuse to recognize it? Can you see any reason? If you can, you're smarter than we are.

There are some parents who can be held blameless for sending their children stumbling blindfolded into a somewhat good and somewhat rotten world. They are those that die before they have time to perform their duties. And they are the only ones. Such were our hero's.

The dinner dinned on.

Our hero partook largely of the strange foods and strange wines; of the strange conversation, he shared but little. He didn't know what they were talking about—though that was no wonder. For they weren't talking about anything.

Following the dinner, came cordials. Our

hero drew a white one. He knew it well. It was caraway seeds. He remembered that caraway seeds were harmless. So he took several. With the cordials came cigars and cigarettes.

Thérèse, on his left, chose one of the latter, lighted it, and made the smoke come out through her nose. Our hero sat eyeing her dumbly. It was the first time he had ever seen a woman smoke. At the Splendide, you know, he always dined in the grill, opposite the Rocky Mountain sheep; and his two friends, Mahree and Gwendolyn, didn't smoke because it hurt their throats; also, Gus didn't approve.

The possessor of the beautiful eyes on his left refused the proffer of what the cigarette advertisements call the fragrant weed with a slight movement of her beautiful head. Our hero admired her the more. He also admired the light-glints in her hair. What a wondrous color it was! . . . It was. For it had passed beyond the loving hand of Nature. . . .

Our hero looked into her glowing eyes. Then he turned and looked at Thérèse. She was Blowing Rings.

Following the dinner, the guests sat around for a while and insulted one another. At length, tiring of this, Mrs. Lispenard Stuart went to bed. Mr. Lispenard Stuart had long since done so.

Oh, yes, there was a Mr. Lispenard Stuart. But he didn't amount to anything. All he did was to pay the bills. He joyfully robbed widows and orphans during the day and came home at night to do penance. He hated guests. He hated house-parties. But his wife had him licked. In which he was like so many of our big business men of America. In the marts of trade, he was supreme; but when he got home he made a Nubian lion look like a guinea-pig. So he had dinner served in his rooms, looked over a few reports, decided how much he and his associates would give to the campaign fund, and then went to bed with insomnia, in all its branches. But he was a good sort at that; would have eaten pie for breakfast if he could. He didn't realize that he was robbing widows and orphans. Starting out as office-boy in a nest of financial pirates, he had drifted into this fiscal second-story work unconsciously, and had never had time, sense nor inclination to figure out how great a scoundrel he was. Always had he been too busy to dig out the fact that there is nobody so dead, when he dies, as a rich man who is merely rich. Midas and Solomon are completely, lastingly and entirely defunct. Lispenard Stuart is about to become so. But he doesn't know it. All he knows is that he always feels rotten, can't sleep, never has any fun, and what's the use? He also knows that everybody is always trying to pass laws to keep him from robbing them, and it ain't right. Because if his robbing is restricted, where's he going to get the money with which his wife gives the house-parties he hates and to keep up the sea-going yacht that he doesn't use and the town house in which he is so thoroughly miserable? Also to pay the expensive specialists to doctor him up so that he can have the strength to work himself sick again and be doctored some more?

Following the regal retirement of Mrs. Lispenard Stuart, who didn't bother to say good night to anybody, thoroughly despising them all, fell a hiatus.

An Hawaiian band discoursed Broadway music in a Greek pergola. The leader hadn't been here long but he had learned how to size up his audience.

It was a wonderful night. The great, round moon rode high in the heavens. Came from hill and wood and meadow the soft, sweet breath of spring, tempered of the moist whisper of the sea. A glorious night it was! So some of the older guests sat down to horn one another at bridge; and some of the others to play bottle pool for ten dollars a corner. Yet others thought they would dance.

Our hero, sipping some more extract of caraway seeds, sat and watched them. Lithe young girls, care-free and clothes-free, bare of neck and of back, light skirts flirting with silk-clad knees. Sometimes they came between our hero and the light. How the fashions had changed since the days of his mother who always had on quite a lot in summer and more in winter!

Held tight they were by the carbon copy youths of the period that danced with them; tall, well-groomed fellows with flat stomachs and flatter heads whereon lay shining hair, combed straight back, like a sealskin muff.

Thérèse asked our hero if he dawnced. He said he did. For he had not noticed that these new strange people were dancing new strange dances. Observing them casually from a caraway-seeded contentment, it had escaped his notice that they were not doing the Portland Fancy, and the Schottische, and the polka, and the Yorke, that had been his boyhood pleasures. Thus it was that he said that he did.

Some years had passed since our hero had invaded the temple of Terpsichore. Under similar conditions and with similar experience of the gentle art, an angel would have winged away like a buzzard. But our hero rushed in.

Great and broadcast was the carnage that ensued. Paled before it Gettysburg, Verdun and the Russian advance along the Bug. Seizing in a firm and plastic grip the pliable Thérèse, who thought she was about to perform the hesitation, our hero embarked upon his terpsichoreal emprise.

As has been said, Thérèse thought she was about to perform the hesitation. Thérèse was wrong. There was involved no hesitation at all; not the slightest. It was all action from the start.

Gathering close to him the pliant Thérèse, who, being slender, did not cramp his style in the least except once in a while to get between his feet, our hero slid out upon the polished floor of the pergola, beneath the great, round moon. He slid a bit better than that, even. For, as he gaily turned, indulging in a coquettish pirouette, his foot inserted itself between those of a débutante who was being backed across the floor by her partner to the tune of I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier. Which, incidentally, was a good thing for our hero. For, had such been the upbringing of the partner in question, the whole affair would have wound up in a battle right there.

As it was, however, the débutante hesitated in her flight, said, "Ooh," turned frantic eyes about her for help, like an American citizen in Mexico appealing to Bryan, leaned slowly backward, leaned backward a little more, and then fell like a giant redwood beneath the hand of the destroyer.

She had been going fast at the time; probably over four miles an hour. Also she was clinging to the neck of her partner as clings a drowning man to another kind of straw. Whereat said partner gazed about him like a gentleman in the electric chair, and as futilely. For him was not to choose. His toes caught beneath those of the clinging débutante, beside whom the well-known vine of similar repute would have appeared cold and repulsive, and over he went.

Came from the cupid-bow lips of the charming débutante a maidenly "Oooof!" That was all; but as I have said, great was their momentum. Wherefore the partner, though striking heavily, ricocheted twice and, sliding along on his powdered chin, managed to get himself all mixed up among a dowager whose luck at bridge had been so rotten that she was taking it out on her husband by teaching him to dance.

Said husband danced only under, and with, protest; but he was doing the best he could.

Obsessed of brain with the sole thought of steering a two-hundred-pound wife through the maze of human obstacles about him, the while his soul craved for a periscope, he did not notice that which lay beneath. Wherefore he and the wife that was his struck it going sideways.

Clutching each other frantically, wild-eyed, their erstwhile happy souls stricken of a great and sudden despair, they toppled, and hung a moment in mid air. But the laws of gravitation may not be long defied. Drawn irresistibly, at length, they fell. And the "Oof!" that came from the lips of the partner, now more fallen on than falling, made that which had emanated from the equally prostrate débutante as the vasty silence of the empty sea.

WE would love there to end the awful scene. But truth is, as we have said, remorseless; it is not so to be. For there is more.

In the center of the pergola was a fountain; a beauteous thing of gold, marble and colored glass, wherein played glistening streams of water; also goldfish and things.

Thus it was that even as collapsed upon the prostrate partner the dowager with the faithful husband and the rotten luck, came yet a third couple to mingle in the strife. Gaily they came, mingling their feet happily in the tangled intricacies of the latest invention of St. Vitus. Happily they came, and swiftly. For even as St. Vitus had taught them, so had Cupid come to thrill their hearts of his emotions. Hence, as danced sprightly feet, so gazed eye into eye. In the coma of their mutual devotion all else was lost; the whole world had sunk into oblivion beside a passion so flaming as to make Romeo and Juliet seem like political enemies. Knee to knee and eye to eye they came slithering along like a drunkard to a clam-bake. They hit the fallen partner. That [*Continued on page 62*]

Stop Eating Foods That Poison!

Why Wrong Eating is Responsible for More Sickness than Any Other Cause. How Right Eating Removes the Cause of Sickness.

By Arthur True Buswell, M. D.

EUGENE CHRISTIAN

Not long ago I had a talk with Eugene Christian, the noted food scientist, and he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food. Incidentally Eugene Christian has personally treated over 23,000 people for almost every non-organic ailment known with almost unvaried success. An enviable record when one considers that people nearly always go to him after every other known method has failed.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50 per cent. efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating and wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him checks for $500 or $1000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying him.

Food is the fuel of the human system, yet some of the combinations of food we put into our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood and a little coal would be in a furnace—and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of man to-day is but 30 years—and that diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys have increased 103 per cent. during the past few years!

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

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Building From the Ground Up

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Editor of McClure's Monthly Financial Department, "Your Money and How to Make it Earn"

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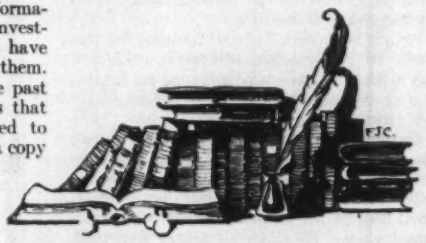

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made because of the great number of inquiries received. Mr. Atwood cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

A YOUNG man in one of the country's distant colonial possessions has one hour a day to spend in the study of investments. Although he has asked McClure's Magazine for details, his ideas as to the principles which should govern the course are so sensible, definite and novel that they merit being placed before the readers of this department.

"The art of war," declares Napoleon, "can be comprehended only by the exhaustive study and comparison of the campaigns of the great captains." In the same way, by the study and comparison of the achievements of men who have risen to eminence in the financial world, it is possible to discern a similarity of method, calculation and procedure, which if properly comprehended must form the true and sound foundation upon which financial knowledge rests safely. The writer has in mind to:

1. Take one good financial magazine. Which do you consider best for him?

2. Study books. Which would you advise? It will be a point in their favor if they can be obtained at libraries or upon loan, as he is entirely dependent upon what he earns and cannot spend more than $1 per month on this course of study.

3. Keep accounts of make-believe investments over a period of half a dozen years. What particular investments or class of investments would you advise him to direct his attention to?

Can you suggest a better method for such a course of study?

To answer the last of these questions first, I cannot think of a better method than the one outlined here, for the small sum of money available. It is doubtful if a much better course could be followed even with a large sum. Here is a man who is willing to build surely from the foundations up. He does not seek to get rich quick. He has patience to wait. There is no overpowering lure for him in the thousands of new share flotations, only a few of which will survive the present period of abnormal war prosperity. He does not seek at a single bound to accomplish what common sense warns us all should take years to bring about.

Nor does this young man expect in a single lesson, as it were, or by reading a single book, to master the vast and intricate branch of knowledge known as Finance. As he expects to keep accounts of make-believe investments for half a dozen years he evidently intends to profit by the slow teachings of experience.

There is no doubt whatever that by following the careers of successful men, he will be inspired to succeed. I do not mean that such a contemplation *alone* will make a man great. Perish such a childish and absurd idea! But there is real stimulus in the lives of "big" men, and the increasing dissemination of information about such leaders of business and finance has already contributed to the advancement of countless younger men.

I do not know of any one book that sums up the traits of greatness, "to discern (if possible) a similarity of method, calculation and procedure." Much of the literature which is technically and disrespectfully known in the trade to editors and writers as "inspirational stuff," has real, if somewhat overrated, value. Such are the writings of the late Elbert Hubbard, Dr. Frank Crane, B. C. Forbes, portions of Arthur Brisbane's editorials in the New York Evening Journal, and Dr. Orison Swett Marden. Many of the books of Hubbard and Marden are to be found in numerous libraries, and Mr. Forbes sells his book directly at a low price. An old book of this same general nature, "Getting On In the World," by Matthews, is to be found in a few libraries and is full from cover to cover of the truest and noblest inspiration to success. Few modern "inspirational" writers can equal Matthews, despite his out-of-date and somewhat stilted manner, and for that matter the essays of Emerson and even of Bacon point the way more directly to success than any modern book. And they have the advantage of being in every library.

To get a little closer to the subject of finance, I advise the inquirer and all other young men to read with the utmost care the series of articles which appeared in McClure's Magazine in 1910 and 1911, known as "Masters of Capital in America," by George Kibbe Turner and John Moody. Unfortunately these articles did not appear in book form, but most libraries have bound copies of McClure's Magazine. These intensely personal and dramatic, yet authoritative and exhaustive, articles will in a few hours' reading give a young man a background knowledge of the forces underneath the big business and financial world of today that only an insignificant fraction of older business men possess.

The series of articles known as "Stories of $100,000 Salaries," which also appeared in McClure's in 1914, and much similar magazine material is to be recommended. The biography of James J. Hill, now appearing in the *World's Work*, and personal articles such as those which frequently appear in *System*, *The American Magazine* and many other periodicals, should be read with care, if the magazines are available. "The Life of Jay Cooke" is perhaps the most detailed and illuminating biography of any great financier which has appeared in this country. Unfortunately it is to be had only in a few large libraries and is out of print. Herbert Croly's biography of Mark Hanna is more accessible, and Dewey's "Financial History of the United States," a text-book which almost every library keeps, contains a long list of biographies of bankers, financiers and statesmen intimately associated with finance.

The inquirer wants to subscribe to one good financial magazine. This subject is carefully discussed in McClure's Financial Booklet. It is both difficult and delicate to give advice on such a point. Of the many moderate-priced periodicals, three would seem more or less suited to the purpose, although no one exactly meets his needs. *Commerce and Finance* is bright, illuminating and easy to understand, but it treats these subjects in general and rarely mentions specific stocks or bonds. *The Magazine of Wall Street* is the lowest in price, and contains many excellent articles explaining technical financial subjects to the beginner, articles which, for the speculator and investor, are often "just what one wants to know." It also contains a great mass of information about specific bonds and stocks, but caters almost wholly to the person who wants to "make money" rather than to the critical student, and therefore sees chiefly the favorable, rather than the unfavorable, points in most investments. *The Financial World* is critical and dis-

McClure's Financial Booklet

Seventh Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
Lists of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks, and Mortgages
Lists of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
First Principles of Life Insurance
Investment Opportunities of the War

Booklet will be sent for ten cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

Employ Your Surplus Profitably

Is it logical to devote months of study to the solution of some business problem, primarily to increase the efficiency and earning power of your business, while your surplus funds lie unproductive or earning only a portion of their legitimate income?

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National City Bank Building
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Many prospective investors and others who have already made their first investments will find this book full of information they have desired.

It gives in terse language, particulars of the difference between stocks and bonds and between speculation and investment — the stability of bonds — why banks, insurance companies and capitalists place their moneys in bonds — the ideal bond — "listed" and "unlisted" securities — how money grows, etc.

Write for "Investing $100 to $10,000" to Department "K," 43 Exchange Place, New York or 10 South Calvert Street, Baltimore.

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INVESTMENT SECURITIES
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All Essential Features of a Sound Investment

Namely

1. Fixed Security ample to safeguard the loan;
2. Net earnings of sufficient size and stability to assure prompt payment of interest and principal;
3. Such excellent quality that marketability under ordinary conditions is certain;
4. The obligation of an old, established, uniformly prosperous Company;
5. Offered and recommended by bankers with years of experience and success in this particular form of investment;
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are combined in an issue of first mortgage bonds described in our circular No. 961 CM, which will be sent promptly upon request.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.
(ESTABLISHED 1865)
10 South La Salle Street, Chicago

ESTABLISHED 1865

criminating, constantly exposes fakes, publishes much concise information, and is written in very simple and non-technical style, but does not have many explanations of technical subjects and less information about the actual machinery of speculation.

Books on corporation finance and investments are discussed and described in the last chapter of the McClure Booklet. But for those who are building from the ground up, the careful study of a book on economics should come before any attempt is made to read books on other subjects. At the basis of every business is economic theory, and if one does not have his theory right, either from reading or the hard knocks of experience, he will get his practice wrong. In making any scientific study it is well to begin with the general and abstract and work to the particular and concrete. Every library contains one or more of the numerous elementary text-books on economics. Perhaps the most widely used for such a purpose as we have in mind are the two volumes of Professor Taussig, but several others will do as well. In reading economics one should always try to apply the theory to the practice, drawing upon the imagination, if need be, to couple the two. Especially in studying the theories of value, of price, of speculation, of profits and similar subjects, apply in your mind what you learn to the field of practice. Far less money would be lost in Wall Street and in worthless stocks generally if men and women thoroughly understood, or remembered, the accepted theories of economic science.

The next step in a well-ordered course would be the study of money and banking, of the principles of foreign exchange, and the causes of panics and depressions, along with the attempts to forecast the future conditions of business. Only then is the young man in a sound position to read books on investments, on bonds or stocks. The final step is to actually analyze the reports of corporations. A number of these are often published in full, either in the news or advertising columns of newspapers.

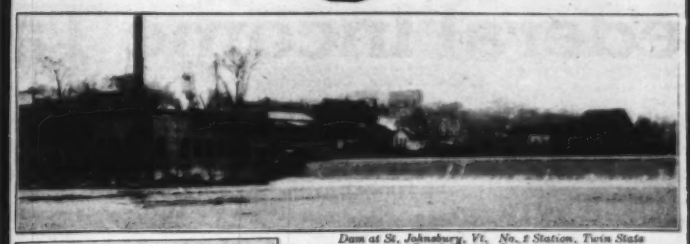
I cannot conceive of any wiser method of checking up this whole process of slow but steady education than to keep the accounts of make-believe investments over a period of years. Enter the price supposed to be paid, its fluctuation from time to time, the dividends or interest, the surplus available for dividends or interest each year, or the margin of safety above the dividends and interest, and possibly the amount set aside each year for surplus or for extra maintenance. Select a few bonds and stocks from each of several groups, such as railroads, public utilities and industrials. At present it might be most interesting to take several copper, oil and motor stocks and a few typical foreign bonds. If this course is faithfully pursued for an hour a day by a young man, he should acquire a fairly thorough and certainly well-grounded knowledge of investment within five years.

Books About Stocks and Bonds

Iusurance and Banking by Mail

"International Finance," by Hartley Withers, $1.25; E. P. Dutton & Company. Few writers on economic subjects have such a fascinating style as Mr. Withers. He always illuminates any subjects he discusses and this book is timely, in that it takes up the principles which underlie the investment of capital in foreign countries. The book will prove valuable to anyone who wishes to understand the great world forces in finance, to which attention has been attracted so much by the war.

"Bond Topics," published monthly by A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York City, contains many interesting discussions on bonds in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have an established reputation for safety. They are financed under State supervision.

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No security is more convenient, being free from the Federal Income Tax. No investment is better secured, having the faith, credit and taxing power of the issuing community behind it. For these reasons a ready market always exists.

There is a reason why the Government accepts only Municipal and Government Bonds to secure Postal Savings Deposits. Experienced Investors will tell you why this is—the safety of the investment.

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"Over a Quarter Century in this Business"

INFLUENCES to spend money are great. To counteract them, a strong influence to save is what many people need, and want.

A partial payment account with us fills that want.

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5% Loan of 1909

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6% Gold Bonds

Prices and particulars on application

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Send for FREE copy of our NEW booklet

Handy-Digest
Federal Income Tax

(Third Edition, Copyrighted 1916)

The new Federal Income Tax Law, enacted by Congress September 8, 1916, increases the rates and makes other important changes in the Law.

This booklet, prepared for the convenience of individuals and fiduciaries within the scope of the law, is a comprehensive digest of the new Act and all authoritative Rulings under the Act of 1913. These include the 199 Articles of the Regulation of the Treasury Department pertaining to the Law, over 100 Treasury Decisions, various departmental letters to Collectors and special explanatory letters and telegrams to individuals and firms, together with opinions of the Attorney-General and Court Decisions.

From this mass of material, our Income Tax Department has prepared a summary, concise and intelligible in form, with an efficient index. The complete text of the new Law of 1916 is appended and fully indexed.

Send for Handy-Digest No. 32

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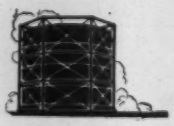
The Companies are given (legally and naturally) a monopoly of their business fields. They operate under the supervision of State Commissions even to the extent of the amount of bonds Companies may issue. These bonds have an unequalled record for safety.

We recommend the bonds of the Ohio Utilities Company and will be glad to send our illustrated booklet 42 on request.



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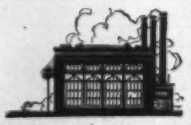

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Put your savings where they will first of all be safe.

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Third—where they will in turn yield a fair rate of interest.

Fourth—where the prospects are good that they will grow gradually without unnecessary risk.

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Not One Dollar of Loss

to our customers from the many million dollars bonds which we have handled. We offer same bonds the Government accepts as security for Postal Savings Deposits. Instead of Governments 2% you get 4 to 5½%. No income tax. *Write for Booklet K, "Bonds of Our Country," FREE.*

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general, with particular references to Public Utility Bonds. Copies on request.

"14 Utility Companies" is a booklet describing the strong features of public utility bonds, which are rapidly increasing in popularity among conservative investors. Copies may be had from P. W. Brooks & Co., New York, on request for "Utility Review M."

Alexander Brown & Sons, Baltimore, Md., will send upon request a copy of their new booklet dealing with the Federal Income Tax Law. Send for the "Handy-Digest, Federal Income Tax" booklet.

"The Premier Investment" is the title of an excellent booklet on Municipal Bonds published by the Municipal Bond House of William R. Compton Company of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. A request to any of their offices will bring this booklet.

Tillotson & Wolcott of Cleveland, Ohio, will send upon request a very interesting booklet entitled "Systematic Saving at 6%." This booklet deals with all classes of bond issues, partial-payment plan, etc.

"The Investors' Guide" is the title of a booklet which gives definitions of technical terms; compares stocks, bonds and real estate mortgages, and in an interesting manner outlines the principles and methods of Investment. Free copies may be obtained from E. F. Coombs & Co., 120 Broadway, New York .

Bankers Loan & Investment Company, 63 Wall Street, New York City, will send upon request an interesting booklet entitled "Safety of Savings." Address Department B.

To those interested, the Citizens' Savings & Trust Co., Cleveland, Ohio, will gladly send Booklet D, which explains their system of Banking-by-Mail.

A First and Refunding Mortgage Bond, yielding 7 per cent., of a railroad company serving in an efficient way one of the most thickly settled and prosperous territories in the world, is being offered to investors by A. B. Leach & Co., 62 Cedar Street, New York.

An exceptionally complete illustrated booklet, containing 150 photographs of public utility properties in which the Standard Gas and Electric Company owns investments, is being prepared and will be mailed on publication by H. M. Byllesby & Company, engineers and managers, 202 La Salle Street, Chicago; Trinity Building, New York, and Gas Building, Tacoma.

Peabody, Houghteling & Company, 10 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, have just published a new booklet [free] which describes a wide variety of attractive securities in established sections of the United States and Canada.

A pamphlet dealing with proposed changes in the Income Tax Law should interest a large number of McClure readers. This is being distributed by The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad Street, New York City, will send upon request booklet K-2, describing a number of new foreign securities.

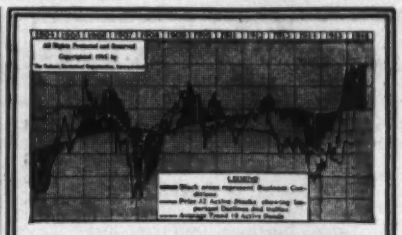
McClave & Company, 67 Exchange Place, publish a leaflet on systematic saving which they will mail on request.

Hambleton & Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York, will send upon request an elaborate booklet dealing with various classes of high-grade investment securities. Send for book let "Investing One Hundred to Ten Thousand Dollars."

Sheldon, Morgan & Company, 42 Broadway, New York, publish an interesting book, D-2, explaining their plan for the purchase of standard securities in any amount.

"How to Invest in Standard Securities by the Partial Payment Method" will be sent upon request by Harris, Winthrop & Co., 15 Wall Street, New York.

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellseley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly



Profits in 1917?

Safe investing means knowing what to buy—and *what not to buy;* when to buy—and *when not to buy* Babson Service insures safety.

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

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Safe Investments
Yielding 6%

Many investors content themselves with a low rate of interest because they think a low rate necessarily indicates greater safety.

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The quality of these securities is indicated by the fact that practically every issue we have offered has been bought in part by financial and fiduciary institutions. One recent issue was bought by eleven of the thirteen banks in the city where the property was located.

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The Tillotson & Wolcott Co.
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A Market True to Form

The stock market has run true to form.

It has discounted the future.

It will discount the future in the future.

We have prepared a chart reflecting a possible trend of the market in the future with an interesting explanation attached.

Whether or not you will agree with the conclusions drawn, the evidence put forward in this bulletin will help you to reach your own conclusions by the process of clear thinking.

Send for Bulletin S-12, *"A Long Look Ahead."*

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Members New York Stock Exchange

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The safest possible investment. Illustrated booklet tells why. Write for it and for list and plats of current loans. We know our field.
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6% NET

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The Standard Oil subsidiaries have gained a reputation for their bountiful distribution of accumulated surpluses from time to time in the form of stock dividends.

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Right now, there are nine of the subsidiaries which have piled up sufficient surpluses to warrant a nearby distribution of profits to shareholders, and these are listed in the current number of our fortnightly publication

"Investment Opportunities"

This number, as well as succeeding issues, will be sent without charge, upon request for 33-A, including booklet explaining

"The Twenty Payment Plan"

SLATTERY & Co.
Investment Securities
Established 1908
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No matter where you live you can avail yourself of our easy mailing service, which extends to all parts of the U. S., to Canada and foreign countries.

Invest Your Savings Under N. Y. State Supervision

This Institution (now in its 27th year), operating under N. Y. State Banking supervision and subject to N. Y. State Banking Law (the most stringent in existence), offers a harbor of safety for the investment of savings, small or large.

4½% 5½% 6%

We are paying as follows: 4½% per annum on Ordinary Savings, 5½% on our 3-Year $100 Income Certificates, 6% on Installment Savings. *Any amount, $1 to $5000 starts you on either of our savings plans.* Your money begins to earn from 1st of any month. *A check for earnings mailed each 6 months.*

GUARANTEED

In addition to all security required by law, both principal and yearly earnings at the rates above set forth are guaranteed in accordance with the terms of an "Agreement of Guarantee" in effect since 1897.

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"The Safety of Savings"

Before investing your savings elsewhere, be sure to send for our free book, "The Safety of Savings."

Bankers Loan & Investment Co.
A Savings and Loan Association
65 Wall Street, Dept. B, New York

Stability

Public Utility Investments Under Byllesby Management

Progressive efficiency yields the investor an attractive return with safety of principal.

The experience of members of our organization dates from the founding of the electrical industry.

Utility companies serving 340,000 customers are now under the supervision of the organization.

The investment securities of these companies are described in illustrated literature which will be sent upon request.

Ask for booklet M

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(Incorporated)

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1202 Trinity Bldg.	202 So. La Salle St.	Gas Building

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E J L Co

Be sure your connections are right and you will not go wrong in your investments. For 33 years investors from all parts have purchased our Farm Mortgages without the loss of a dollar. Send for descriptive pamphlet "T" and current offerings.

We're Right on the Ground

ESTABLISHED 1883 **E. J. LANDER & CO.**
GRAND FORKS NORTH DAKOTA
Capital and Surplus One Half Million Dollars

reports and charts which help its subscribers to anticipate the larger movement in security, commodity, and labor prices.

On account of the unusual situation in the copper market a Book just issued for free distribution by L. R. Latrobe & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, which gives capitalization, earnings, dividends, high-low prices, etc., on about 150 different copper companies, should prove of timely assistance to investors.

Write Slattery & Co., 40 Exchange Place, New York, for current issue of their fortnightly publication, "Investment Opportunities," which describes many sound and attractive investments. Ask for 33-A, including booklet explaining *The Twenty Payment Plan.*

S. W. Straus & Company, Straus Building, Chicago, and 150 Broadway, New York City, will send to McCLURE readers who write for it Straus's Investors' Magazine, also booklet B-704.

A booklet has recently been issued by The F. B. Collins Investment Company, Oklahoma City, Okla., which gives valuable information to prospective investors in Farm Mortgages.

"A Long Look Ahead" is the title of an analysis of present market conditions with predictions as to the course in the future, which has been issued by John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York. Illustrated by a chart which outlines the logical trend as influenced by prospects of peace, effects of war destruction and possibilities of peace profits, the circular affords a basis for clear thinking which is designed to clarify the opinion of the individual investor. Copies of this circular will be sent on request.

"Booklet T," issued by E. J. Lander & Company, Grand Forks, N. D., tells about 6 per cent. farm mortgages on rich agricultural lands in the Northwest.

Valuable information on Oregon Farm Mortgages may be obtained by writing for list 12 to the Cronan Mortgage Co., 902 Spalding Building, Portland, Oregon.

"Bonds of Our Country" tells how bonds accepted by the United States Government may be purchased in $100 denominations and on partial payment plan. Write for booklet K, New First National Bank, Columbus, O.

Perkins & Company, Lawrence, Kans., will be pleased to send upon request an interesting list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

Apotheosis

by **William Griffith**

LAST night the world died.
How the imps skurried!
Some souls were enskied;
Some of them buried.

Others who were as tall
And strong as seven,
To the surprise of all,
Fell short of heaven.

Many who stormed the gate,
Bent on acquiring
Glory at any rate,
Soon began tiring.

Some took the time to ring,
And were anointed.
How many hurrying
Were disappointed!

SAFETY SAVING SERVICE

THE ideal insurance-institution is one which makes **safety** the first consideration; which enables the public to make an actual **saving,** year after year, in the cost of insurance-protection, and which renders genuine and continuous **service** to its policyholders. It is these three essentials that during the past eleven years have so largely contributed to the **success** of the

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The Postal is **safe** because it sets aside the full reserves required by law and necessary for the payment of **all policy-claims,** now and in the future.

In addition to this legal reserve—now **$9,000,000,** invested in interest-bearing securities—the Postal carries **ample surplus funds** and a **special guaranty deposit** with the State of New York, where the Company is chartered.

Though less than twelve years old, it now pays—and promptly—**more than a million dollars a year** to policyholders and beneficiaries throughout the Union and elsewhere, under policies issued through the Company's **direct** non-agency method of doing business and under those assumed in its reinsurances.

Besides **safety** you will find **get cost low** in the Postal because you **get a commission-dividend,** namely 7½%, and you also receive an **office-expense saving** of 2%, making up the

Annual Dividend of

9½%

Guaranteed in the Policy

Beginning at the close of the first year the Postal also pays **contingent dividends annually,** depending on earnings, and it does away with numerous branch offices and various unnecessary State requirements, thus making **additional savings.**

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The Company will also send you on approval the Policy itself, so that you can see **just what you will get,** and when you are once a policyholder it will continue to be at your **service** for consultation and advice—personally or by letter—which also includes the service of the Company's **Health Bureau for Policyholders.**

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It will pay you to write to-day for the Company's Official Booklet, ***"SOUND INSURANCE PROTECTION AT LOW NET COST"*** also official figures for your own age, on any form of policy — **Whole-Life, Limited-Payment Life, Endowment, Joint-Life, Child's Welfare,** or on a **Monthly-Income Policy.**

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WM. R. MALONE, President
511 Fifth Avenue **New York**

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Chicago New York San Francisco

gave them a good start. Then they hit the fallen dowager. That gave them a better. Thirdly they struck the faithful husband.

He was rising to his feet at the moment. Which caused the loving couple to bounce. Whereat they rose gracefully into the air, performed a neat parabola, and descended on their adored and adoring heads into three feet of water filled of the strange flora and fauna of the tropics. Little goldfish and things fled frightenedly.

Came loving hands to aid.

Somebody helped the débutante to her feet. Most of her skirt was gone. But that didn't matter; it was transparent, anyway. She said she was all in and couldn't somebody bring her a drink.

Somebody went to the assistance of the prostrate partner. His coiffure was ruined; but they carried him from the field still game. He said he was going in for the next period no matter what anybody said, and demanded a fresh pony and a new mallet.

They raised to a sitting posture the dowager with the rotten luck. Far be it from us to accuse a lady of grunting. We will merely say that she exhaled flatulently and looked at her husband with murder in her eyes. Like all women with husbands she thought it was his fault and, furthermore, that he Did it Deliberately.

As they bore the husband from the scene, he was heard to murmur that he only got what he deserved for being such a blanked fool in the first place. And if anybody ever caught him trying to dance again, he hoped somebody'd have sense enough to see that he had a dashed guardian appointed.

The loving couple were dragged forth from the fountain like Diana from the bath. She had her head tastefully decorated with a sea anemone that hung over one eye while he carried a goldfish in one hand and a conch shell in the other. It was an unalloyed blessing that his mouth was full of the strange flora. One could see that he was ready to Say Things. For the sweet spirit of love was quite gone from his eyes, as indeed was it from the one eye of the lady that the anemone didn't cover.

Whereby at length came again sweet peace.

But from the dour cloud of the debacle, was torn a silver lining of inspiration. It gave VanTassel Thorne a Great Idea. They'd all go moonlight bathing with their clothes on!

At which our hero, who had stood with shaking soul surveying the cataclysm that he had wrought, ready to beat it while his pedal coverings were still adequate, once again found himself enshrined in the good graces. For through him had come an Idea.

And if you were familiar to any extent with the mental processes of the useless Rich, where ideas come as often as Christmas, you'd appreciate all that that meant.

Anon, therefore, our hero found himself standing beneath the great, round moon that marched majestically across the sky, with the soft waters of the Atlantic curling just between his two-hundred-dollar diamond stud and his three-hundred-dollar watch that you could tell time by in the dark merely by pushing on a thingumbob and listening to it ring.

About him splashed the carbon copy youths. About him, with little oh's and ah's and alluring shivers, splashed maidens, bare of neck and of arms, whose silks and satins and laces clung lovingly to their now even more frankly-revealed charms.

Our hero dove in the cool and grateful water. For his head was hot and it ached a little.

It was quite for the best, after all. For it saved him from the beautiful eyes that looked so long, so meaningly, into his. Eyes that had meant to him only harm, and of harm, much. . . . Of that, for the moment, is he saved.

And our heroine is coming.

[*To be continued*]

McClure's is noted for its "different" fiction. Have you ever read anything quite so delightful as "Someone and Somebody"? Porter Emerson Browne proved the sensation of 1916; he has earned a new place for himself through this 1917 novel. And Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews will have the best story of the War in the March McClure's—a story of rare charm and distinction. Illustrated by Flagg. Don't miss it.

Casey Gets a Surprise—*Continued from page 26*

"why not wait until your successor's inaugurated an' then I'll resign on condition that he appoints you."

"I'm through with politics!" stormed the Governor.

Like many other easy-going men he was trying to arouse his own anger to carry him through an unpleasant situation.

"Senator," advised Simmonds, speaking for the first time, "I reckon the jig's up. You'd better sign. Them penitentiary cells ain't no summer resorts——"

Without another word but with pale face and shaking hands, Bacon signed the document the Governor spread for him to read on his desk.

When Bacon had signed and risen to his feet the Governor extended his hand.

"I'm sorry," he said simply.

Bacon's only answer as he turned away to leave the room was a snarl.

"Whipped to a frazzle," observed Simmonds as the door closed; and then, "Who're you goin' to appoint in his place?"

"Mebbe you," returned the Governor smiling.

Simmonds threw up both hands.

"Not on yore life!" he exclaimed emphatically. "No kid ever looked ahead ter graduatin' day like I am to when I'm mustered outer that infernal Congress."

It took Miriam a long time to agree to meet Eleanor Wheeler even after she had been given all the details of how materially she had been influential in enabling the Governor to force Bacon to resign and, as a consequence also, induce his fellow conspirators to dispose of their interests in the *Plaindealer* to James Henry, a newspaper man from Oskaloosa. A woman rarely forgives any other woman who has sought to injure the man she loves. The man himself forgives and forgets much more readily.

But there yet remained the problem of Aunt Jane. The women of Cascade were demanding that the *Star* either produce her or lose their patronage. It was a serious problem and the Governor, with both Miriam and Casey, were discussing this on the afternoon that Simmonds brought Eleanor to the *Star* office.

After a constrained greeting Simmonds asked:

"Well, folkses, what erbout Aunt Jane? I hear the women're goin' ter lynch little old Julius Cæsar *cum bellico* here an' there's erbout a thousand suits for misplaced confirdence pendin' in the courts."

The Governor sighed wearily. "We're up against it, all right," he admitted. "Nothin' gets a woman's goat more than to find she's been deluded in her vanities——"

Eleanor Wheeler laughed suddenly in interruption.

"You do it, Simmey," she ordered. "Let's cut out the suspense."

Simmonds disappeared suddenly while the others sat staring in wonder at Eleanor for a moment. There was meaning in her tone and manner. But before they could question her Simmonds stood on the threshold of the door with an elderly woman at his side.

"Allow me," he said, "to introduce to you, Aunt Jane."

Casey, while the others were greeting the new arrival, laughed until he fell off the table on which he had been sitting. Then he rose and stuck his fingers into his vest and exclaimed with exaggerated boastfulness:

"Talk about James an' the rest of the spiritualists, eh? Poor old Casey's got 'em all beat to a frazzle. But," he demanded aside of Simmonds, "how did you get next to her? An' what're we goin' to do with her now that we've got her?"

"This Aunt Jane's Eleanor's idea," retorted Simmonds proudly. "She used to be a newspaper woman an' this is an old friend of hers who's willing to take the job. She's the dead spit of the cut of her in the paper, ain't she?"

"She is, all right," agreed Casey, "an' that lets me out of a job."

The Governor rose to his feet.

"Yes," he said with a very grave face, "an' it lets you out of any job on the *Star*—you're fired. Go to the cashier—she'll give you what's comin' to you. I'll talk with you separate about your interest in the paper."

"Quit your kiddin'," grinned Casey.

But Miriam, who had been regarding her father's face with keen eyes, saw that he meant what he said.

"Daddy, Daddy," she exclaimed, twining her arms about one of his while the others looked on in wonder at the old man's sudden change of attitude, "why, what is the matter? What has Julius done now?"

"Done," exclaimed the Governor, loosening her grasp. "Done, it ain't what he's done, but what I'm hoping he's goin' to do. Folks," he tried to straighten his fat-burdened shoulders, "let me introduce you to the junior United States Senator from New State——"

"What!" cried Casey, for once in his life thoroughly astounded. "What! Guv'nor, you mustn't do it. I ain't fit. People'll say you appointed me because I was goin' to marry your daughter."

"Let 'em say what they please," thundered the Governor, "about me, but if anyone tells me that the man that's going to marry my daughter ain't fit to go anywhere in the world—" he doubled his big fists—"I'll—I'll——"

"You just bet," interjected Simmonds, "and so will I."

And standing there, honored more greatly than he had ever dared to hope, Casey was glad he had let the old man have his day.

A Charm

For a New Fireplace, To Stop Its Smoking

By Christopher Morley

O WOOD, burn bright; O flame, be quick;
O smoke, draw cleanly up the flue!
My lady chose your every brick,
And sets her eager heart on you.

Logs cannot burn, nor tea be sweet,
Nor white bread turn to crispy toast
Until the spell be made complete
By love, to lay the sooty ghost.

And then, dear books, dear waiting chairs,
Dear china and mahogany,
Draw close, for on the happy stairs
My brown-eyed girl comes down for tea.

There is Romance in Manhattan

In his new three-part serial, Jesse Lynch Williams tells a delightful story of real, colorful romance—and it all happens right in brownstone, macadamized New York. "The Wrong Door" will give you three different half-hours of most interesting entertainment. Look for the first part in the January 13th issue of

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Dreer's Excelsior Beet

Extremely desirable on account of its attractive form and rich dark blood red color. Flesh is deliciously sweet and tender, retaining all these qualities until it has attained an advanced age. Packet, 10 cents.

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contains everything that can possibly interest every garden lover, from the "back yard enthusiast" to the owner of acres. Full directions for growing practically every Vegetable and Flower worth planting.

A copy sent free if you mention this publication.

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Introduced by us three years ago is now acknowledged to be the greatest new garden annual. It is a success everywhere, plants growing 2 to 3 feet, a pyramid of color, its many branches bearing great balls of wool-like substance and most intense crimson scarlet.

Flowers develop in June and none fade before frost, ever brilliant and showy beyond belief. **Seed per pkt. 10 cts., 3 for 25 cts.**

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Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please enclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

Bluing in the Sugar

I AM *sending a sample of granulated sugar which I wish you would test for us. In preparing syrup for canning, an indigo-looking scum formed on the top when boiling. I am enclosing some of this scum. I can't believe this is pure sugar, and is there any danger in using it, or of the fruit spoiling with which the sugar has been used?*
M. G., New Jersey.

Almost a generation of housewives is to blame for sugar of the kind you send, for they have demanded a pure white product, and would refuse that with a slight yellow tint. Your sugar has been treated with a mineral dye known as ultramarine blue. It is customary for a few refiners to add a small quantity of blue dye in order to neutralize the yellowish color of the sugar—just as a washerwoman adds bluing to the family wash. The practice of thus dyeing an important article of food is a reprehensible one. We would not class sugar so treated as pure. The presence of the dye would have no effect upon the keeping quality of the fruit. Sometimes the following simple test will show the presence of blue dye: Place two heaping tablespoonfuls of the sample in the center of a white saucer, and form into a broad cone. Slowly add a teaspoonful of cold water to the apex. As the water is absorbed, a blue ring appears at the junction of the wet and dry sugar. In the chemical laboratory there are several tests which are applied.

For the Laundry—Not the Stomach

PLEASE *tell me about the sample of medicine I am sending. I purchased it of a traveling physician. He says it is absolutely a vegetable compound from the Hot Springs. It is the mineral hot water reduced to a powder, so he told me. It is for liver troubles. Would you advise me to take it as I suffer from some liver disorder?* *D. C., Michigan.*

Examination of the medicine indicates strongly why the man who sold it to you is a "traveling" physician. If he stopped long in one place he would doubtless occupy the town lockup. The stuff he sold you consists almost wholly of ordinary washing soda, a preparation which is seldom used internally. It is not a vegetable compound, although there is a little licorice and some other bitter vegetable extract present. Washing soda is said to increase the fluidity of the bile. Perhaps this is where the "traveling" party gets his suggestion as a liver tonic. At any rate, the medicine is worthless as a remedy for anything, but is doubtless an excellent means of furnishing funds to the promoter that he may pursue his travels.

A Worthy California Product

I AM *much interested in your articles on Pure Foods as published in McClure's. I am very fond of ripe olives, and I am sending you, under separate cover, a can of the Point Loma Brand Ripe Olives, and would thank you for your opinion as to the quality, purity and food value of same.* *H. K., California.*

With reference to the Point Loma Brand Ripe Olives would advise that they are an excellent quality, free from artificial coloring or any other form of adulteration. If you will examine these olives closely you will note that the color or shade does not run even. This is one evidence of their purity, as the artificially colored olives show little color difference. The food value of the edible portion of ripe olives gives about 1,200 calories per pound.

Aspirin Tablets

WILL *you kindly give me such information as you can in reference to aspirin tablets for headache (5 grains each). Your service is invaluable to the American people. This is the second time I have had occasion to ask for information and I appreciate your kindness very greatly.* *L. P., New York.*

Your tablets are aspirin as you suggest. This compound is known as acetylsalicylic acid formed from the union of the acetic and salicylic acids. It is believed to decompose in the intestines liberating remedial compounds. Aspirin is frequently prescribed by physicians for treating various types of headache. It is not acceptable in all cases, however, and we should strongly advise against you using the drug unless under the advice and observation of your physician. Headaches may spring from many causes; for some the treatment by aspirin would be decidedly disadvantageous.

More Baking Powder Controversy

I AM *writing to ask your opinion of the purity and efficiency of two brands of baking powder: "Calumet" and "Royal." Also, if the manufacturers truthfully advertise their goods. "Calumet" admit they use alum in their powder, and also declare on the cans that "bread, etc., will be absolutely free from Rochelle salts, ammonia, tartaric acid, and alum." How can this be? "Royal" advertises that their product is made from "pure cream of tartar," yet on their cans they state that they use "tartaric acid." It is generally understood that alum and tartaric acid are harmful chemicals. How can alum be put in a baking powder and not leave alum in the bread? Why do "Royal" advertise they have a pure cream of tartar powder and at the same time use a harmful drug like tartaric acid? I would like to have your opinion on these apparently contradictory claims.* *H. B. B., Alabama.*

The Royal Baking Powder Company truthfully advertises. With reference to their well-known baking powder, they assert that they have a pure powder of the cream of tartar type—"A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder"—not that all of the constituents are solely pure cream of tartar. This could not be so, because starch is one of the necessary ingredients of the powder together with baking soda and tartaric acid. The labels on Royal Baking Powder clearly show all of its various ingredients. The cream of tartar can be said to be perfectly pure. With reference to the tartaric acid used—this valuable acid occurs naturally in grapes. Everyone who eats grapes eats both tartaric acid and cream of tartar. Tartaric acid acts quickly in the cold, while cream of tartar acts more slowly, requiring heat to liberate the gas from the soda. It is an excellent combination for baking powders of this type, and no adverse criticism can be truthfully made concerning it. With reference to the Calumet claims, these are probably true with respect to the statement that "bread, biscuits, etc., made with Calumet Baking Powder are entirely free from alum and the like!" There is a chemical reaction between sodium compounds and alum which results in the formation of aluminum hydroxid. This is not alum, but is an equally objectionable aluminum salt.

If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

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News from the Food World

by

Mabel Dulon Purdy

Diet Menus Ready-made

If your doctor has put you on a diet, or—as is equally probable, today—you have outlined one for yourself, it is no longer a hardship to carry it out abroad as well as at home. The modern hotel and restaurant, with all that it must now offer, can no longer afford to overlook the fact that its patrons are just as apt to call for a bowl of rice or milk for luncheon or dinner, as they are for Venison Steak with Port Wine Sauce. Properly cooked whole cereals, coarse, brown breads, certified milk in sealed bottles, eggs from the farm, and vegetable specialties not only occupy a prominent place on the menu-card, but many of the most up-to-date eating places have even gone a step further, and are now offering, as a special feature, diet menus, scientifically prepared to meet various conditions. Whatever you need, or think you need, in the shape of food, is not only available, but has been given particular attention, and the waiter will bring it to you without explanation or apology on your part.

When a Man Pays

You may be tranquilly possessed with the thought that you are a business man of perception and ability—but how about those monthly food bills at home? The continued high price of foodstuffs is depressing, to say the least. Today, when a man with a family safely finances the butcher and the grocer his bank account is all in—so to speak. If he thinks about the seriousness of the condition at all, in a calculating way, he comes to the conclusion that, until a better general readjustment between income and outgo can be reached, there is nothing to be done but—bear it and do our best.

Now we are all bearing it—but are we all doing our best? If a man's business is running at a cost out of all proportion to the returns, he checks up these three factors: the cost of effort or raw material in relation to the finished product; operating expenses; leakages. A fearless analysis of kitchen conditions along similar lines might prove profitable. What should be the price of food when estimated according to its true food value? How much does it cost—and how much should it—to buy, and cook, and serve this food? What are the possibilities for waste?

In spite of the suggestions for "better food at lower cost" now hurled from every quarter, the matter of relative food values is still largely an unknown quantity. Sheep-like we all demand the same cuts of meat, and demand rivets prices. There are other and cheaper foods—cereal products, legumes, cheese, fish, milk, nuts—containing the same food elements for which meat is prized, which might be used much more frequently than they are to supply the needed protein. A little arithmetic in connection with meat three times a week instead of three times a day can be exceedingly interesting. But too much faith in the kingdom of meat is not our only costly error. The nutritive value of other foods might be much more carefully balanced. There are canned goods and fresh, ready-made and home-made to be compared. Grain products as marketed can yield very different totals of nutriment to the measure—but the price may be the same; the choice is ours. We need fresh fruit and vegetables, but we do not need to pay hot-house or out-of-season premiums. Prevailing market conditions are seldom investigated, and we become the victims of manipulated prices. We over-cook, and over-peel, we burn, and spoil, and throw away—and for the calories and the salts that go down the kitchen drain somebody must pay. Lack of science and system, with no specified sum on which to run the table, is too prevalent. Last-minute catering, telephone marketing, unreasonable demands on the local delivery service, delayed payments—all exact their tithe.

Too little knowledge of true food values, with the attendant household mismanagement and kitchen waste, has been called the great American sin. Irrespective of the original market price of foodstuffs, more money is spent on food, in the average American home, than any real need can fairly justify. A little intelligent appreciation of our deficiency, a little practical, consistent attention to the details mentioned, and the price paid to live might be reduced ten, twenty, fifty per cent—even more. There are homes in which this saving would amount to a radical increase in income. Even if we do not owe such a saving to ourselves, do we not owe it to our country?

Is it the cost of our food that is wrong? Is it the high price of foodstuffs that must alone be blamed for the high total of our food bills? Isn't it, too—just as much—more—the cost of our method of living, of our methods of selecting, buying, accepting, planning, cooking, wasting, *wanting?* What use are you, the man who pays, making of your income—other than to pay? What concentrated, effective thought are you giving to the increasing population throbbing its way across our country—drawing on, depleting our natural resources? If you have been dubbed master as a producer of income, is there any less glory in becoming master as a spender of income?

Possible Substitutes for Wheat

The end of the world is not yet in sight—at least so far as the lack of staple food crops may be held responsible. Through experimental work carried on in the Western dry-lands, public interest has been more or less directed, in the past year, to the dietary possibilities, in this country, of proso millet, kaoliang, and other grain sorghums as a valuable source of food for man. It now seems that the advance which has been made in the science of nutrition may reveal certain dependable substitutes for, or adjuncts to, our most staple food product. While all practical knowledge of these new food grains is comparatively recent here in the United States—so much so, in fact, that the terms, even, are generally unfamiliar—these grains have long been known and appreciated in other parts of the world, particularly in the East and in Southern and Central Europe.

According to reports, both proso and kaoliang may be variously milled, like our more familiar cereal products, and transformed into flour, meal, and breakfast foods. The flour is nutritious, with a rich, pleasant flavor. Experiment shows, however, that bread made from it is better if a portion of wheat flour, strong in gluten, is combined with it. Johnny cakes, puddings and porridge made from the meal have given excellent satisfaction. The great advantage in these new crops lies in the fact that they are drought-resistant, and will grow when and where other staple grains, requiring a moist climate, fail. In other words, by adding these foods to our list of recognized cereal products, the acreage suitable for growing desirable and valuable food grains can be decidedly increased.

The further development of this new source of food in the United States should control, therefore, to an extent at least, whatever fears may have been raised by certain startling prophecies made from time to time regarding the future inadequacy of the world's most staple food crop.

The recent studies in connection with the grain sorghums tend to show that whatever food failures or urgencies may eventually arise, our remarkable progress in practical food chemistry offers a controlling factor that must be reckoned with.*

**Note:* Cf. Changes in the Food Supply and Their Relation to Nutrition: Lafayette B. Mendel.

Questions regarding any phase of this food article will be answered by the Editorial Department. This service is free to McClure readers

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"Just think! I have not had a pill or cathartic since I began, and I used to take one every night."
"*My weight has increased 30 lbs.* I don't know what *indigestion* is any more, and my *nerves* are *so rested!* I sleep like a baby."
"Miss Cocroft, I have *taken off my glasses* and my *catarrh* is so much better. Isn't that good?"
"I feel as if I could look every man, woman and child in the face with the feeling that I am *growing*—spiritually, physically and mentally. Really, I am a stronger, better woman. I don't know how to tell you or to thank you."

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Taking the Tariff Out of Politics

by

Edward J. Wheeler

IN the last thirty years there have been five revisions of the tariff and two other attempts at revision. Now another revision seems to be due to meet the unforeseen changes resulting from the European war. This will make an average of one tariff upheaval every four years.

Why? The country is terribly bored by tariff discussions. The political leaders love a tariff revision about as much as a monkey loves a hot penny. The business men groan over the mere suggestion of such a thing. It upsets trade and commerce. It shunts all other political issues on to a side track. Why do we do it?

There are more than four thousand items in a tariff schedule. Every time a new commercial invention is perfected, every time a new process of manufacture is discovered in this country or any other, every time there is a change in the rate of wages—in short, every time Progress takes a step forward or backward or sideways, some of those four thousand items are affected and the tariff that was a fit becomes a misfit. As the misfits increase in number the pressure for a revision becomes more insistent. It ought to be possible to adjust the schedule of rates for any particular item without throwing the whole system into the arena for discussion. It *is* possible—in theory. It has proved next to impossible in practice.

A loud call is now rising from the chambers of commerce and from others for a permanent non-partisan tariff commission of experts that shall "take the tariff out of politics" and keep it adjusted to the changes in condition "without shock and demoralization to business." The Tariff Commission League has formulated a bill for that purpose. Eminent men are expressing hearty approval. The organ of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce is pushing the plan vigorously. The Progressive party endorses it in its national platform.

It seems so simple and desirable a plan! Why has it never been thought of before? Answer: it has been, many a time. The suggestion is nearly as old as the tariff. And every time it has been brought up its sponsors seem to have learned little or nothing from the failures of the past.

The proposed Commission is to have "broad powers" to gather information and "make recommendations." To whom will it make recommendations? Obviously to Congress. Before any recommendation can go into effect, then, a bill must be drawn up and acted upon by Congress. This means that a constant succession of tariff bills will be flowing into the ways and means committee of the House, to keep the schedule scientifically adjusted. As the Commission is to consist of men of all parties and to represent all sections, it is certain that it will make many minority reports. Instead of taking the tariff out of politics, such a commission ought to be termed a device to keep the tariff perpetually in politics. A tariff commission that can go no farther than to make recommendations must prove either a farce or a nuisance.

Two things are necessary to make such a commission worth while. It must, in the first place, have a clear mandate as to the principle upon which it is to act. Whether tariff is to be adjusted along protection lines or for revenue only must be determined by Congress. The decision cannot be delegated to any commission, under the rulings of the Supreme Court. The mandate being clear, the adjustments must follow automatically, or by presidential proclamation, upon the findings of fact by the commission.

Assume, for instance, that Congress lays down the principle that on such goods as are produced in this country in commercial quantities the duty shall be just enough to equalize the cost of production here and abroad. A commission is constituted to ascertain what that duty will be in each case. On ascertainment of the facts, the President, let us suppose, is authorized to proclaim that duty. The task imposed on the commission would be herculean but not necessarily impossible. Nor is it inconceivable that Congress might be brought to agree with substantial unanimity on such a principle. If so, the adjustment of the tariff rates to meet changing conditions might be made without reference back to Congress. It would be a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Under the present administration the currency system has been rendered elastic and, in a sense, "taken out of politics." If now the tariff can be rendered elastic and taken out of politics, the benefits may be equally far-reaching. Isn't it worth trying?

The Essay — *by* O. M. Dennis

THE essay is a form of humor. The joke is on the reader. The writer is not only availing himself of an opportunity to talk about nothing in particular and do it very badly; he is sometimes even paid for it. The point of the joke is rapidly emerging. Nothing could be fairer than conversation, not even trial by jury. A conversation cannot long remain one-sided. If one ventures a sortie into that noble art, it is well to look to one's equipment. The military terminology is used advisedly. All conversation is, if not actually, at least potentially, a conflict. If you do not know what you are talking about, an ambuscade is not infrequent and the rout is apt to be disastrous. Some obscure foe whom you have carelessly overlooked is likely to get back at you.

In the case of the essay this is not so. The reader is confronted with a printed page from which he may reasonably anticipate that he will derive edification, amusement or, at the least, instruction. He is likely to realize none of these. The page contains an essay. The reader is never sure of this until he emerges gasping and disgusted at the foot of the page. He has been led on by false hopes, beguiled by pleasant seeming. His time has been wasted. He has learned nothing of the habits or environment of the mythical Salamander, nor has he been initiated into the more intimate mysteries of the chromatics of modern vice. He has been falsely lured into reading an essay. It purported to be upon a certain topic. The subject having been named in bold type, the essay promptly departed therefrom and never thereafter returned to it. The fraud upon the reader's intellect has been enormous. And there is no redress, no court of appeal. Doubtless the writer, chuckling in his ragged sleeve, has paid a portion of his rent again, and imbibed the balance. Immoral fellows, these literary folk. Everything he wrote into the essay invited combat. It was a miasmic marsh of misinformation. But where may the writer be found? Had he ventured such effrontery in conversation he would have been dismembered.

Beside the unguarded field of the essay, the bench and the pulpit are travesties on opportunity. It is true that both the parson and the judge have cannily insured themselves against any back talk. But their range of subject is narrow and confined. The essay has the wide creation for its home. No subject is immune from its fatal touch. Worse than that, no subject has escaped its blighting influence.

It is rumored that a revival of the essay as a literary vehicle is about to be attempted in the current magazines.

It is to be hoped that this is not so. Every other literary evil having been thus revived or created, this oldest and greatest should be allowed to moulder in its grave. The community will be more sanitary if this precaution is taken by mutual agreement before it is too late.

Perhaps one topic has hitherto escaped its Medusan blight — the essay itself. If so, let us consider that we have here supplied the deficiency. Let us consider the essay a cheerfully lost art.

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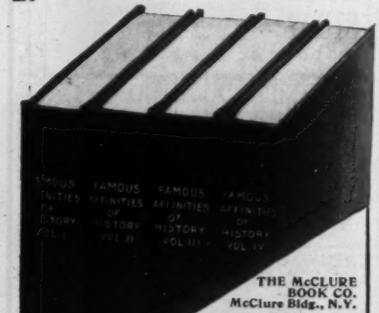

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Mouse-Traps

[*Continued from page 18*]

motor-boat. Some of us can't afford to arrange to die poor — and we're surely entitled to the unearned increment as long as it rises out of Spencerian doctrines, aren't we?"

"I refuse to argue," I told him. "This is a sort of vacation, and the emptier I can keep my head, the better. . . . Bettina told me to bring you back for luncheon." I gave the invitation without much graciousness; as a matter of fact, since the interview I had overheard, I had thought of disobeying orders, and the last sentence was all but involuntary. The personal charm of the fellow dragged it out of me.

He reddened perceptibly.

"That's mighty kind! There's nothing I'd like more — why don't we start now, and amble around the beach?"

"That suits me," I consented.

We walked for the most part in silence; Colby was intermittently preoccupied, and I was thinking chiefly about Colby. He baffled me; somehow I didn't seem able to analyze him. Granted that his private affairs were none of mine, still I couldn't successfully combat the feeling of repulsion which came upon me whenever I pondered over his data of ethics. I knew that he had received financial training, that his genius, such as it was, must lie in the field of finance. I knew, too, that the position of banker, even to a small village, is often attended with disproportionate profit. But that a Harvard graduate, a quondam gentleman, for the sake of living slothfully in the salt air of the Cape, should pursue the profession of a loan-shark — this was distressing. On the other hand, I was inconsistent enough to enjoy his society.

EVEN by the beach route, we arrived at the guest-house of The Sign of the Motor before high noon; Bettina was playing on the lawn with Jan, the Welsh sheep-dog. There was some inconsequential bantering back and forth, some interchange of remarks upon the weather — and all at once I found myself deserted. Bettina and Colby and Jan had set out incontinently for Spargo Hill, directly across the placid little lake at the rear of our house, and I was left behind with strict injunction to wave my handkerchief at them when they had achieved the conquest of the low stone tower at the summit.

I have always maintained that a dog is as useful in real life as a telephone in a dramatic production. Much may be addressed to it, ostensibly with no indirect motive, and the conversation is one-sided. An attentive listener is almost certain to pick up more or less valuable information from the monologue. And Bettina was astonishingly expert at oblique engineering; in my own case, for example, she rarely asked me a point-blank question if there happened to be a convenient animal in the neighborhood. She habitually addressed the animal. When she was a very small girl, she had confided to a canary, in my hearing, that she hoped Santa Claus might bring her a bicycle for Christmas. Later she had informed a rabbit at my very feet that she was in desperate need of a watch. During the past week she had instructed not me, but Jan, that Provincetown was but forty miles by motor, and that the roads were good; that Cape Cod firelighters were advantageous articles for man and beast; and, on sundry occasions, that she craved refreshment, or exercise, or affection. So that when she took Jan with her as the innocent third point of the triangle, I began to fear the worst.

It is an easy twenty-minute stroll to Spargo tower from The Sign of the Motor; a stroll leading through pleasant pastures, up gentle inclines to a region of stunted pines and firs, and so to a succession of checkered groves, and the gray stone landmark. A crippled veteran who couldn't do it in thirty minutes ought to be invalided to a Soldiers' Home. But it was three-quarters of an hour before Bettina, with Colby at her side, wigwagged to me from the puny heights. Twice during that interval I had grasped my binoculars and twice I had put them down unused. I stood temporarily *in loco parentis* to my pretty niece — but, after all, she was nearly twenty-three, and a girl of that age who requires a chaperon doesn't deserve one. I merely sent word to the kitchen that luncheon was to be served an hour later than usual, and went on reading my book. I even steeled myself to display no wonder when the absentees came striding into the dooryard with such energy that I was plainly expected to believe that they had made the entire descent at that same headlong rate of speed. That walk, however, I felt was the beginning of a spring drive, and I misliked it.

As I found opportunity to look Colby over critically at the luncheon table, I seemed to discern what about him might attract a girl like Bettina. His slightness — now that he had a bit of color in his cheeks — suggested wiry activity rather than weakness; his brilliant spectacles added a measure of distinction to features already noteworthy. He was clever, and he was courteous, and he was passionately absorbed in every living and every inanimate thing. He spoke intelligently and technically of grand opera, of the canning industry, of intercollegiate sport, of Shaw, and mushrooms, and pre-Revolutionary paneling, and artillery, and Chopin and the migration of birds. He agreed breathlessly with ninety per cent of whatever Bettina said; and he disputed the other ten per cent with no less virility. I perceived that out-of-doors he would be a dangerous rival for any man — indoors, he was invincible.

And Bettina, whose appetite had never been dulled by either care or joy, didn't permit it to fail her now; but she awoke to the consciousness of each course only as I finished it, and ate somewhat more spasmodically than she had been taught at Farmington.

Her realization of her own emotions must have come gradually; not from that expedition to Spargo alone, nor yet from other expeditions on succeeding days, but from introspection and inward conflict. Although now we intentionally turned deaf ears to local gossip, striving to form our own conclusions and build up our own estimates of integrity, we heard, here and there, whispers which were demoralizing. We heard of transactions which, if brought to the notice of the authorities, would have sent Colby to court — and the best he could have hoped for would have been the alternative of a fine. Curiously enough, these reports emanated invariably from men. As far as we could discover, the women of Sisset liked Colby. It would have been a comparatively simple matter to constitute ourselves amateur detectives, and run down the problem; but, after all, one doesn't want to do that sort of thing. We didn't. We wanted our information to come from Colby's lips, or no one's. And as May receded, and June came upon us, it was very evident to me that Bettina was fighting with suspicious zeal to disbelieve these rumors. So was I — but I knew that the day was rapidly approaching when the truth must out. The situation had verged upon the acute.

I said to Bettina: "Don't you think the best course for you to take is to ask him outright?"

She shook her head.

"I can't — I've tried. I've tried lots of times. It — it sticks. Of course, I don't believe *one word* of what we hear — and it seems like such an — an insult ——"

"Would you like to have me ask him?"

"Oh, if you *would!*"

"All right — I will," I promised. And that evening I started resolutely in bright moonlight for Sisset.

THE outskirts of the little village appeared to have changed since I first saw them; I couldn't define the alteration, but it was there. Further along, the main street, too, seemed to have undergone a regeneration; the houses deluded me into fancying that they had shaken their shoulders, and stood more erect; under the softening moonlight, Sisset was almost idyllic. But without delaying to reflect upon the phenomenon, I knocked at the portal of Colby's house, and was told by the timid servant through a two-inch crack that he had gone over to Dennis to call on some friends at The Sign of the Motor, and wouldn't be home until late. There was nothing for me to do but to retrace my steps; and I retraced them as fast as I could. The thing had gone too far already, I thought, and I didn't care to have Colby and Bettina subject to the influence of an evening like this before I had made my unpleasant examination.

The guest-house was lighted in every

room; but every room was empty. The young people had followed the call of the stars. I had to rely upon instinct. Under similar conditions, where should *I* have gone? Not to the lake shore, not to the hills, not to the highways; where but to the recessed dunes overlooking Cape Cod Bay?

I went to the beach at a rattling pace; and opposite the old breakwater I stopped to listen. It occurred to me to summon Bettina by shouting, and it also occurred to me that I mustn't make myself ridiculous. I looked east and looked west — and then, suddenly, the low murmur of voices near at hand caught and held my senses. The four points of the compass offered no assistance. I held my breath, and listened again. Over the dunes floated the tenuous, tremulous laugh of a woman; underneath it the deep tones of a man thrilled like an obligato. And then, standing down the wind, I pieced together the component parts of a phrase — another — and while I was dizzily revolving the questions of right and wrong, of propriety and impropriety, of my duty and of my inclination, I heard Bettina's contralto, unfaltering, break through the continuity of Colby's declaration.

"Wait!" she said. "Oh, *please* wait! You ought to understand — and it's been *such* a short time — I didn't know you'd — you'd ask me so soon. . . . I couldn't answer you while I'm wondering and imagining things about you — I've meant to tell you ——"

Relieved, and simultaneously apprehensive, I stood spellbound. Bettina's voice had dwindled to a mere whisper; but in a moment Colby said distinctly: "Why, yes, I do that."

"You *do!*"

"Let me explain ——"

It was at that highly inopportune juncture that I coughed; and, recognizing the diplomacies of the situation, I loitered no longer, but went straight and noisily over the dunes in what I took to be the correct direction. Two shadowy figures rose out of the middle distance. I said: "Betty!" and my niece came flying headlong into my arms.

"I just came out to look for you two astronomers," I mentioned indifferently. "Know what time it is?"

"It's — t-time to go back, I think," said Bettina, disengaging herself. "It *was* nice of you to c-come." She patted my hand in a palpable endeavor to register calm. "Don't you want to — to sit down?"

"Beautiful evening, isn't it?" said Colby, frankly upset. "Won't you — sit down a bit?"

"No — it's rather too late for that. I'm an unofficial member of the Watch and Ward Society tonight. It's quarter past ten. Are you walking our way?"

"I — think I'll take the beach," said Colby. He was extraordinarily agitated. "By the way,— shall you be at home in the morning?"

"I expect to."

"Ten o'clock? Can I see you then?"

"Certainly you can."

"Thank you. Good night —" He lingered hopefully; Bettina didn't offer her hand. "Good night," he said again. But as I looked back over my shoulder from the wagon-road, I saw him still silhouetted there against the silver-gray waters of the placid harbor.

"How long did it take you to find us?" queried Bettina, stumbling in the darkness.

"Why, not very long. I wandered down to the jetty, and I was listening ——"

"Listening!"

"To the waves — and then I heard you talking."

Bettina laughed softly as she stooped down to pet the dog Jan.

"He *is* a nice uncle, Jan," she said, "to take such good care of Betty — *Isn't* he?"

I WAS confident that Colby would be prompt. I wasn't prepared, however, to have him bring a portfolio, and dump the contents over my writing table — memoranda, check-stubs, a tiny red ledger, and many packets of documents encompassed by elastic bands.

"Good heavens!" I said. "What's all this?"

His jaws were clamped tightly as he regarded me.

"It seems to be necessary," he retorted, "but I'll cut it just as short as I can. Let's be quite open — all the cards face-down. You aren't quite sure of me, are you? Don't bother to deny it; I know by the way you act. Some of the people around here do think I'm a lunatic — but what have *you* heard?"

"Wait a minute, Colby," I said. "Let's have some sort of understanding! Let's be logical. There'd be only one reason for me ever to pry into your personal transactions ——"

"I know *that!* And that's the very reason I'm here! I want you to know *facts!* And then I want Bettina — Miss Hedges — to know them, too. Customarily I don't go around boosting myself like this, but last night — well, it's evidently up to me to clear up a whole lot of things, and I'm doing it to you first because — you're a sort of guardian. It makes me feel like a blamed hypocrite — but never mind that. Just what wild yarns are they telling about me?"

I gave him a digest of them. Instead of raging, or swearing, as I had feared, he only shook his head sorrowfully.

"The poor dubs!" he said, smiling faintly. "The poor, short-sighted dubs! Well —" He lighted a pipe, and puffed diligently. "When I came down here," he said, "I wasn't in good shape at all — on the contrary. I had to sit still, and read a lot. But after a month I began to look around — and first the people interested me, and then the place — Sisset. And I saw how little the people were making out of their lives — how near to them their horizons were. They'd let Sisset run to seed; the beautiful old houses were neglected — nobody cared. Nobody cared about anything but that miserable circle — the biggest event they could imagine was dinner. And I saw that Sisset ought to be a village that people would remember for the beauty of it — it had the location, and the trees, and the sea. Summer people ought to go there; there ought to be an inn, or two, or three. But the Sisset beach was unkempt, and the fishermen were slovenly, and the stores were impossible. . . . And I'd been reading Spencer, and I had some idle money. . . . Naturally, it couldn't be done all at once — not even in one summer — but we could make a beginning. I set aside some capital — I let it be known — by and by a man came to me — I've got all the figures over there ——"

"Never mind the figures."

"All right — only I thought you'd like proof. The first man was Elmer Tristram — he owns that house right next to the grocery. Elmer wanted to borrow two hundred dollars to buy cranberry plants and implements and some other things — and the bank wouldn't let him have it. I did — at twelve per cent."

"Twelve per cent!"

"*But,*" said Colby, "seven per cent — or fourteen dollars — he wanted to pay back in cash — he was to pay back in labor — *on his own house* — at two dollars a day! I made Elmer Tristram work like a slave for one week — shingling, painting, weeding, cleaning, repairing — before I loaned him one nickel!"

The shock of that revelation was literally stunning. The absurdity of it; the simplicity of it; the magnificence of it — why, the thing was beyond credulity!

"Colby, I ——"

"I lent money to two more men — friends of Elmer — and made 'em renovate their houses, and buy furniture that I picked out, and get some plumbing done — and by next month they'll be taking boarders and *satisfying* them! The cannery's a curiosity to strangers, so that it's worth keeping in good order — I lent 'em a thousand dollars at twenty per cent — meaning that I forced 'em to spend a hundred and fifty making their works sanitary and wholesome! I've lent money to thirty fishermen — and everyone had to put in days and days of good solid labor carting dead fish and seaweed away before he got his check! I've made men cut grass, trim hedges, mend boats, repair roads — and every lick of work they did was for their own benefit! It was the only way I could get behind 'em and *make* 'em show progress. Look at Sisset now — ask somebody what it was like last summer — wait and see it *next* summer! I'm putting it on the map! I'm making the storekeepers stock decent packaged goods — figuratively, I'm teaching them how to make mouse-traps — and, as Emerson said, the world will beat a pathway to their doors as soon as the mouse-traps are good enough. And then because I try to protect them — as in the case of the doctor — they — oh, well, there's no use going into all that. Only I feel almost as though it's *my* town ——"

"Colby, it's the most amazing thing I ever *heard!*"

"They don't get it," he said. "The capitalist has bricks thrown at him everywhere — here just as much as in New York. And I've done some things that they can't comprehend. There was a lonely woman who'd

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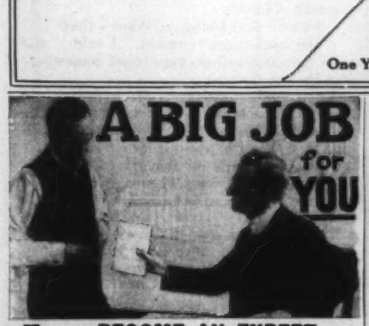

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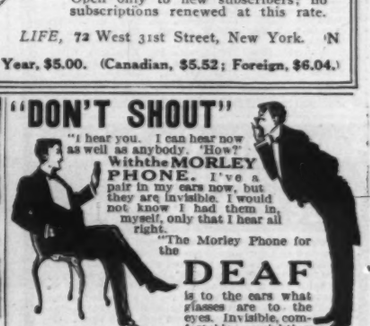

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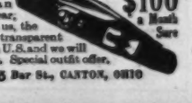

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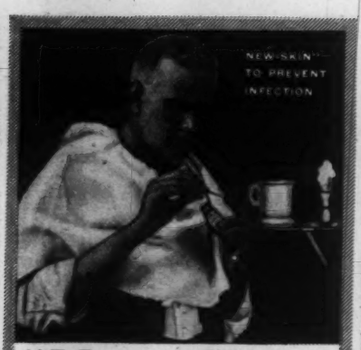

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never had any fun in all her life — poor as a parson's wife — I lent her money to buy a Ford car. Everybody howled about it — said she couldn't afford it. Good heavens, did anything ever really satisfy your *soul* that you didn't buy at the sacrifice of everything else? Of *course* she couldn't afford it! She can't pay for it in less than five years. That's what makes her the most radiantly happy woman on the Cape today! And that's one of the things they criticize me for. . . . I take security for these loans — chattel mortgages, generally. I can't lose my whole principal, you see. But wherever there's a mortgage, the holder of it is hated by the mortgagor. He's an oppressor of the poor. Only I will say the women appreciate what I'm doing. They see how they'll profit by all this. But the men don't. They think I'm crazy because I've made 'em work — to help themselves. They didn't want to work — *later* they will, when they get the return from it. And they never consider that what they've done hasn't put money in *my* pocket. They figure so much time wasted —and they figure they've paid *me* something by labor. So most of 'em honestly believe they *have* paid twelve or fifteeen per cent, or what not. And they talk about me behind my back — and they don't like me. And that's what I've got to endure until Sisset realizes on its improvements — and then when Sisset makes a thousand per cent where I've made five per cent, perhaps they'll see ——"

"The — the man you called 'Nat' ——"

"Nat's a lobster fisherman. He wanted a motor-dory. I made him mend a picket fence and do some gardening for his wife — and then I gave him two hundred and fifty dollars on a demand note with pretty nearly everything he owns as security — and told him the first time I found his new boat as dirty as he kept his old one, I'd call the loan. If we get summer people over there, and they want sea-food ——"

"Colby," I said, "I owe you some apologies. I didn't know you were financing a whole village ——"

"It isn't that. . . . I want 'em to have pride in themselves, and in the town ——"

"And you plan to stay there?" I asked him.

"Indefinitely? . . . Oh, I don't know. I'd just like to see how Spencer works out in real life. My father writes about wanting me back in New York. I've done about all I can here for this season, anyway. I've thought of seeing what there is new on Broadway ——"

"Sisset would make a good summer home," I said pointedly.

"Yes — eventually a lot of people will think so. And I always hope to come back — it's a bit unusual to have a village for a hobby."

"You might go a long way and fare worse than to choose it for a honeymoon," I remarked pointedly.

"What!" said Colby. "What's that?"

"The conference is ended," I said, "and your presence will do more good somewhere else than it does here."

I rose, and he with me. We went out into the sunny dooryard, and down towards the lake. On the tiny pier Bettina was standing, talking with the dog Jan. She didn't hear our footsteps on the grass, she didn't look up. I gave Colby's arm a grip intended to convey good wishes, and turned back towards the guest-house; but before I had taken the initial step, Bettina's voice came liquidly clear to me: she was speaking this time without knowledge that she was overheard.

"Oh, Jan, don't you *hope* it's all right? Don't we just *hope* it's all right, Jan?"

Some minutes later I couldn't resist the temptation of glancing out of my southwest window. Jan looked disconsolate. But there is seldom need for a telephone, you observe, in the last act. It would delay the climax.

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The Greatest Woman in the World

[*Continued from page 12*]

same Sunday night, Sarah and her company gave an inspired performance on the ship, a Red Cross benefit, while the shadow of death hovered over them!

Here is a health precept from this great artist. She has always been a small eater and a very small meat eater. Now she never eats meat.

Also a vocal culture lesson. I asked Bernhardt how she accounts for the extraordinary preservation of her voice which remains today what it was forty years ago, the most hauntingly beautiful, the most emotionally compelling woman's voice that has sounded on the stage in many generations.

"What is the explanation, Madame?" said I.

"It is very simple," she laughed. "I was born with a beautiful voice, a voice that has an unusual range of musical tones, but I should have spoiled it long ago, worn it out long ago, but for this: *I have never allowed my lungs to be constricted by corsets.* I have always taken the greatest care to breathe properly, and to protect my breathing apparatus."

"What are your ideas about money, Madame?" I inquired, thinking of the millions that this extraordinary woman has made and spent, of her ceaseless generosities and lavish expenditures, and of the army of harassing creditors that have swarmed about her all her life, often with bankruptcy menaces.

Bernhardt shrugged her shoulders with an expressive gesture as of water running through a sieve.

"I have never cared for money. I have never kept money. When I need half a million francs I work for a few months and get them."

"Would you have worked as hard," I suggested, "would you have achieved the splendid things you have achieved if you had never felt this money need? Suppose you had always been assured of a million francs a year without working?"

I could see by the promptness of her answer that Madame Bernhardt had already imagined this.

"I should have worked just as hard, but I would never have gone on the stage."

It seemed impossible that I had neard correctly.

"What! You would never have been an actress?"

She shook her head.

"I would never have been an actress. I became an actress by accident and necessity, not by choice. I would have been a painter — a great painter, I think — and I would have worked also as a sculptor. I consider that those two arts rank higher than the theatrical art and I should have preferred to follow them, even with a less glorious career and far less of popular acclaim. But I should have left behind me something of permanent value, whereas now I shall leave — a memory."

I could not quite believe that she meant these words to be taken seriously.

"Pardon me," I persisted, "but do you think that your talent for painting or sculpture would ever have been as great as your talent for the stage?"

"Greater," she answered quickly. "I am sure I had greater natural talent for painting or sculpture than for the stage."

I may mention that one of Bernhardt's sculptured groups, "After the Storm," was exhibited at the Paris Salon (1877) and received a prize. Also a smaller group in marble of the same subject was sold in London two years later for $2,000. And one of her pictures, a young girl holding some palm branches, was highly praised by Sir Frederick Leighton and was purchased by Prince Leopold of Belgium.

I questioned her about a story that at various times since the Franco-Prussian war she has been invited by the German Kaiser to play in Berlin, but has always sent back word that there was only one price she would accept for playing in the enemy's land, and that was the ravished province of Alsace-Lorraine.

Bernhardt told me that this story is only partly true, the accurate version being that she had always wished to play in Alsace, but had been informed by the German authorities that she could not do this unless she would first play in Berlin. Accordingly she had finally yielded and once, since 1870, she had played in Berlin in order to secure the Alsace privilege, which was then granted. While she was playing in the German capital the Kaiser sent word that he would be glad to see her, but she declined.

As showing her unwillingness to forgive the wrongs suffered by France at the hands of German conquerors, Bernhardt tells of an experience she had in Copenhagen. She was playing a brilliantly successful engagement in the Danish capital about ten years after the Franco-Prussian war and every day the Prussian ambassador, a charming man, had sent her flowers which Bernhardt had invariably sent back to him. On the evening before her departure a grand supper was given in her honor with a host of notables present and at a certain moment the indefatigable Prussian rose and said in a loud voice: "I drink to France, which gives us such great *artistes! La belle France!*"

In an instant Sarah Bernhardt, white-faced, was on her feet.

"Let us drink to France, but to the *whole* of France, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur de Prusse!"

It was a flagrant insult which Sarah regretted later on, but she could not control her fierce patriotism, and when she was awakened at five o'clock the next morning (after the supper party had broken up in confusion) by Bismarck's representative, who tried to make her apologize, the French woman refused to retract her words.

I asked about anger, and Sarah Bernhardt admitted that all her life she has flown into fits of rage or temper when things have not gone to suit her. She did not believe that she could ever have done her work or made others do their work without the stimulating effects of anger. She could never, for instance, have persuaded Alexandre Dumas *fils* not to change the title of his play, "L'Etrangere" but for a burst of rage.

"I went with Dumas into the drawing-room," she says in her memoirs, describing this stirring scene, "and asked my question at once. Before he could speak a word I got furiously angry — one of those rages which I sometimes have and which are more like attacks of madness. . . . I burst out in an avalanche of stinging words which were both furious and severe. . . . I spoke vehemently without allowing him to edge in a single word. And when, worn out, I was forced to stop, I murmured, out of breath with fatigue: 'What — what — what have you to say for yourself?'"

Needless to add, the overwhelmed playwright had nothing to say; he simply yielded to the imperious star and the title of the play was *not* changed.

MR. MOFFETT'S articles are attracting unusual attention. For instance, the Rev. F. W. Backemeyer, pastor of the Meridian Heights Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis, writes: "I want to register this word of thanks to you for the article in McClure's for December entitled, 'Is the Way of the Transgressor Really Hard?' It is well worth the reading. Clear, convincing, and very much to the point. While so many of our popular magazines are giving the public only the fascinating and entertaining, you are giving the public what it sorely needs, in such articles as this. It is a pulpit message without the pulpit in view, and a sermon without the sermonic garb, and therefore, coming from the angle it does, is the more effective. I am using this article as the basis for a sermon to my people this coming Sunday, and am urging folks to read it. I hope you will find place for other such articles in the near future. They help"

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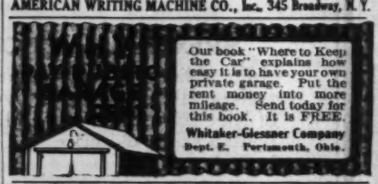

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In our talk I brought up the much discussed question whether an artist really feels the emotions depicted on the stage or merely simulates these emotions. Bernhardt replied that this had been a subject of endless disagreement between herself and her good friend Coquelin, the distinguished actor, who maintained that the greatest stage effects may be produced by artifice with no feeling at all, whereas she has never used artifice but has always obtained her effects through genuine feeling. Her grief is always real grief, her joy real joy; in her death scenes she suffers such anguish of soul that often she has felt herself almost at the point of death.

Three times at Montreal I watched Bernhardt in her rôle of the dying soldier (once I stood in the wings within a few feet of her) and, as the touching climax approached I could see her grow paler and paler underneath her make-up and, as she sank back wrapped in the flag, she continued to pant with intense emotion long after the curtain had fallen.

It was the genuineness of her feelings that caused Bernhardt's great misfortune, the loss of her leg, for she might have spared herself this injury if she could have fallen on her knee more gently when she played *Joan of Arc* in the great supplication scene. But she must play as she felt, with all her soul, and for weeks and months after the first injury she continued to fall on that bruised knee, despite the agony, with all the wild abandon that possessed her.

Bernhardt has learned to resist fatigue and has saved herself from many a nervous breakdown by taking snatches of sleep through the day, whenever opportunity offers. Even when visitors are at her house, and they are always there, it is no uncommon thing for Sarah to lie down on the bear-skin rug in front of the fire and calmly close her eyes, telling the others that she wants to rest for five or ten minutes; they are to go on talking and pay no attention to her. In her dressing-room at the theatre in the intervals between the acts she will do the same thing, quite oblivious of the bustle and noise around her. She will decide in advance exactly how long she is to sleep — five minutes, ten minutes, twenty minutes — and by the power of her subconscious will she is able to awaken at the desired moment and go ahead with her work infinitely refreshed.

Bernhardt has always been tortured by all manner of superstitious fears and has fought vainly against these terrors. To make the thing worse she has, in her extensive travels, accumulated the superstitions of many countries, and at critical moments in her life, she says, these superstitions all rise up in armed legions for or against her.

Once at the critical moment of signing a contract with the Comédie Française she let a large drop of ink fall upon the paper.

"Wait!" she cried to the director. "I must see whether I am doing right to sign this." And seizing the sheet she pressed it together in an enormous blot.

"Now," she went on seriously, "if this blot makes a butterfly I will sign the contract; if not, I will not sign." Whereupon she opened the sheet and, behold, it was a butterfly!

In Sarah's nature there has always been a compelling mystic quality, she has been powerfully drawn by occult or spiritualistic manifestations. To a friend of mine she described, or tried to describe, certain strange experiences that she interpreted as the visitations of spirits. And she spoke of haunting presences that have disturbed her nights, sometimes preventing her from sleeping, sometimes making her afraid to sleep.

I questioned Madame Bernhardt about her memory, which must be regarded as prodigious when one considers that for years she has held and still holds today, at seventy-one, more than a hundred arduous rôles within easy mastery. How is this possible?

Bernhardt says that she has always had an extraordinary memory. She regards it as a natural gift and is not aware that she has done anything to cultivate it.

"How complete is your mastery of these rôles — now?" I asked.

"I have a peculiar memory," she replied. "I am not like my son, who can repeat long passages from this or that play at a moment's notice. I must read a play over attentively before the lines come back to me, but when I do that with a concentrated effort of the will the lines come back almost immediately."

"And to learn a new part, a difficult part —how long would that take you?"

"For the mere memorizing of the lines, three or four days, not longer."

I asked if, in her immense repertoire, there is any rôle or any play which she regards as her favorite. She said no, she enjoys all her rôles and all her plays while she is playing them, and as long as they are successful, and she puts them aside when she is not particularly interested in them any more.

As illustrating Sarah's resistless dramatic power, I may mention an incident that I have from the French actress, Madame Theo, who in her day was one of the most beautiful and fascinating figures on the European stage. It was in Paris on the occasion of the *première* of "La Tosca," and after Bernhardt's splendid triumph Madame Theo hurried back with congratulations to her friend's dressing-room. But when she came face to face with the great artist she found herself still completely under the spell of that amazing performance and literally could not speak; what she had witnessed was no illusion but poignant reality, and her heart was so torn with uncontrollable emotions that she simply stood there, experienced actress that she was, and sobbed and sobbed hysterically until Bernhardt finally comforted her.

Bernhardt has a delicious sense of humor and would have been great in comedy had not the tragic stage claimed her. Her conversation sparkles with drollery and laughter. Nothing could be funnier than her account of the persecutions she suffered on her first American tour in connection with a whale that she was credited with killing in Boston harbor.

A few years ago a friend called on Sarah (October 23rd), with birthday greetings.

"Ah, *ma chère,*" the actress cried joyfully, "I am so happy to see you! Kiss me! There! Kiss me again! This is my anniversary. I am seven years old today. Exactly! You see, when a woman is sixty she starts all over again and counts one, two, three. So today I am seven. *Voila!*"

And her talk is full of pretty fancies.

Speaking of letters she said one day: "I receive quantities of letters, but it seems to me that I never receive enough. I watch them accumulating just as I watch the waves of the sea, and I never open them immediately. What are they going to bring me, these mysterious envelopes, large, small, pink, blue, yellow, white? I look at the envelopes, try to recognize the handwriting, the seal, and it is only when I am quite certain from whom the letter comes that I open it. The others I leave to my secretary."

Bernhardt loves to philosophize.

"How strange," she once remarked, "that men of great intelligence are so often unable to use this intelligence for their own advantage in guiding their own lives! Also we see very intelligent persons condemned to work always in subordinate positions because their intelligence does not give them the power to manage others, whereas other persons who lack intelligence but have this power of managing others will attain important positions at the head of great enterprises."

At another time, speaking of war, she said: "How I hate it! War! What infamy, shame, and sorrow! War! What theft and crime, abetted, forgiven, glorified!"

In regard to lies and calumnies that have hurt and humiliated her, Bernhardt said: "Life is short, even for those who live a long time, and we must live for the few who know and appreciate us, who judge and absolve us, and for whom we have the same affection and indulgence. The rest I look upon as a mere crowd, lively or sad, loyal or corrupt, from whom there is nothing to be expected but fleeting emotions, either pleasant or unpleasant, which leave no trace behind them. We ought to hate very rarely, as it is too fatiguing, remain indifferent to a great deal, forgive often and never forget."

I asked Bernhardt about marriage in relation to a woman's art career and she said that marriage need not be an interference with such a career, but rather a great blessing through the child or the children, but she admitted that the husband of a great artist would necessarily be much neglected.

At another point in our talk Bernhardt said that she has never in her life lost hope or courage, no matter what difficulties or burdens she has had to face and to bear.

"What are the greatest things in life?" I asked her.

"Work and love," she answered. And to a friend of mine she gave this advice: "Love people, love life, love work, and you will never grow old. I love, and I am loved. I work incessantly, and therefore I am young at seventy-one years of age."

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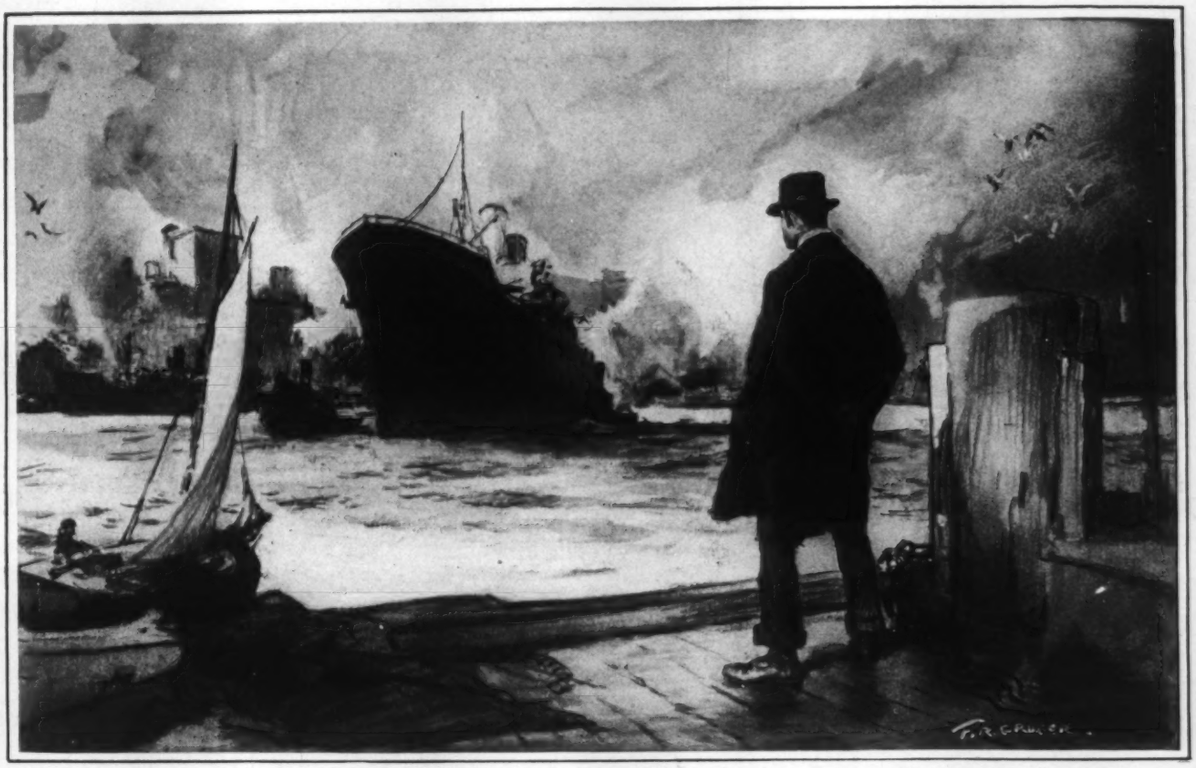

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As "Lucia" in
Lucia di Lammermoor

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